

★PHOTOPLAY

combined with M . . . mirror

July

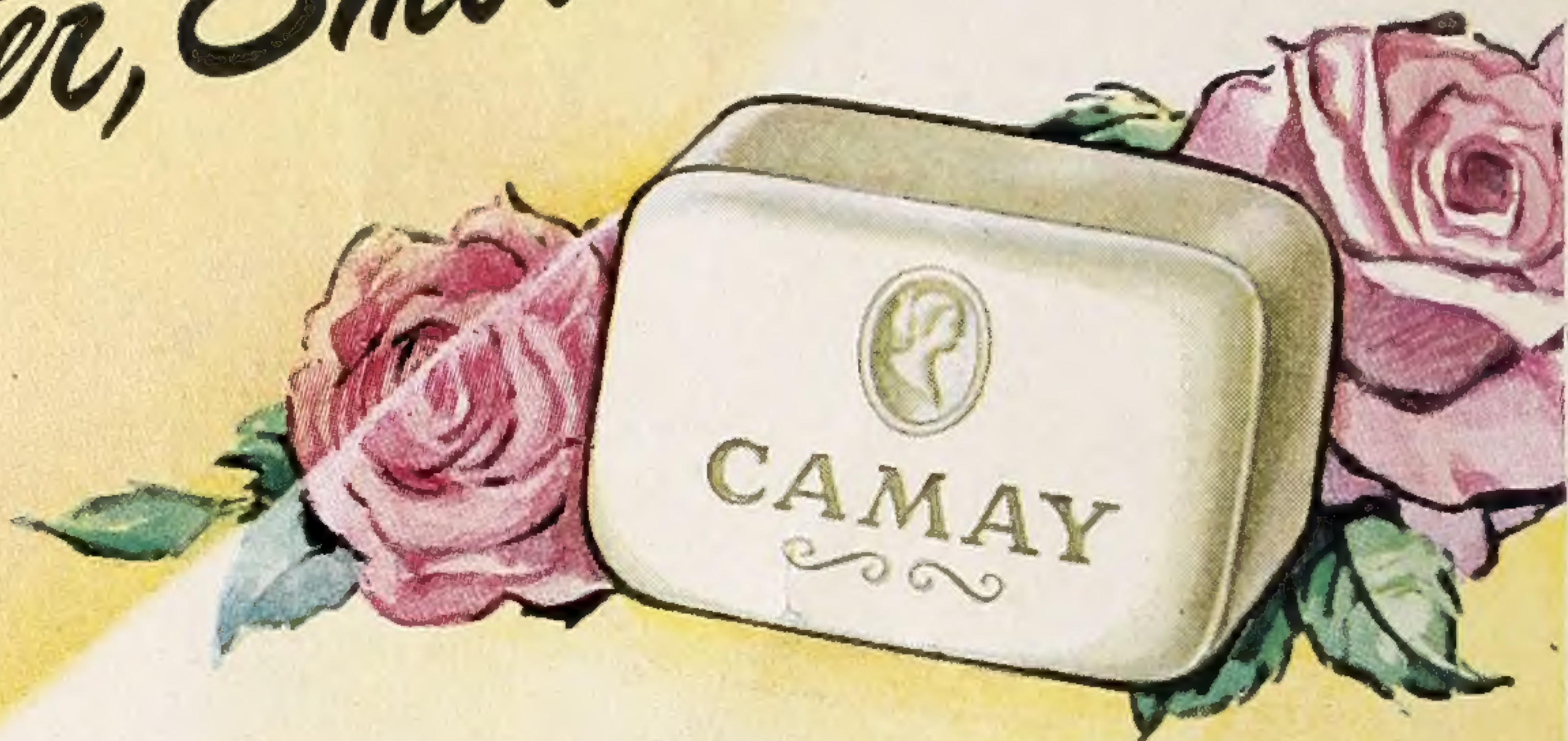
15¢

Anne Baxter
By Paul Hesse



Q-M-2/47 3Y R
MRS C GLOS ERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS 46

Just One Cake of Camay brings you a Softer, Smoother Skin!



There's a softer, more captivating complexion for you—and it's yours with your very *first* cake of Camay! So change today—give up careless cleansing and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions under exact clinical conditions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a softer, smoother complexion.

READ MRS. ERICKSON'S STORY



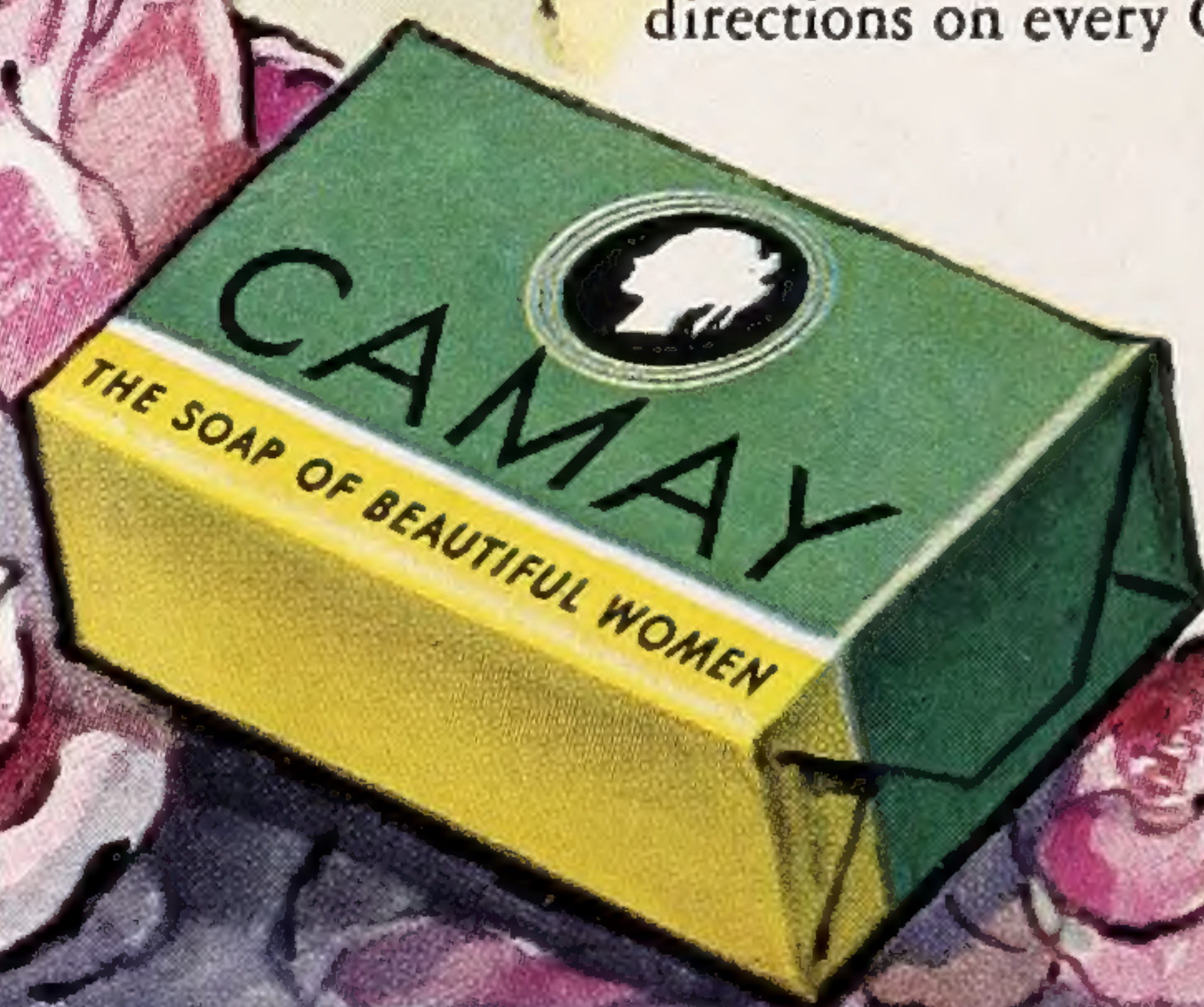
Courtship fun for Viola and Pat meant long rides over California's high hills—and Viola's skin sparkles fresh as mountain air! "I care for my skin with Camay," she says, "for the very *first* cake I used left it softer and clearer."



Artist and Model: Viola's cream-soft skin, auburn hair, inspire her artist-husband's brush. "I'm going to keep that softer, fresher look in my skin," she avows, "with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." YOU can, too! You'll find full directions on every Camay wrapper.

—the former Viola Gishaas

Mrs. Kilpatrick Erickson
of Hollywood, California



Won't you—make each cake of Camay last and last? Precious war materials go into soap.

"You're a big help!"



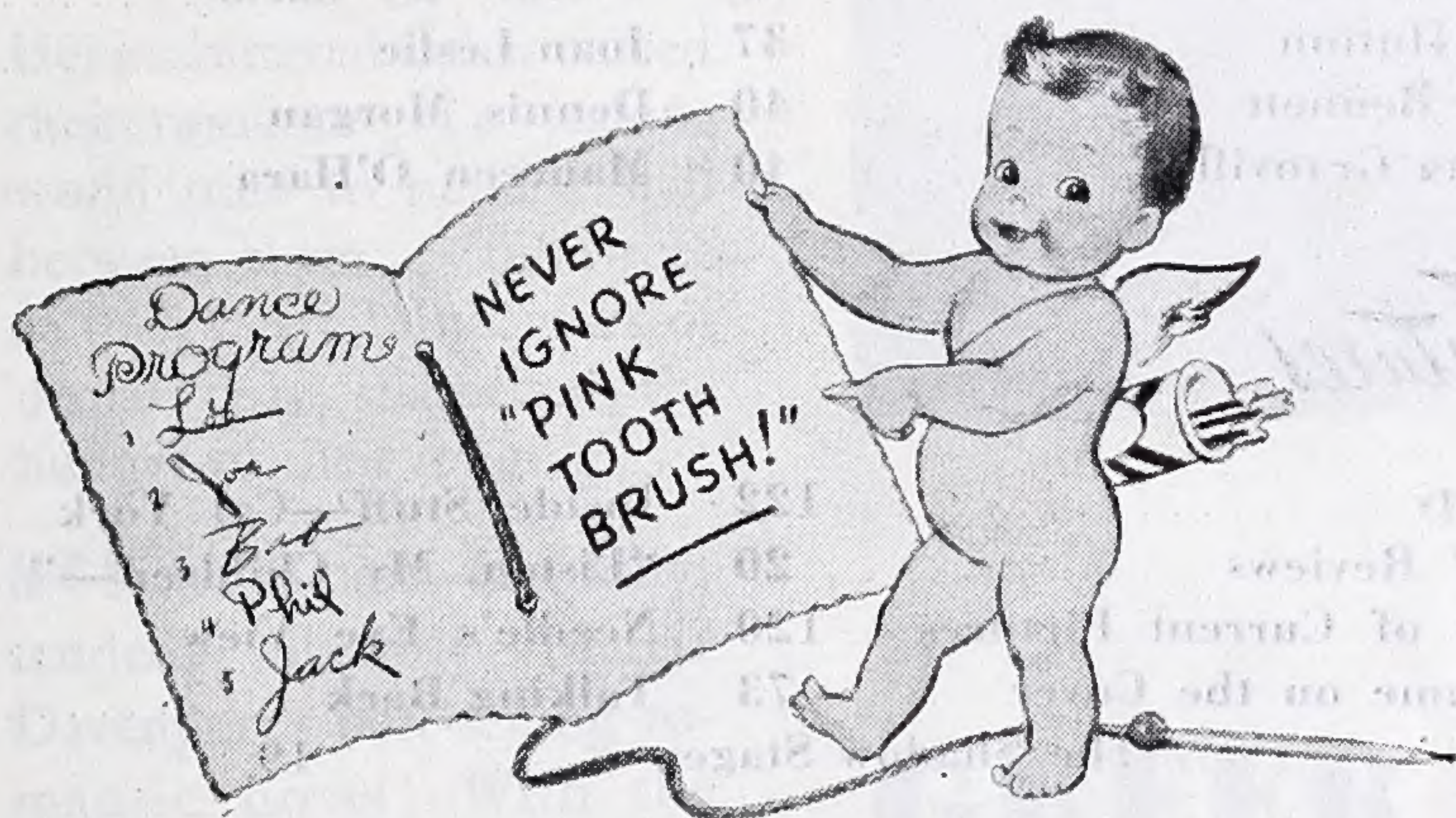
GIRL: Maybe I'm not a cover girl, Cupid.
But it's moonlight. It's a party. And where's my date?
Inside talking politics, that's where!

CUPID: Oh?

GIRL: Yes! And what're you doing about it? *Nothing!*

CUPID: How about *you*, Honey? What'd *you* do to keep him
here? Did you turn on your sparkling-est smile? No! Did—

GIRL: Pardon, Cupid. But *my* sparkling-est smile is *no*
sparkler. I brush my teeth, but—



GIRL: But what's that got to do with my smile?

CUPID: Lots! Because Ipana not only cleans teeth. It is
specially designed, with massage, to help your gums.
And massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when
you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness.
And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth.
And a smile that keeps your date from talking politics
at parties! Get going, Child!

CUPID: No sparkle, huh, Sis? And, lately, "pink" on your
tooth brush? Right...? *Right!* And what d'you do about it?
Nothing! You just go gleeping along day after day with dull teeth!
Don't you know that "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist!*

GIRL: Dentist? My teeth don't hurt!

CUPID: Dentists aren't just for toothaches, Sugar. See yours
now. He may find your gums are being robbed of
exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful
stimulation of Ipana and massage."



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

This is a month when a lion goes to the dogs. The dogs being Lassie and Laddie, her canine offspring.

Offspring and into a Summer to be made memorable by this attractive M-G-M film, "Son of Lassie".



Those who loved "Lassie Come Home" will respond to this one. The late Eric Knight is not the author, but the new story is based on some of his characters.

The story and screen play of "Son of Lassie" were written by Jeanne Bartlett and directed by S. Sylvan Simon. It was produced by Samuel Marx.

It has a distinguished cast—Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp, starring. Also June Lockhart, Nigel Bruce, William "Billy" Severn, Leon Ames, Donald Curtis, Nils Asther, Robert Lewis.

It is in Technicolor.

But the great star of the picture is that most exciting of all collies—the beautiful, the adorable, the perfect Lassie.

We are offering an attractive 8" by 10" color portrait of Lassie to those who write to Lassie, Box F, c/o M-G-M, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. The painting was done by America's foremost painter of dogs—Paul Bransom.

Name
Address

To cover mailing costs, please send fifteen cents with your request. We suggest that you write fast; the shortage of paper limits the number of prints.

As for the film—to paraphrase an old Scottish Song—"you'll love a Lassie"!

Those who have seen "National Velvet" and "Meet Me in St. Louis", "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and "Without Love", may like to know that there are many more M-G-M hits on the way.

Watch for "The Valley of Decision", and three mighty Technicolor musicals: "Thrill of a Romance", "Ziegfeld Follies", and "Anchors Aweigh".

As for current events, it looks like a Metro-Goldwyn May.

—Lea



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS

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Cover: Anne Baxter, appearing in "A Royal Scandal"
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*"I
love you...yes,
I love you,"
she whispered*

**BUT IN HER HEART SHE KNEW
MARRIAGE WAS NOT FOR THEM!**

Her embittered father cursed their romance... a jealous world tried to build a wall between them... time tore at their hearts! But years of denial only sharpened the hunger of their longing!

M-G-M has filmed—faithfully, tenderly, vibrantly—Marcia Davenport's best-selling romantic novel! With the stars that you would have chosen for the famous roles!

GREER GARSON as Mary Rafferty
GREGORY PECK as Paul Scott
DONALD CRISP as William Scott
LIONEL BARRYMORE as Pat Rafferty
PRESTON FOSTER as Jim Brennan
MARSHA HUNT as Constance Scott
GLADYS COOPER as Clarissa Scott
DAN DURYEA as William Scott, Jr.
JESSICA TANDY as Louise Kane



M.G.M. presents

GREER GARSON

GREGORY PECK

The Valley of Decision

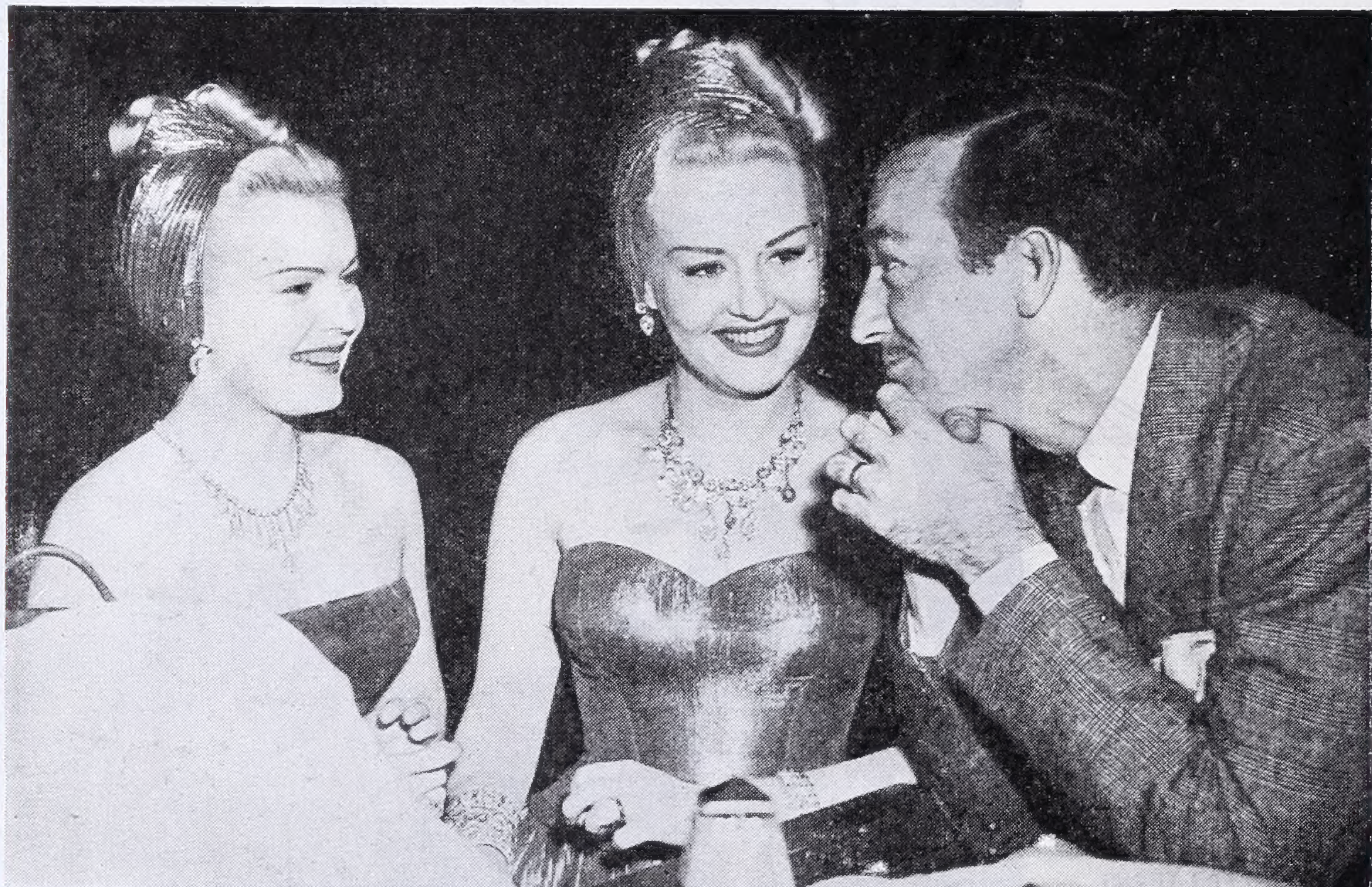
DONALD CRISP • LIONEL BARRYMORE • PRESTON FOSTER • MARSHA HUNT
Gladys COOPER • Reginald OWEN • Dan DURYEA • Jessica TANDY • Barbara EVEREST • Marshall THOMPSON
Screen Play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien • Based on the Novel by Marcia Davenport • Directed by TAY GARNETT • Produced by EDWIN H. KNOFF • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Sister act: Harry James visits June Haver and Betty Grable on "The Dolly Sisters" set

Cal Visits Leo: The day was fine, the time ripe, so Cal swung down over the hill to M-G-M studios for lunch and a look around. George Murphy and Kathryn Grayson were tearing out of the big commissary on their way to rehearsal hall as we barged in, both looking busy and determined.

Our first stop was on the Abbott and Costello set where the comics, on loan from Universal, are making still another comedy for this studio. You could hear the laughter a mile away as the boys muffed one take after another. In the midst of one scene Costello looked up at the director inquiringly and asked, "Did you say 'cut'?" The director said he hadn't. "Well," said Costello, "it must have been someone at Universal then."

Five takes later with five minutes of howling after each one, we walked out into the sunshine and caught the little tram, with its leather side seats, that runs out to the back lot.

Director Vincente Minnelli, Judy Garland's fiance, sat up on the camera calling direction to Fred Astaire and Frank Morgan on the "Yolanda And The Thief" set. What a colorful set with South American llamas walking about, a yak mooing or



Return of a favorite: Mary Pickford, Joan Fontaine and Mr. Perrino

whatever it is they do, colorful peasants washing clothes in the fountain near the town square, and (here's what fascinated Cal) a bunch of real bananas hanging before a shop window.

We watched Fred dance blithely into the rear end of a cactus then back out, and back in again, for one of the cleverest dances he's ever done.

Then bingo, like magic, we left colorful South America behind and caught the tram back to a redhead sitting on a bench outside rehearsal hall. It was, of course, Van Johnson.

"Hi," he called, "did you get the picture I sent you autographed for Barbara in Newton, Mass.? That's close to my home town, you know, and I want her to get it."

Out of all the hundreds of pictures that pass through his hands, Van Johnson had actually remembered that one. And right there we learned at least a part of the reason for the lad's success—he remembers people and the little things about them. "You know," he told us, "I never felt so sorry for anyone in my life (Continued on page 6)

How Could It Be Anything Else But G R E A T . . .

Because its story comes from the pen of the great John Steinbeck, in collaboration with Jack Wagner—Because its script was written by the man who helped put all the delightful, deep-down heart-appeal in "Going My Way"... Frank Butler—Because, like Barry Fitzgerald in "Going My Way," J. Carrol Naish makes screen history in a brilliant new supporting role....

Because two great stars grow greater in brilliant dramatic performances—And because it has a theme as unusual, a story as tenderly moving as "Going My Way," how could it be anything else but GREAT!

Paramount presents

Dorothy LAMOUR Arturo de CORDOVA

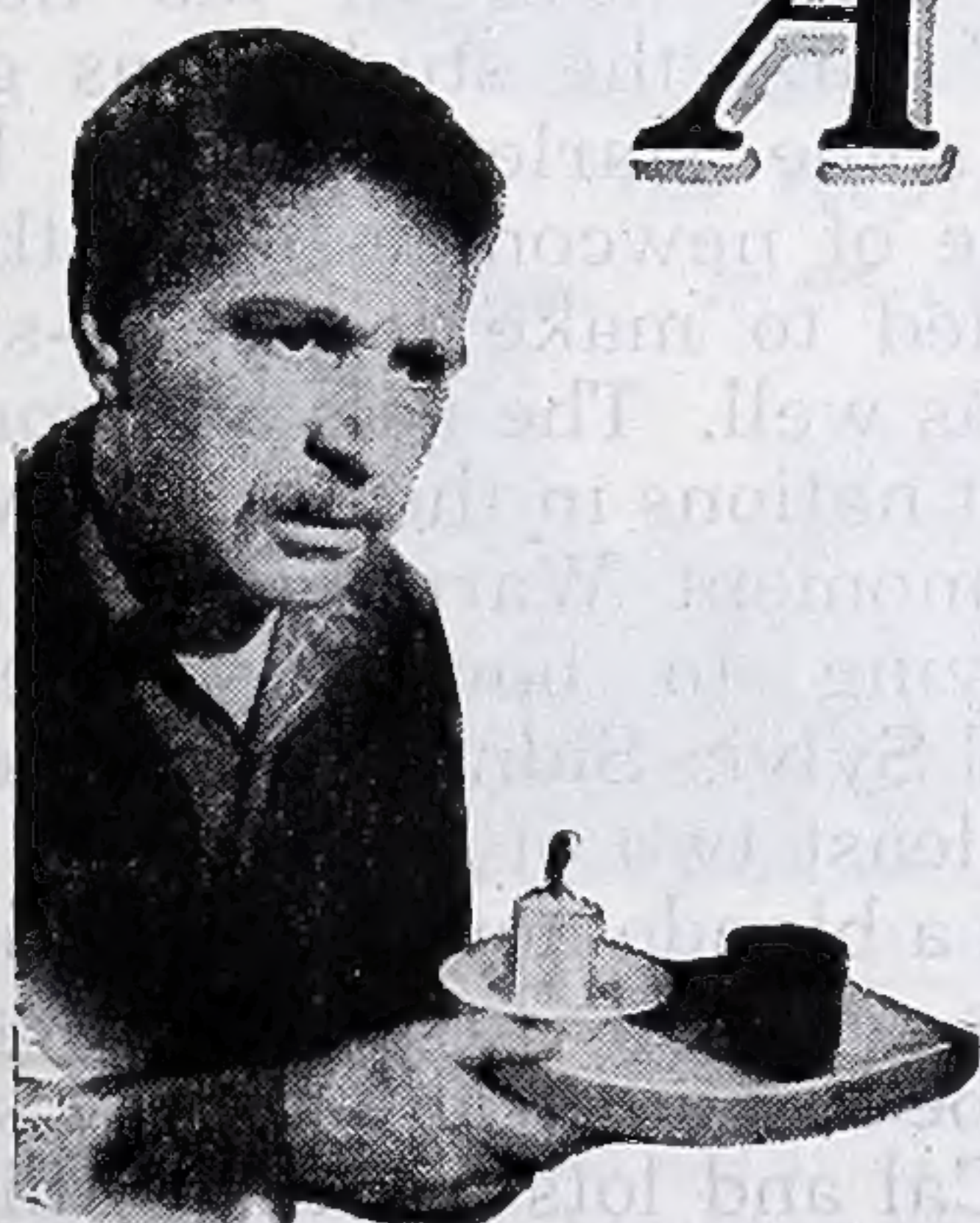
"A MEDAL for BENNY"

From the story by JOHN STEINBECK and Jack Wagner

with J. CARROL NAISH • Mikhail Rasumny • Fernando Alvarado

Frank McHugh • Directed by IRVING PICHEL

Screen Play by Frank Butler



TO THE DAINTY BELONG THE MEN



STAY

*Sweet and
Lovely*

WITH THE COOL
ALLURING FRAGRANCE
OF MAVIS

No man will ever forgive lack of daintiness. So keep sweet with Mavis Talcum, after your bath. Mavis leaves skin fragrant, pretty, cool; your whole body dainty. Keep truly lovely, the Mavis way!

MEN: You'll like the cool comfort and freshness of Mavis on your skin, too!

The same delightful
MAVIS fragrance in
Talc Mit, 69¢ and \$1.00
Dusting Powder
with Puff \$1.00

MAVIS
talcum
FOR BODY BEAUTY

At all cosmetic counters, 59¢, 39¢, 23¢, 10¢
All prices plus tax

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Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Trio at Milestone party—Paulette Goddard, turned beautiful blonde, Danny Kaye and Burgess Meredith

International chatter at the same event—Charles Boyer and Bette Davis



(Continued from page 4) as I did you when you were trying to find an apartment. I read that ad of yours in the Hollywood Reporter and decided to telephone and ask you to take my place. Then I thought to myself, suppose Cal breaks a leg like the man who came to dinner and I never can get back into my house. So I kept my fingers crossed for you instead."

He hadn't shaved that day and his day-old beard was even redder than his hair which stands up like a chrysanthemum every which way.

"And what's more," Esther Williams piped up, "Van's been eating scallions and every time we rehearse a scene—" she held her nose and Van howled.

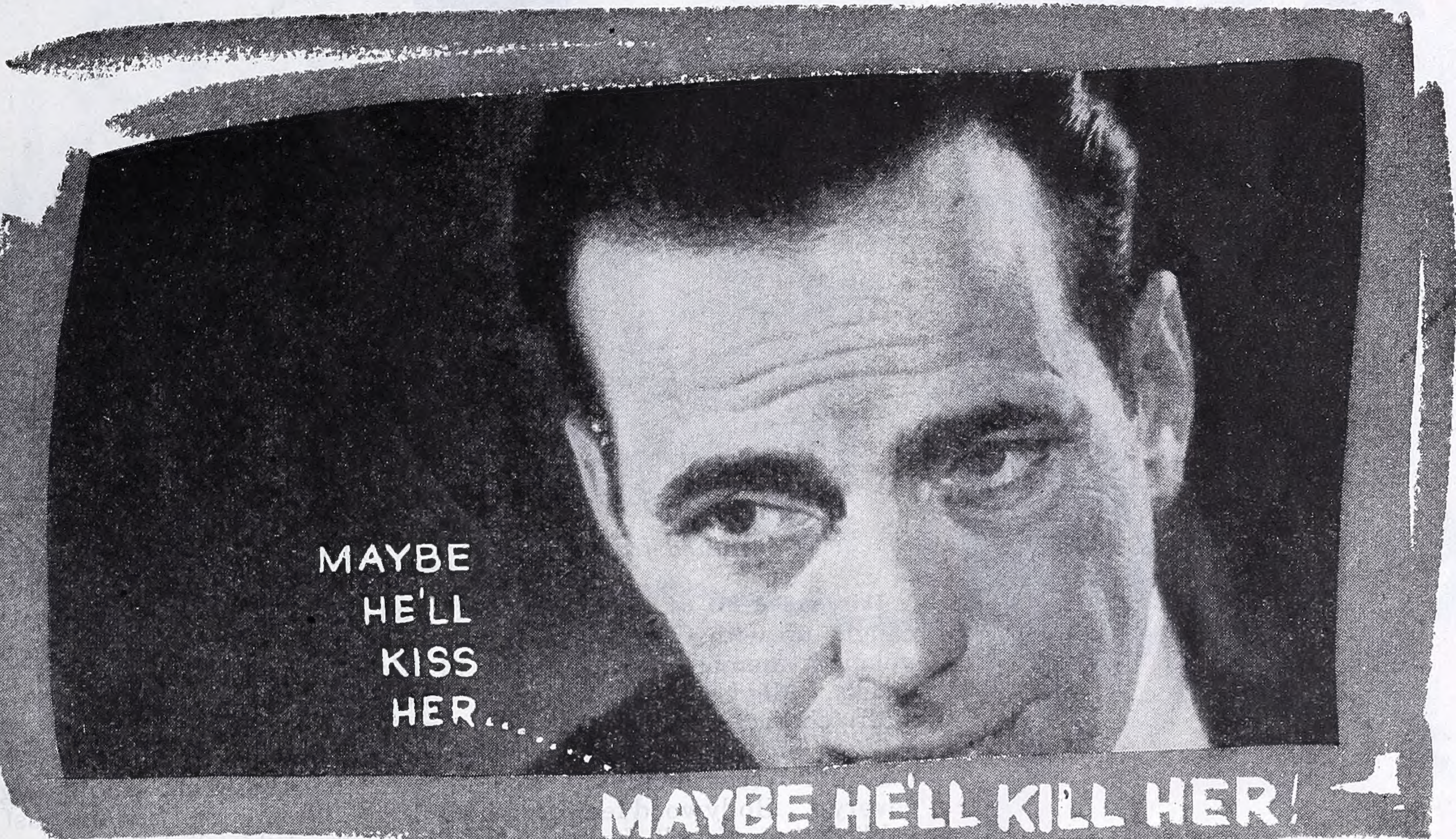
Noted in Passing: Looks like the Junes have it for 1945. Meaning that June Allyson, already on the way to the stardom she deserves, has a running mate now in blonde little June Haver. She is a terrific favorite with the boys overseas—and here too. And her fan mail has taken such a jump at 20th Century-Fox that the studio is going to give her all the best breaks from now on—wait and see! . . . Ingrid Bergman and David O. Selznick are arguing about her new contract. He wants her for lots of pictures. She only wants to make one a year for him from now on . . . You should have seen Greer Garson

frantically open two letters—almost at once—from Richard Ney, still fighting in the Philippines. They were the ones she'd been waiting and palpitating for—but for weeks! The look of dismay and disappointment on her face as she scanned first one and then the other, was really something. Then her sense of humor got the better of her and she managed first a smile—then even a laugh. She couldn't read more than a few words in either letter! Because the censor had read them first! What wretched luck!

Errol's Leading Ladies: Eight leading ladies for Errol Flynn (at the rate he goes) hardly seem enough—but that's the number he'll have in his next, "Don Juan." First the studio was going to use some starlets on the lot, plus a couple of newcomers. But then it was decided to make it an all-star femme cast as well. The gals all represent different nations in the film story—and at the moment Warners are ambitiously trying to borrow Paulette Goddard and Sylvia Sydney as different types for at least two of the roles.

Paulette is a blonde now—for the first time in years. And she loves it. Swears she'll never be her natural brunette self again. But Cal and lots of others think she is prettier with her own rich dark brown tresses. (Continued on page 8)

Now comes a
HUMPHREY BOGART
you'd never suspect!
(....or would you?)



MAYBE
HE'LL
KISS
HER...

MAYBE HE'LL KILL HER!

WARNERS

BRING YOU SUSPENSE, SUSPICION AND MAN-WOMAN MADNESS
— MORE EXCITINGLY THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE!

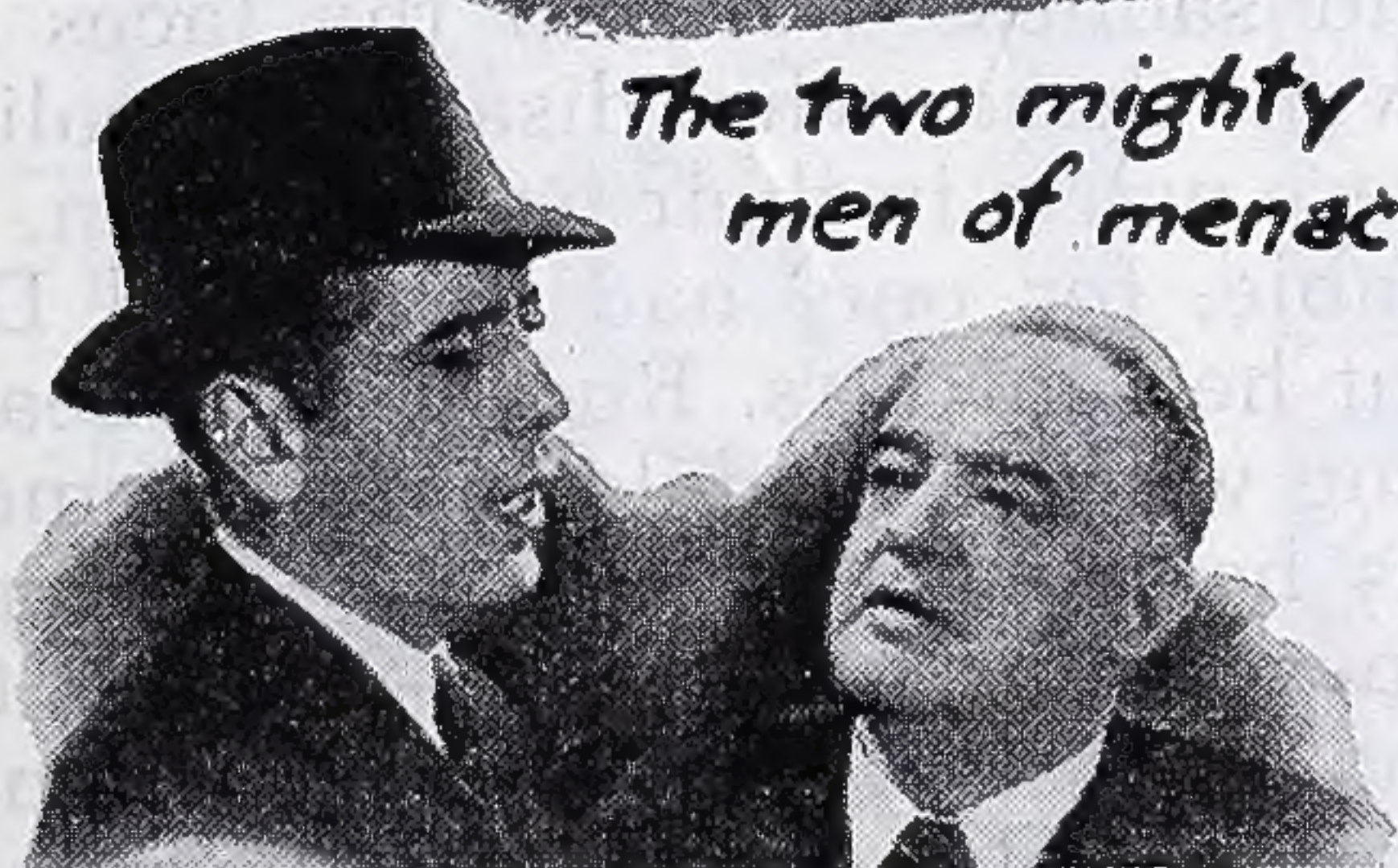


*She's got plenty
to be afraid of!*

Co-starring

SYDNEY ('The fat-man')

ALEXIS SMITH · GREENSTREET



*The two mighty
men of menace!*

Conflict

Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT

Screen Play by ARTHUR T. HORMAN and
DWIGHT TAYLOR • Based on Original Story by
Robert Siodmak and Alfred Neumann

Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS

OH!

Perfect
Time



When hearts are one and time
stands still . . . your watch must
carry on. Guard each tender
precious moment with the
accuracy of a WELSBRO—
fittingly beautiful.



WELSBRO

Watches

WEISSMAN WATCH CO., 20 W. 47th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Cal York's

INSIDE STUFF



Fun and friendliness—Bob Walker and June Allyson

(Continued from page 6)

This and a Bit of That: Dieting has caught up with Greer Garson who developed anemia and has been ill for weeks. Maybe a change from those stuffy characters on the screen to something a bit more lively and believable may aid Greer along the road to recovery . . . Hollywood feels Bette Davis's sublimation of self for the benefit of others reached a climax in "The Corn Is Green" when John Dall and Joan Loring walked off with such praise from the critics, leaving almost nothing for Bette . . . Marc Platt, the dancing sensation of Rita Hayworth's picture "Tonight And Every Night," has red hair and doesn't wear glasses off the screen . . . Bob Hope has a lilting bounce in his walk but Jack Benny actually swings toodle doo in his swagger . . . Rita Hayworth is so enamoured of Mexico City she will return, maybe with Orson, if he can be pried loose from his political ambitions. Senator Welles they call him in Hollywood.

Keeping up with the Girls: Judy Garland was having her first day off in ages. What did she do—and how did she look? Well—she took her two pet poodles for a long walk in the sun. She was wearing a bright plaid cotton blouse, tucked into a tight-waisted, dirndl type skirt of navy blue. And her hair was in pigtails. She looked every day of twelve years old. Judy and Vincente Minnelli are going ahead with their plans to revamp the basement of his very smart house. They can't get materials to build anything on to the house, you know! . . . Ella Raines, who hasn't been to college for three years, has been notified that she will be get-

ting her diploma any minute! How come? Well, she left the University of Washington just one day before graduation—and for a romantic reason. She went to Florida to marry her long-time sweetheart, Kenneth Trout, headed for overseas duty. Later the University notified Ella that if she would complete her thesis, she would be graduated with full honors. She did just that—and the buckskin diploma is about to be her reward . . . With the raves coming Tallulah Bankhead's way for her work in "A Royal Scandal," everyone is remembering the feud that she and Bette Davis had a few years ago—and wondering if these two gals will be "feuding" as Academy Award contenders at the end of 1945 . . . Did we tell you about the cute line of dialogue in Ida Lupino's new picture, "Pillow To Post"? It's when Ida, a bit woozy from a drink, says to her leading man, "There's something about you that sherry does to me!"

Our Great Loss: No blow has ever struck Hollywood and its people with the force and heartbreak caused by the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Shock and sadness were on the faces of all. Even those who disagreed politically were warm in their praise of him. Clark Gable, for one, had supported Dewey, but he sent Mrs. Roosevelt a beautiful, long wire of condolence that came from his heart. He surely did it for no insincere reason—for he's not that type—and besides, very few people even knew about it. But probably no person in the U. S. A., outside of the President's personal family, felt his loss more keenly than Frank Sinatra, whose devotion to The Chief almost amounted to worship. How he worked for him in the last campaign is (Continued on page 10)

UNFORGETTABLE SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT

Leslie Cowan
presents

ERNIE
PYLE'S
"STORY OF
G.I.
JOE"

starring

BURGESS
MEREDITH
as Ernie Pyle

Released thru United Artists



On the screen at last!
Ernie Pyle's human story
of your G. I. Joe!

The real inside story of the mud, dust, fear and rugged
good humor of the foot-weary, fun-loving infantry!

Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN



"Pardon me, Miss Bandini.
There goes that war again!"



"Go ahead! With every third
drink you get a furlough!"



"I believe in love at first sight.
It saves so much time!"

NEVER TRIED MIDOL?

It's my
"periodic
pick-up!"



This month, give Midol a chance to keep you brighter . . . more active . . . enjoying life at the time when menstruation's functional cramps, headache and blues might have you miserable.

Take Midol at the first twinge of pain. See how swiftly it acts to relieve your suffering. And *trust* these effective tablets; Midol's comfort does not depend on opiates. Millions of girls and women rely on it regularly as a "periodic pick-up." Ask for Midol at any drugstore.



MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES



ITCHY
Checked in a **JIFFY**

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription**. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription**.



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CROSS
EARRINGS**

Exquisitely divine—the latest in genuine Glo-ever Plastic Jewelry. A gift that will add to her loveliness, only \$1.00—**SPECIAL 2 PAIRS** for \$1.75 (tax included) You may now order direct. Just send name and address with this coupon. ☐ C.O.D. ☐ I enclose ☐ Send Prepaid ☐
BURT RAY JEWELERS Dept. MAC, 333 S. MARKET ST., CHICAGO 6, ILL.



Is this a permanent twosome? Deanna Durbin and Felix Jackson drink a toast at Mocambo

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

John Payne's *Ciro* date is really Gloria De Haven—note her new brownette locks



(Continued from page 8) well known. How he treasures every little memento ever received from the White House, perhaps is not. There is a big color photograph of Roosevelt framed in Frankie's bedroom. Framed, too, are several little invitations to various functions that came to him from The Great Man. And his most prized possession is the autographed photograph of F.D.R. which stands beside his bed.

Frank Sinatra did much more than give lip-service to the man and his ideals. And the work, time and heart he has given to these principles, he is still continuing. The lectures on tolerance that Sinatra delivered on his recent trip east are only the beginning in his determination to spread the ideas and dreams of Roosevelt—and help make them come true. Yes, "Love Thy Neighbor" is more than just a phrase to Frankie—and he is proving it. By the time you read this, he will be on an overseas entertainment tour. And when he gets back, he'll go right on with imbuing teen-agers with the right thoughts! Bless him!

Tragedy Month: They called April "tragedy month" in Hollywood with the President's death coming on top of so many sad things in the film colony. For instance, there was sixteen-year-old Ann Blyth, the dark, vivacious little miss who appeared in several Donald O'Connor films, and who was on the eve of her biggest chance when she broke her back in a toboggan accident.

Ann was in Snow Valley high above sunny Hollywood when the accident occurred. She was rushed instantly to the San Bernardino hospital where the doctors discovered the compressed fracture that will keep her abed many months. Ann had just completed four days' work in Warners' "Danger Signal" and had to be replaced.

The tragedy of Gloria Dickson who was burned to death in her home was another blow to Hollywood. Miss Dickson, who was dieting her way back to the screen, was napping when a slow smoldering fire in the enclosed patio finally broke out into a fiery furnace. The actress was suffocated in the bathroom shut off from all escape. Married first to Perc Westmore, famous make-up artist, then to director Ralph Murphy, the actress was happier than she'd ever been in her third marriage to William Fitzgerald, a former boxer.

Hollywood said Peggy O'Neil had the brightest future of any starlet in movies. And yet the day before she was to have signed a long term contract with Paramount, twenty-one-year-old Peggy O'Neil killed herself in the home of writer Al Mannheimer Jr. Her brown eyes and auburn hair made her one of the prettiest colleens in town, one sought by many beaus. Her talent showed great promise in "Song Of The Open Road" and other films. A misunderstanding with the writer caused him to leave Peggy alone in his home, and when he returned she lay dead on the floor with an (Continued on page 12)

"Ready to Kiss Me Now?"

Uh-huh! But she plans to make it stick, brother!...and if this flying wolf thinks she's just another furlough date . . . he's making the mistake of his love life!



Introducing **BILL WILLIAMS**
Sensational in his first
big RKO comedy role!

ROBERT YOUNG
LARAINÉ DAY

in
**Those Endearing
Young Charms**

with **ANN HARDING**
and **BILL WILLIAMS**

Produced by BERT GRANET • Directed by LEWIS ALLEN
Screen Play by JEROME CHODOROV





Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out



Try again next time if your store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Girl talk—Rosalind Russell and Ella Raines at the Crillon



Betwixt beauty—Sid Luft with Martha Stewart and his wife Lynn Bari at Ciro's

(Continued from page 10) empty glass, which had contained dissolved sleeping tablets, still held in her hand. Hollywood was shocked and grieved at her death.

Another swimming pool accident, similar to the one that cost the life of Lou Costello's baby boy, happened at the home of actor Russell Wade when his seven-year-old Joan Suzan was drowned. Coming on top of the sudden death of John Garfield's little girl, Hollywood feels it had its share and more of heartaches in one month.

Our Boys in Service: Eddie Bracken may be the next Hollywoodite to join Uncle Sam's forces leaving behind his wife, his two small children and his radio show to say nothing of Paramount Studios. Eddie is glad to go.

A friend tells of visiting the Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Maryland, and whom should he glimpse, covered with dirt from cleaning out a storehouse, but Gene Kelly, seaman second class.

Reports that Capt. Jeffrey Lynn was missing in the European theater could find no confirmation in Hollywood. Cal believes Jeffrey is the least-heard-of actor among Hollywoodites. Since the day he enlisted, Jeffrey seems to have dropped out of sight.

And Cal hears Lieut. Eddie Albert of the Navy is privileged to wear more

decorations for bravery and achievement in action than any star in Hollywood. Only Eddie seldom wears them.

Kenny Baker, singing his way through "The Harvey Girls," and Dane Clark emoting in "Stolen Life" are now 1-A and expect to be on their way the minute they are finished.

Hollywood is proud of Lieut. Tyrone Power, who is doing such a fine job now in Guam and South Pacific points.

It's now Capt. Robert Preston. Not only has the actor received promotion in rank but also a Presidential Unit citation for work in the European area. Bob went in as a private and worked up—the hard way.

Producer Sam Goldwyn reports seeing Col. Jimmy Stewart in England and says Col. Stewart is just as popular with the English lads as he is with us. But could they be as proud of him as Hollywood is? Jimmy's another lad who went in a private, stuck to his job, kept out of Hollywood and the lime-light and is now a full colonel.

A Hero Returns: There is no actor more popular with the town and his studio than the French star Jean Pierre Aumont. Cal happened to be on the M-G-M lot the day the actor appeared to greet old friends. Hands were extended from every side and studio people called to Jean Pierre from every office door. (Continued on page 14)

"What had I said to him? . . . what had I done?"

This was the night I had dreamed about for weeks . . . the gay places we would go . . . the sweetness of seeing him for three whole days on his first furlough since our love-at-first-sight meeting. And now, what a rude awakening! Home before midnight, after an evening which began romantically enough and then grew strained and different! What had I said to him? . . . what could I have done to change his attitude from one of warmth and admiration to cool indifference?

Never Take a Chance

When a woman attracts one day and repels the next, something must be wrong. The answer in this case, as in so many, many others, was halitosis (bad breath). This social offense puts one in the worst possible light, nips many a romance in the bud.

Since you, yourself, may not realize when your breath is "that way" . . . why not take a sensible precaution against it? . . . Why not use Listerine night and morning and between times, before social engagements when you want to be at your best? Listerine Antiseptic helps to make your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say a number of medical authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

If you would be pleasing to others never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic as a part of your daily toilette.

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ADV. BY M. W. AYER



Cal York's



Red Kramer with starlet Rita Cor-day at a party given in her honor

(Continued from page 12) Stars were running about looking for him, office workers were happy for a glimpse, and even studio cops smiled as he passed by, which should be indicative of the geniality of this actor who gave up his career to join the Free French Army overseas.

He returns a hero, having been twice wounded. And he's going back again to France to stay until his country is once more established politically.

Naturally his wife, Maria Montez, was on hand in New York to greet him.

Cal recalls a party some time ago at which Montez introduced the unobtrusive actor with "This is my little Frenchman." And now he's Hollywood's Frenchman and one the whole town welcomes with open arms.

If We Were a Service Lad: We'd write to Diana Lynn about music—good music, and keep the letter friendly and, above all, gentlemanly. But we'd add a post script saying she was not only beautiful but adorable and did she mind our saying so.

We'd write to Irene Dunne about our ideal—and we'd say Irene was it. We'd talk about a home and how wonderfully we imagine hers must be run. And we'd speak of happiness in home and marriage and how we appreciate such things and then we'd add a P.S. and ask her about any business deal that's troubling us, for Irene is one of Hollywood's best business women.

We'd write to Jeanne Crain and speak of her lovely young appeal in pictures and how she's just about every lad's dream of what he'd like his girl to be. We'd ask her to think carefully about marrying too young, as she's the sensitive type that could be permanently hurt through a mistake.

We'd write to Lauren Bacall and chat about her voice, her eyes and figure in a rather impersonal way. And we'd thank her for being so different and mention the pleasure that difference means to us right now, and then we'd add in the P.S. Hey, why marry the first guy you met in Hollywood?



Lee Bonnel and Gale Storm gaily explore new fun spot, Jerry's Joynt

We'd dash off a note to Betty Hutton and put this dramatic urge thing of hers right on the table. We'd tell her there is only one Hutton in her mad, screaming, happy way and hundreds of would-be dramatic actresses, and why does she want to rob the fellows of a vibrant personality to be just another stuffy actress?

We'd finish our correspondence with a line to Olivia de Havilland to tell her we think Hollywood men must be nutty not to sweep her off her feet as, next to Lamarr, her dark beauty is the most haunting. We'd mention books because Livvie is well read and we'd praise her courage in taking her contract troubles to court against a great big studio and then we'd say we heard she's the nicest of all stars in remembering service men who have met her.

If We Were a Girl in Service: We'd write Gregory Peck. And we'd be dignified, but not too dignified, remember, and we'd say he epitomizes the hero of the last book we've read (he'll fit any character, so don't fret) and what does he think of playing it on the screen? And then while he's off guard we'd add a P.S. that would slay him. We'd say he has everything Gable has—only humorized, and everything Van Johnson has—only matured, and everything our dream man has. Period.

We'd use perfumed note paper for Hurd Hatfield (if we could get it) and we'd demand to know if he's really as aloof as he seems, or does he have a burning ambition concealed in that dry ice exterior and please, we'd say, what are your hopes and what are you like, because we, your fans, have a right to know. And then we'd post-script our own request—his idea of a dream girl. And then we'd go off somewhere and sulk if we didn't measure up.

We'd fool Van Johnson and not write at all with all that competition, but go on to Turhan Bey. We'd say we felt an undercurrent of restless unhappiness about him and ask if it was his roles that caused it. And then we'd urge him not to mind too much, as his personality

Are you in the know?



What would you do about this back view?

- ☐ Wear a shawl
- ☐ Go informally
- ☐ Make up the difference

If your swim-suit back has branded you, relax! Make up the difference—by "tanning" the paler skin with leg make-up. Maybe Sis will do it. Be fastidious about your *daintiness*, too. On problem days, choose Kotex, the napkin with a *deodorant*.

Yes, now there's a **deodorant** safely locked inside each Kotex. The deodorant can't shake out because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on. See how this new Kotex "extra" helps keep you dainty, confident.



Is the pattern of this sport jacket a—

- ☐ Gun Club Check
- ☐ Glen Plaid
- ☐ Herringbone

Notice your date's new duds! He's probably duked up just for you. So if his jacket is a Gun Club Check (as above), show him you know. Boys, too, need reassuring. As for you, sometimes reassurance comes from just being worry-free. Like when you have the confidence that Kotex sanitary napkins give. With Kotex you risk no revealing outlines, for of all leading napkins only Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show. And you get *extra* protection with that patented *safety center* of Kotex!

Should a house-guest make her own bed?

- ☐ Yes
- ☐ No

Whether you're staying for weeks or a week-end, the answer is yes, these servant-less days. A thoughtful guest helps her hostess. Make your bed . . . take a turn with the dishes . . . and you'll never lack invitations. You needn't decline them, either, when your calendar warns "stay home!" Pack a supply of Kotex—and go, for Kotex will keep you more comfortable. You'll find Kotex unlike pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no bunching, no roping. Kotex is the napkin that actually *stays soft while wearing!*

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Business woman with accent on charm—Connie Bennett turns her talents to picture-producing

INSIDE STUFF

was too strong to be too long submerged in such incredible fantasies and we and all his fans would pull for the day when he emerged into a new era.

To Richard Haymes we'd point out that his songs had helped us over many a lonely hour and how much we appreciated it. But now we feel the time has come when he needs a bit of help over a bad spot and while we can't sing for him we can sincerely say that all his life may be a lonely blunder if right now he doesn't think hard before giving up his cute wife and children, as absolutely nothing is worth it.

Our last note would go to Bill Eythe in which we'd chat like a well-meaning sister (just to hide our crush and to throw Bill off guard, too) and then boom, we'd say—be yourself, kid, you're good and don't let jealousy or pseudo sophistication throw you. You're on top but don't belittle your position just to seem a good fellow to the covetous. Chin up, we'd say, and be the star you are, the actor you've proved to be and then (here it comes) the lover you seem embarrassed to be. And then golly we'd forget everything in the P.S. and say right out—If you haven't a girl, Bill Eythe, will I do?

Hollywood's Blonde Producer: Constance Bennett, who has had a finger in so many pies—acting, cosmetics, real estate and marriage—turned producer in "Paris Underground" and as usual emerged a winner.

Blonde, thirtyish, beautiful, the ninety-seven-pound dynamo, who can out-work, out-gamble, out-eat and out-argue any man in town, arose at 5:30 every morning during production, saw to every detail of the picture, casting, writing, direction, sets, music, art, while acting in it too. People all about her drop with fatigue. Bennett remains a vision of efficient sexiness.

The oldest daughter of actor Richard Bennett, Connie came to pictures way back in the silent days to make "Cytherea" and "The Goose Hangs High" and then retired to marry Phil Plant.

Five years later she was back to create a furor with her temperament, her quick tongue and her fabulous salary (for those days) of \$30,000 a week. She pioneered in gaining permission to make one picture a year outside her own studio. This was the one, to Warner Brothers' utter bewilderment, that cost them that unbelievable salary with their paying Connie's income tax.

She's been married three times—to the American Plant, the French Marquis de la Falaise and the Mexican Gilbert Roland from whom she is now separated. With her three children, young Plant fifteen, Linda six, and Jill three, she followed her husband from camp to camp. It was after he returned from overseas that their marriage collapsed.

The impersonation of her as rendered by Gracie Fields (who plays with her in "Paris Underground") sends her into gales of laughter. She never pampers herself physically, never apologizes nor offers alibis. You take her as is—or not at all.

Incidentally, she feels one George Rigaud, whom she selected after looking at 400 tests, will be a sensation as her leading man.

She's a blonde beauty with the kick of a mule and the gait of a thoroughbred. Besides being one of Hollywood's few star-producers she's one of Hollywood's most intelligent women. And still she has blonde curls. Try to figure her out, is Cal's caution.

Livvie on the Mend: Olivia de Havilland is looking so well again—and feeling just fine. (Continued on page 105)

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Make a Date with Glamour! Right away... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. ✓ *Extra lustre...* up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair. This soap film dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene is different! It leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair...* easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing... due to the fact that the new improved Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner! ✓ *Complete removal of dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it!



Learn about Hair-dos from the girls who know!

Here's **DORIAN LEIGH**, one of New York's most glamorous fashion models, Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl." On this page she shows you what just a hair-do can do to change your personality!

(Above) **THE SMOOTH, SOPHISTICATED LOOK!** Smart, new one-braid arrangement. All hair is combed up, but over to one side, then tied securely with ribbon. To braid, divide hair into two sections, use ribbon as third section. (Ribbon three inches wide.) Small bow conceals end of braid. For glamorous hair, Dorian always uses Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

THE DEMURE, DISARMING LOOK! For this beguiling effect, Dorian uses an Alice-in-Wonderland comb to push all her front hair straight back from her face. Ends of front hair blend in with back hair. Not a wave or curl, except for the smoothly turned-under ends. Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner deserves the credit for that gleaming smoothness. No other shampoo can make your hair look so lovely!

THE DASHING, DARING LOOK! From Paris—through Drene's Paris correspondent—comes the idea for this stunning arrangement! All hair is combed sleekly to one side—straight across back (held with combs at far side). Dorian's hair was first shampooed in Drene with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



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More doctors advise Ivory
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IT FLOATS!



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Important: Don't Waste Ivory Soap. It contains materials which have important war uses. Make every cake last!

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓ The Valley Of Decision (M-G-M)

MARCIA DAVENPORT'S story of an Irish housemaid in the home of a prominent Pittsburgh steel family, comes to the screen altered in text but never for a moment lessened in charm. To her role of the Irish maid, Greer Garson gives character, infectious charm and a measure of pixie-like dignity. Beginning as an extra maid, she soon becomes the mainstay in the household and even wins the love of the older son, Gregory Peck.

Fearful of this love between them, both from such different stations in life, she travels to England to be with Marsha Hunt, Gregory's sister, who has married a title. Returning to Pittsburgh, she decides to marry Peck when a riot among the workers results in death for both families. A wall arises between them and Peck goes on to marry his first sweetheart, Jessica

Tandy, who plays the role of the shrew to perfection.

Gladys Cooper and Donald Crisp are excellent as the parents of Peck. Lionel Barrymore is not quite believable as Greer's irascible father, but Preston Foster impresses as the union boss and Greer's admirer.

We honestly feel there is so much righteousness in Miss Garson's role she at times bores with her goodness. In fact, we advocate a change of pace for Miss Garson entirely with a leaning toward the to-err-is-human side. Peck, of course, will go on to win thousands of new admirers as he should. While this isn't his best role, he succeeds in giving it life, strength and charm.

Your Reviewer Says: Women will love it.



Strength with charm: Greer Garson and Gregory Peck in "The Valley Of Decision"

✓✓ Wonder Man (Goldwyn)

LAUGH? You'll die. You'll even wonder how one blond individual can turn into such a solo tornado blowing away inhibitions, cares and worries as he sweeps across the screen.

We mean Danny Kaye, of course, who in "Wonder Man" becomes the best individualistic comic on the screen. Where most funny men depend on the aid of others, Kaye can stand on his own and prove himself an artist the likes of which the screen has never seen.

The story, which could have gone overboard in less capable hands, emerges the *Mr. Jordan* of comicland, a fantasy of sheer unadulterated fun. Technicolor seems to enhance the comic appeal of Mr. Kaye with that blond mop of hair and frightfully blue eyes. In a dual role as the dead showman Buzzy Bellew and Edward Dingle, the

bookworm, he gets across as few funny men do.

Virginia Mayo as the librarian that the *Dingle* Kaye loves, and Vera-Ellen as the actress *Bellew* Kaye loves, are good troupers, good-lookers and good to have around. S. Z. Sakall, the frustrated potato salad seller, and his wife Gisela Werbiseck, victims of Kaye in his escape from gangsters, are very funny. Allen Jenkins and Edward Brophy give just the right note to the whole insane proceedings. Otto Kruger, Donald Woods, Richard Lane and Natalie Schafer are lucky enough to be in this comedy hit of the month, for which Director Bruce "Lucky" Humberstone can take bows the rest of his life.

Your Reviewer Says: Best comedy you'll see in ages.



Fantasy in the funniest manner: Danny Kaye and Virginia Mayo in "Wonder Man"

✓✓ The Corn Is Green (Warners)

HOLLYWOOD labels this a "prestige" film, meaning a story of pretentiousness and artistic fulfillment. And such it certainly is. But whether the paying public will find value in its artistic worth is something that remains to be seen.

Certainly the *Miss Moffat* of Bette Davis is a splendid characterization, though one could wish she had subdued the familiar Davis mannerisms even more than she did.

And of course one must come instantly to John Dall, the young Welsh lad who finds learning, inspiration and a whole new world over the wall of ignorance through the aid of *Miss Moffat*. With this one film young Dall takes a definite and secure place on the screen. Seldom has a newcomer registered with such authoritative talent. Bette, who chose the actor herself for the role, is to be congratulated upon her choice.

Another delineation etched with dia-

mond-point clearness is that of Joan Lorrington as *Bessie Watty*, the cockney tart who all but ruins the chances of young Dall on the very eve of his great chance. There's an almost sinister quality to *Bessie* that lies close to the surface of the laughter she creates.

Rosalind Ivan as *Bessie's* mother and Bette's housekeeper, is an actress of such skill one keeps wondering about the whys, wheres and how-comes of this newcomer.

Rhys Williams and Mildred Dunnock are beautifully cast. And Nigel Bruce as the squire is a perfect addition.

The soft bewitching loveliness of Welsh voices in song, the authentic misty atmosphere of the Welsh village gives to the whole a fascinating quality that helps fit it into its niche of artistic perfection.

Your Reviewer Says: Performances that are little masterpieces.



Artistic perfection: Bette Davis and John Dall in "The Corn Is Green"

(Continued on page 111)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 111

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 120

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 20

By Sara Hamilton



Vacation



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of-the-month!

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Two in tune: Robert Alda, Joan Leslie in "Rhapsody In Blue"

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ **AFFAIRS OF SUSAN, THE**—Paramount: A gay, charming, rambling story about *Susan*, delightfully played by Joan Fontaine, who is four different women to the four men in her life. We see her first through the eyes of her ex-husband, George Brent, stage producer, then she becomes a siren to lumberman Don DeFore, an intellectual to Dennis O'Keefe, and then she decides to marry solid citizen Walter Abel. (June)

BIG BONANZA, THE—Republic: Richard Arlen, a disgraced Union officer, goes west, but instead of joining his boyhood pal, Robert Livingston, saloon proprietor, he helps the miners fight for their rights. Bobby Driscoll is swell as Arlen's kid brother, Jane Frazee sings and Lynne Roberts teaches Sunday school. (Apr.)

BIG SHOW-OFF THE—Republic: Arthur Lake is a meek little pianist who pretends to be a wrestling sensation and Dale Evans is the supposed victim of this unfunny deception. Lionel Stander, George Meeker, Paul Hurst and Marjorie Manners go around for a couple of whirls. The harder it tries to be funny, the worse it gets. (Apr.)

✓ **BILLY ROSE'S DIAMOND HORSESHOE**—20th Century-Fox: The scenery, setting, costumes and the star, Betty Grable, are all very pretty in Technicolor, but the story is a silly one. William Gaxton is the star of the show who, despite the fact that his son, Dick Haymes, has stage ambitions, wants him to be a doctor and does everything possible to break up his romance with Betty. The comedy honors go to Phil Silvers. (June)

✓ **BODY SNATCHER, THE**—RKO: A horror number that would scare a totem pole into splinters. Boris Karloff, who snatches bodies for the medical school of Henry Daniell, is horribly wonderful, and Russell Wade turns in a swell performance as the young medical student who gets embroiled in the unholy mess. Bela Lugosi adds to the horror and it's all a swell scare 'em show. (May)

✓ **BREWSTER'S MILLIONS**—Small UA: Dennis O'Keefe is out of the Army and all set to marry Helen Walker when he learns he's inherited a million dollars which he must spend in sixty days in order to inherit seven million. Everything he touches multiplies instead of decreases and he has one heck of a time trying to get rid of it. Rochester, Mischa Auer and June Havoc are on the funny side of the plot. (June)

✓ **BRING ON THE GIRLS**—Paramount: Eddie Bracken is a millionaire who joins the Navy because all the girls want to marry him for his money. Sonny Tufts goes along as his chaperone and Eddie gets mixed up with Sonny's ex-girl, Veronica Lake, until Marjorie Reynolds, night club singer, comes along. It's pretty silly in spots, but you'll get a few laughs. (Apr.)

(Continued on page 117)

Shadow Stage

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Like velvety gardenias... like muted music... your soft, lovely hands spell romance.

So always, always keep your hands appealing. It's so much simpler when you guard them the Trushay way.

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TALKING BACK

An old favorite gets a face-lifting. "Speak For Yourself" becomes "Talking Back"—in which readers and editors tell one another what they think

YOUR recent four-page spread in the local tradepapers regarding Photoplay Magazine's Gold Medal Awards for the Nation's favorite actress, actor and picture in 1944, as determined by Dr. George Gallup's poll, created a great deal of interest among the members of this Guild.

"Why was the director not included in the survey?" was the universal question asked. This became so general that the matter was placed before the Board of Directors for discussion at its last meeting. It was the consensus of opinion that quite frequently editors ignore the names of directors in publicity of this kind. This might be unintentional and the general feeling of our Board was that it might be rectified by bringing the matter directly to the attention of those who have the authority to do so, which partially explains the reason of this letter.

In Photoplay the following were the poll's selection of the "Ten Top Pictures of 1944." We have added the directors' names:

Going My Way.....Leo McCarey
The Story Of Dr. Wassell...Cecil B. De Mille
A Guy Named Joe.....Victor Fleming
Mrs. Parkington.....Tay Garnett
Laura.....Otto Preminger
See Here, Private Hargrove...Wesley Ruggles
Destination Tokyo.....Delmer Daves
Two Girls And A Sailor...Richard Thorpe
Since You Went Away....John Cromwell
The Sullivans.....Lloyd Bacon

John Cromwell, President,
Screen Directors' Guild, Inc.

Is the movie-going public interested in who directs the pictures they see? Since Photoplay's Gold Medal Award poll conducted by Dr. Gallup differs from all other polls in that it is the vote of American movie-goers themselves, we feel it important that our readers express themselves on this score. If you convince us that you are interested in the directors of pictures we'll take care of the matter in a way that will please John Cromwell, all other directors and the Screen Directors' Guild. The Editors.

TO my mind, the most interesting article in the March Photoplay was Fred Sammis's "Ten for the Top." I like his choices, but he failed to mention one name which should be included on any cinema magazine's list for top future stars. I'm talking about Charles Korvin. He is a handsome new personality who managed to breathe life and fire into the part of the internationally famous jewel thief, Arsene Lupin. Here is no stereotyped actor. His acting is as fascinating as his looks and his debonair manner will capti-

vate the ladies from sub-debs to stately matrons. In fact, even the men will approve of him.

Pauline Quinn, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Editors invite their readers to judge for themselves. See below.

THIS is an appeal more urgent than it may seem on the surface. It is an appeal for more oomph on the part of many of our feminine stars.

For some time I have been sending movie magazines to my brother who is a soldier overseas. Judging from the letters which I subsequently received from him, he and his chums, in the cold of a European winter, welcomed these magazines as mementos of home, a part of all that they had left behind.

But one day a letter came and it read: "Betty Grable is there all right and Lana Turner is swell in those oomphy get-ups. Hedy Lamarr is okay, too. But say, aren't there any other glamour gals in Hollywood any more?"

So, is that not food for thought, Editor and readers? Are we to plough through page after page of erstwhile glamour gals concealed within pinafores with the kitchen stove as a background? Joan Fontaine with her hair pulled back like an old-time schoolmarm? Jane Wyman and a host of others in series of suburban-wife shots? Judy Garland in "plain Jane" outfits? Even Veronica Lake going dignified on us? We have some new girls such as June Haver, Gloria De Haven, June Allyson and Jeanne Crain with potential oomph material. Why (Continued on page 24)

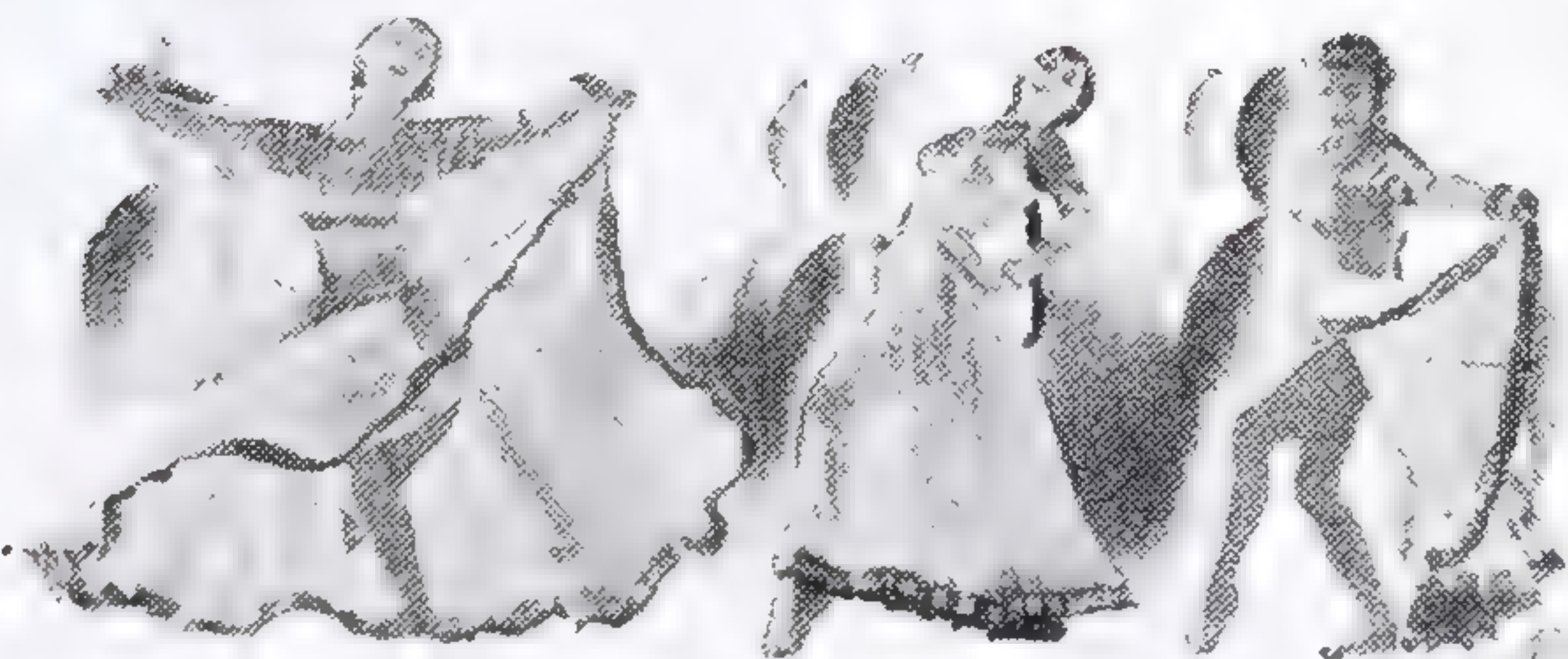


Do you agree with Pauline Quinn that Charles Korvin is a future top star?

★ The story of the singing
vagabond and the Sultan's daughter
... in glowing Technicolor! ★



SPECTACULAR SLAVE GIRL AUCTIONS!



LUSCIOUS DANCING GIRLS!



THE SULTAN'S HAREM!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS

in Technicolor

with
EVELYN KEYES · PHIL SILVERS · ADELE JERGENS
and CORNEL WILDE

Screen Play by Wilfrid H. Pettit,
Richard English, Jack Henley
Produced by SAMUEL BISCHOFF
Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN



THE GIANT WHO
PERFORMS MIRACLES!



Exciting!

**says Mrs. Charles Boyer—
glamorous wife of the screen's
leading romantic actor**

MRS. CHARLES BOYER:

SMART MODERN MAKE-UP is a "must" for a wife who wants to hold the screen's leading romantic actor. Your exciting new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks are just what my lips were waiting for. And for super-excitement I choose that rich dark Tangee Red-Red.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

YES, MRS. BOYER, my new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks really are going places...they're going on the smartest lips in America. You'll find, also, that these heavenly colors have a perfectly delightful habit of staying on for many extra hours. There's no run...no smear. Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish insures lips that are not too dry—not too moist...lips with a soft, satin-smooth radiance that works wonders for your charm...In Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Tangee Natural.



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee
and one of America's fore-
most authorities on beauty
and make-up.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be

(Continued from page 22) is it not utilized to the fullest extent possible? After all, leg shots, glorious gowns and hair-dos catapulted into fame such great stars as Shearer, Harlow, Crawford, Colbert, Lombard and Dietrich. Why can't we have this thing that we all want in our stars? Glamour!

Marilyn Talbot, Pittsfield, Mass.

Much as we appreciate masculine readers, Photoplay's primary appeal is to women. As such, it should place emphasis on fashions, "hair-dos," not necessarily leg art. We invite the readers to give us their honest opinions. The Editors

THEY say that in the future there will be historical movies in every school-house. But I say why wait? The motion-picture industry has made movies of every description and kind so why don't they start making historical ones? Just think, all of us school kids could sit down and see all these events of long ago come to life before us once more. It would make us attentive and imprint these facts in our minds for all time. Also, it would be better than reading any history book.

Yes, I know it would cost a great deal of money. But if you would just count the millions of teen-agers going to the movies each week you would think this plan a most economical and educational one.

Dolores Andrea, Hartford, Conn.

Has reader Andrea seen any of the fine shorts Warner Brothers made on high moments in American history? Or Darryl F. Zanuck's picture "Wilson"? Or any of the Lincoln pictures and the film on Andrew Johnson ("Tennessee Johnson")? And if movie-goers will support such pictures at the box office, there will be more—many more. The Editors

I JUST saw "Tomorrow The World." It held an audience of GI's interested from start to finish. GI's are hard to satisfy, so the picture had to be good. Its main force lay in the question it so daringly posed. We are realists now and the days of shrugging off controversial matters is a thing of history. We are glad that the movie industry is aware of the fact that it can cease working entirely in a world of make-believe; that it finds it possible to be real. Whenever it can start constructive discussions it is doing something worthy of America.

Pfc. Alan Q. Steinecke, RCAAB,
Rapid City, S. D.

Yet OWI refused this picture an overseas license on grounds that the picture posed an incorrect solution of post-war problem, "what to do with the Nazis." The Editors

I HAD to write and express my views on the proposed casting of "The Robe." Doesn't Hollywood realize that here is not only a potentially great picture, but an opportunity to aid in the restoration of hope, faith and immortality in the world? As I read "The Robe" there was only one man in my mind's eye as Marcellus. That man is Fredric March.

Ivy Mowrey, Oakland, Calif.

Other Photoplay readers have also been casting "The Robe." Some vote for Lew Ayres. Picture Producer Frank Ross will welcome suggestions from readers. The Editors

YOU'LL never know how much I appreciated the article "You and Frank Sinatra" in your March issue. People have

been making fun of me for a long time, calling me a silly kid and "one of those crazy teen-agers," just because I show my approval of Frank Sinatra in the usual style of Sinatra fans. Well, I hope all those people who criticized Frank and his fans had a chance to read that article. Of course, I realize now the necessity of discontinuing the much publicized "squealing and swooning" because it's hindering Frank's career. But thanks to Lawrence Gould and Photoplay, maybe America's adult population will find it easier to understand us teen-agers and, what's more, tolerate us.

Martha Manning, Hudson, Mass.

Photoplay's editors, no one of them exactly a teen-ager, request that reader Martha Manning make room for us in the cheering section . . . And to prove the point, our August issue will carry the first of a series of splendid articles by Frankie, himself, talking to young people everywhere. The Editors

WITH four brothers in the service and another one leaving soon I was one of the most critical when Lew Ayres took his stand on war in 1942.

I could not see how any man could refuse to fight when we were so brutally attacked—unless he was just a coward—and thus I branded Lew. I want to apologize to him now. Cowardice can be a lot of different things. Too often we think of it in terms of being afraid to fight. I have learned that there are many more forms.

Lew has not changed his belief. He still does not believe in killing. However, he has not been afraid to risk his life trying to save those who have fought. I am sure that our men who were wounded at Leyte will never remember Lew Ayres as a coward. They will remember him as one of the sixteen volunteers who set up an emergency hospital at Leyte. No doubt they called him *Dr. Kildare*.

But—what about us at home who criticized Lew for his stand? Have we done our share of this fighting in our way? We accept the black market, hoarding, unnecessary spending, failing to donate money and blood to Red Cross and other war activities. Yet, had we all done the things we actually believe are right to do—as Lew has done—the war would be over. So—an apology and a salute to a man who did best in what he believed was best. Let's welcome him back to Hollywood.

Mrs. B. C. D., Walker Park, Ga.

We share your sentiments. But right now Sgt. Ayres could use the medical supplies made possible by some Seventh War Loan Bonds much better than an apology. Let's say our apologies with War Bonds! The Editors

a guy to remember—
this Cornel Wilde!

watch for
a wonderful

color portrait of him
plus a gay

"how he really is" story

Next Month!

He didn't forget to kiss you, honey!



**You are the one
who forgot—to keep yourself
nice to be near!**

IF KISSES were rationed they couldn't be scarcer. But she doesn't dream it's her own fault. Poor, puzzled wife! *Foolish* wife—to trust just her bath alone instead of topping it off with safe, dependable Mum.

For your bath washes away past perspiration, but Mum safeguards you against risk of underarm odor to come.



Product of Bristol-Myers

So take just 30 seconds to smooth on Mum. Then you will be free all day or evening from fear of offending. Free from the fault men don't forgive.

Mum guards charm. And charm and romance go together like love-birds. Ask for Mum today. (Note: You can use Mum even *after* you're dressed. Quick, safe, sure—Mum will not injure fabrics or irritate your skin.)

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION

HERE'S THE MIRACLE MUSICAL AS BIG, AS NEW, AS DIFFERENT
AS ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED! ALL ON
THE SCREEN! AND YOU'RE NOT DREAMING!



A cross-century girl-hunt with Fred, G. Washington, C. Columbus and the U.S. Marines hot
on the trail of joyous Joan and luscious June! . . . Laugh at its Gags! Marvel at its Magnificence!
Thrill to its Romance! Sing its Songs! . . . There's Never Been
Anything Like It Before! *The Funniest*
Picture Ever Set to Music!

Fred **MacMURRAY**

Joan **LESLIE**

June **HAYER**



**"WHERE
DO WE GO FROM
HERE?"**

IN TECHNICOLOR!



A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

with
GENE SHELDON • ANTHONY QUINN • CARLOS RAMIREZ • ALAN MOWBRAY
FORTUNIO BONONOV • HERMAN BING • HOWARD FREEMAN
Directed by GREGORY RATOFF Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG Screen Play by MORRIE RYSKIND
Story by MORRIE RYSKIND and SIG HERZIG • Lyrics and Music by Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill • Dances Staged by Fanchon

Reunion

... with love—of Jean Pierre

Aumont, a hero of war, and his

beautiful wife, Maria Montez

BY GLADYS HALL

THE woman stood lithe and slender before the mirror over the mantelpiece, trying on a procession of fabulously chic hats. The man, clad in austere British battle dress with the Cross of Lorraine on his left sleeve, paced back and forth in a New York hotel suite through a wilderness of tissue paper, hat boxes and some thirty strictly feminine chapeaux.

As each new hat was fitted over the tawny-colored hair, the woman's flashing dark eyes would seek his anxiously as she said, "Jean Pierre, do not tell me if you like it or do not like it. Just tell me would you be seen with me in it."

The answers from the attractive young Frenchman would vary anywhere from, "With pleasure, darling," to a decisive "Non!" And when they were "With pleasure," the hats were put on one pile and when the verdict was "Non," they were tossed onto another. Thus did Maria Montez fulfill the Continental woman's first law—to dress for her husband!

But finally the inevitable happened; he tangled with a large hat box which all but threw him. With his feet spread and his arms akimbo, Jean Pierre Aumont, late of the Italian, French and German campaigns, cried in a loud and terrible voice, "This is the real battlefield!" Yet behind his mock dramatics, you could see he was laughing and loving all the frou-frou femininity.

War dealt kindly with this young idealist from the land of Jeanne d'Arc who came into American hearts with just two pictures, "Assignment In Brittany" and "The Cross Of Lorraine." There were no signs of fatigue in his face or in his walk as he swung across the room in his close-fitting English uniform which, with its Free French Army insignia, reflected his latest job of liaison officer with the British. Even that ruthless democrat, the Army barber, hadn't mangled the wavy blond hair with a G.I. job.

"Never in my life have I seen anything like this," Jean Pierre exploded delightedly, "or, for that matter, felt anything so wonderful as the softness of the living



Bid in hearts—Maria of "Tangier" and her Jean Pierre

here . . . hot water for showers, the luxury of breakfast in bed, the sight of cars on the street, private cars, which you do not see in France, in Italy or even in England . . . all the things of civilian life the war makes us appreciate as never before. . . ."

Presently Maria, in her chic plain black, and Pierre, stretched out on the floor like a man who has been used to sitting on the ground, began to talk singly or in unison of this wonderful reunion . . . "After," Jean Pierre said gravely, "eighteen months, day for day."

Maria said, "I had known there was the possibility of Jean Pierre coming to this country on a military mission two weeks before he came. Of the mission, he cannot speak very much, even to me. But the part he can say is that he goes to the San Francisco Conference to organize the photographs of the French in the war, with the documentaries, including the way the French used American materiel, which will be shown there."

"So, as soon as I had the word he was possibly on his way, I dropped everything in Hollywood and rushed to New York to meet him because I knew his mission might not be very long and I must have with him every minute."

As she talked, Maria looked at Jean Pierre. Her eyes stayed with him. "I won't let him out of my sight, not for a minute. My eyes are so hungry for him."

Then her mind returned to the story she was telling. "So, then I get on the train and come to New York. And all the time on the train, I am worried. All the way I keep thinking. Am I going to love him as I think I love him? Will he be the (Continued on page 102)

The Truth

about



*Van Johnson,
star of M-G-M's
"Thrill Of A
Romance"*

Van Johnson's

Health

You heard that wildfire rumor—and feared. So did this noted writer who went straight to the man who knew—and got the facts!

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THE first thing Van Johnson did when he heard about it was to dash for a telephone and put in a call for a little town on the Rhode Island seaboard.

"Hey, that you, Dad?" he shouted. "Just in case you'd heard about it, I wanted to tell you the report of my death has been greatly exaggerated."

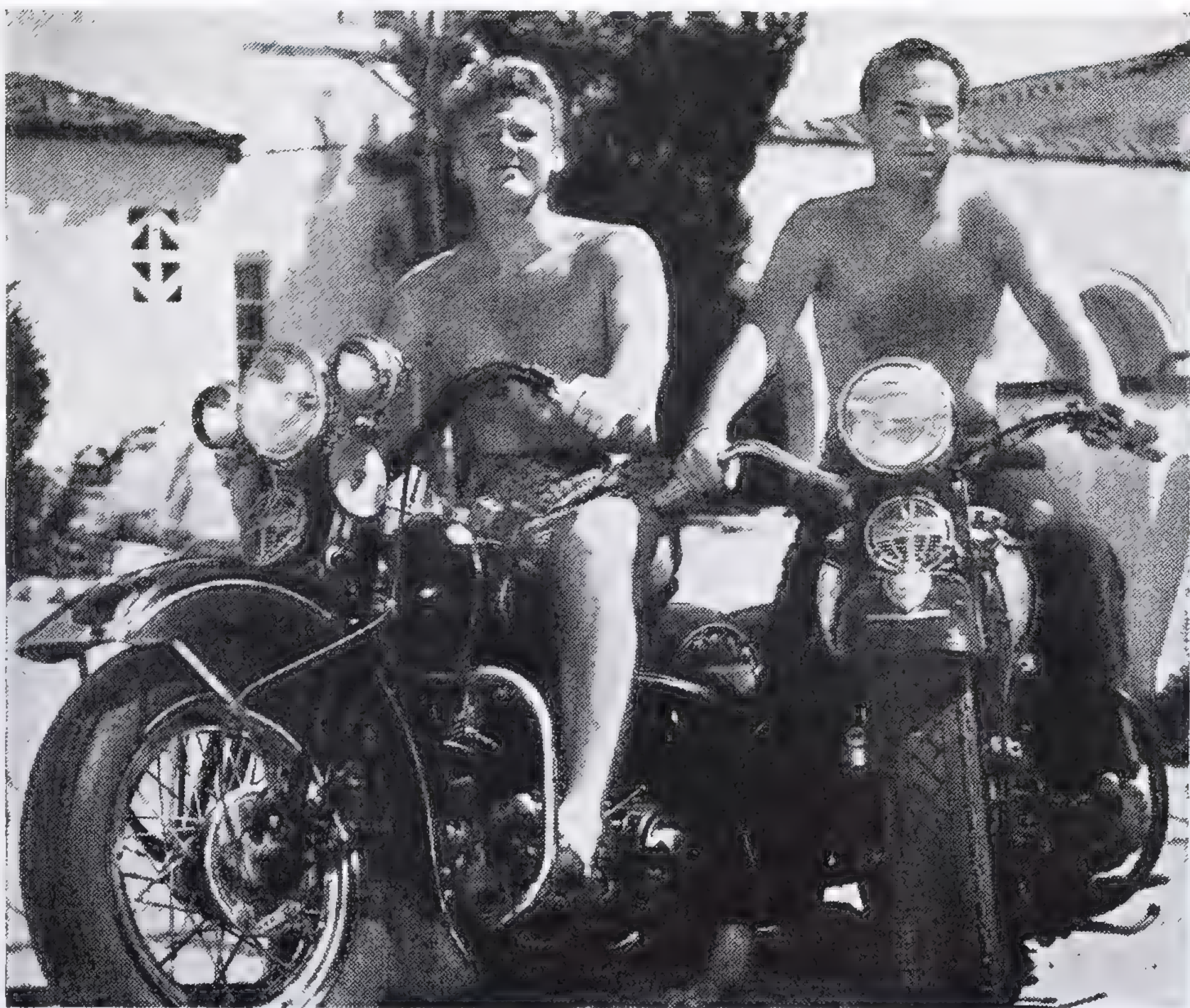
"I kind of thought it might be," said Van Johnson's father. "I said I thought I'd have known about it. But I'm right glad to be able to reassure the neighbors. They have been real upset, another two-three days they'd have started bringing me calvesfoot jelly. You—you all right, son?"

"I'm all right," Van Johnson said from Hollywood. "Don't you worry about me, you promise me. I never was better."

That, so far as Van Johnson was concerned, was what happened upon the day we got the first news of that mysterious rumor which declared he had died suddenly on the operating table. The first news Van himself got of the fantastic tale was when Gene Kelly, in town on a twenty-four-hour pass from the Navy, pounded wild-eyed and breathless into Johnson's dressing room waving a telegram and demanding, "You aren't dead or anything are you, feller? I just got a weepy wire from my wife full of condolences. You sure don't look dead to me."

Phone calls, wires, messages from every part of the United States poured in. Often enough, denials weren't believed, people kept saying they were trying to hush the whole thing up though, as Van himself remarked, that seemed like kind of a smelly idea to him.

I was lunching at Romanoff's with Lana Turner when somebody mentioned it, still in an inquiring tone of voice. "I had dinner with him last night," Lana said emphatically, "about a dozen of us. He was looking extremely healthy then." And when the inquirer had moved on, she said, "How do things like that get started? It's sort of—well, disconcerting. I think it made Van feel rather strange. Does anybody know



Van and Lana. When motorcycle fatalities are being tallied, they're usually recalled.

who started this particular rumor?"

I said nobody did. As a matter of fact, they aren't started exactly. They seem to swim up out of what, I believe, the psychologists call the collective unconscious or some such thing. By spontaneous combustion.

"He was—quite all right last night?" I said.

"Now you see," Lana said, "they've got you doing it yourself. We had a very pleasant evening—a little dinner party to welcome Jean Pierre Aumont back. Van was in what I can only describe as the best of spirits. I've worked with him and we've been friends for a long time and he was in the pink. Come to think of it, I've never heard him do any complaining about his health, except once in a while he gets a terrible headache and sometimes he gets sore when he can't do something or other, like taking some violent exercise, and he feels bad sometimes because he can't get into the service. But so far as I know he hasn't any-

thing wrong with him and he's one of the gayest and most cheerful people to be around I've ever known. I just can't imagine how such a thing got started because after all there he was—and is."

Even now, nobody has been able to trace the source of this rumor. It reminded me that some years ago a similar one got started about Gloria Swanson, then at the very height of her fame. Finally the studio for which she worked had to hire the Astor ball room, invite all the newspapermen in New York, bring Miss Swanson on from the Coast and exhibit her in the then not-to-be-duplicated flesh before the public would believe that she was still among the living.

But this particular rumor, which so deeply disturbed the millions who love Van Johnson, is of a little more serious nature and it seems to me it ought to be dealt with in some detail. It seems to me it springs from some (Continued on page 89)

Nora Eddington Talks about her *Marriage*



All eyes on this Mocambo table—Nora Eddington, after her return from Mexico, dines out with Errol Flynn

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Never has a romance caused more comment than this one
 between America's most publicized lover and the
 young Nora. Here, with quiet courage, she talks about it

WHAT would she be like—this girl who bore Errol Flynn a child in Mexico City and who, since then, has been a headline story?

When a mutual friend told me he was bringing Nora Eddington to my home a dozen questions leaped to mind. Would she be bitter? Disillusioned? Sorry for herself? Angry with the man she had loved so desperately? Or is she beaten and defeated at twenty-one—seeped in the philosophy of "I don't care. What does anything matter now?"

Frankly, I was set for any mood I might find her in. I've usually been on "the woman's side" ever since I started covering movie heartaches and heartbreaks over thirty years ago. I was prepared to weep with her, if need be—or to listen with indignation to her story of scorn and bitterness.

After two hours spent with Nora I knew that she was not shouting her anger at Errol to the high heavens because she told me, and I believed her, that there was no bitterness in her heart for the dashing Irishman she has loved so well.

She did feel hurt and humiliation at his silence about their marriage.

"I can take it for myself," she told me. "But it is so humiliating for my father, my stepmother and for my precious baby. I can't go around wearing my marriage license on my sleeve, or carry it in my handbag to flash on the skeptics who do not believe I am Mrs. Errol Flynn. My stepmother was crushed the other day when she went marketing and a strange woman came up to her and said, 'How is that notorious Flynn baby?'"

Nora was sitting across the table from me in my garden and the late afternoon shadows were just beginning to fall. She's such a pretty thing with her natural red hair and green eyes. With the exception of bright lipstick she wears no make-up—and her complexion is like peaches and cream. She makes no fluttery, nervous gestures. During most of our talk she sat with her hands folded upward in her lap like a well-behaved child.

Her manner is like a child's, too—direct and simple. There was no beating around the bush. She knew why I had asked to see her and she spoke of Errol always with complete naturalness and sincerity. The first thing she said was, "I can never say a word to hurt him. I suppose he will always be in my heart." Ah, that same old refrain of pain spoken by women who have loved greatly—and unhappily! I know all this publicity has hurt her beyond words—yet she has constantly made excuses for Flynn.

"He can't help it," she said. "He doesn't want to be tied down. He loves excitement. And he just isn't the type to settle down and be the conventional married man."

"I knew this from the beginning. I knew what I was getting into from the start—so I have only myself to blame. No woman alive can hold him. Why should I expect to be the one person who could arouse a constancy he has never felt before in his life?"



Flight home—Nora alights from plane with her baby Deirdre

"You know," she went on, "I was on the verge of marrying another man when I met Errol. I had been going around with a Marine and I thought I was in love with him—and then I met Errol. I suppose I was swept off my feet by his attentions and his charm. Believe me," she said with simple dignity, "he is the most charming man I have ever known or ever expect to know."

I SAID, "You met Errol during his trial when you were working at the cigar stand in the City Hall, didn't you?"

"That story is all wrong although it has been well circulated," she said quickly. "I saw him during his trial, but we actually met for the first time at a party in April after the trial. The case had been tried in January, 1943, when I was filling in at the cigar stand for a girl friend who was ill. She didn't want to lose her job so I took over for a week or ten days. It wasn't my regular work. No, it didn't make my heart go pit-a-pat when he passed the stand on his way in and out of the courthouse. But later, when I met him at the party—I knew I was in love. We started going around then— (Continued on page 96)



Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart in an off-the-record moment of give and take

Bogie and his "Slim"

BY THORNTON DELEHANTY

This is the way they really are together, these two who combine laughter and love—as told by their close friend

ASSUMING that fate is at heart a kind lady, Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall will have been married at the home of Louis Bromfield in Ohio by the time you read this. For the way has been cleared by the Nevada divorce of Mayo Methot, the former Mrs. Bogart, and Bogie and Lauren can now take up their life as man and wife.

Seldom has there been such a storm of interest in a Hollywood romance as the public has shown in theirs. Recently when both were in New York, the only way they could go for a walk without being mobbed, according to Mrs. Bacall who was with Lauren, was to slip out the side door of the hotel at one or two in the morning and stroll up deserted Fifth Avenue to Central Park.

Accustomed as Bogart was to crowds and autograph seekers, this augmented and almost hysterical interest made him gun shy. He was jumpy, nervous and on the defensive. The situation had been made doubly uncomfortable because when he arrived in the city a few days ahead of Lauren he was put on the spot by a newspaper interviewer. He had made some off-the-record remarks which got into print. The interview had him referring to Lauren as "Baby." It was "Baby" this and "Baby" that. I read the interview in the Los Angeles papers,

and my first thought was, "This doesn't sound like Bogie." I had seen a lot of him and Lauren around Hollywood and I couldn't remember ever having heard him call her "Baby." So, just for the fun of it, and because I was leaving for New York and wanted a hotel reservation, I wired Bogie asking him to get me a room in his hotel, and I signed the wire "Baby Delehanty."

He got me the room, but he didn't think the baby stuff was funny. He felt that it gave people a wrong slant on his attitude toward Lauren, and that's the way I felt too. It's a hard thing to explain because there certainly is nothing wrong about calling the girl you love "Baby," but it wasn't accurate in his case, and even a small and seemingly unimportant inaccuracy can build up in people's minds a whole series of erroneous impressions.

While I was in New York, seeing Bogart and Bacall frequently, my friends were constantly asking me what these two were like, how they behaved toward each other.

It was difficult to give the answer. It was difficult because there isn't any single answer. They are like a couple of kids in love, they are like two movie stars who don't like to think of themselves as movie stars, they are like two people who have the same hobbies, and they are like old friends.

They are like the characters they played in "To Have And Have Not" and, in another sense, they are a million miles away from those characters. They resemble *Slim* and *Steve* only in that they belong to each other and nothing else matters. You remember there was no plot to "To Have And Have Not." It was a situation picture, with *Slim* and *Steve* predominating. That's Bogart and Bacall: Two people who don't have to rely on a plot to get along.

This is interesting in view of the fact that "To Have And Have Not" was the picture which brought Bogart and Bacall together; it was the picture which changed their lives, and it is the picture which would have turned out differently if Bogart and Bacall hadn't injected into it their personal attitude toward each other.

This is what happened. Originally it was planned to use "the other woman" in this story to come between *Slim* and *Steve* and temporarily break them up. While the picture was being filmed this scheme underwent a change. Bogart and Bacall played their scenes in such a way that it became obvious they were to dominate the plot, so the plot was thrown out. The emphasis was put entirely on the two principals, the two principals who even then were subconsciously becoming



Famous duo off screen and on—in a scene from their new film "The Big Sleep"

the principals in each other's lives.

Bogie has a lot of names for Bacall. The only one he doesn't use is Lauren. "I hate 'Lauren,'" he says. "I never did like it." Most frequently he calls her Betty, and that's what her close friends call her. Bogie also calls her, Jack, Mack, Pete or anything that comes into his head. His nicknames for her are usually those applied to men, not because Betty is masculine but because Bogie is male. During the filming of "To Have And Have Not" he called her Slim; and still does occasionally. The nickname depends on where they are and what they are doing and what mood he is in. In his jocular moments Betty may be "fish-face" or some such deliberately unflattering appellation.

THOUGH mathematically there is more than twenty years difference in their ages you would never guess it from the way they act. Bogie has a light and playful side; Betty is what the astrologers call an "old soul." A group of Bogie's friends was discussing her age. Louis Bromfield, who was among them, stopped the discussion when he said, "she's a hundred and one." He didn't mean that she was a smart aleck sophisticate but that she has maturity of mind and spirit, a quick understanding which enables her to adapt herself to any environment or any company.

Bogie says she is like a chameleon. She takes on the color of things around her. This trait showed up in an amusing way when she and he were filming "The Big Sleep," their second picture. In this she plays a society girl and Bogie is his usual gangster type. They were doing a scene in a gambling joint where Betty was supposed to say in Park Avenue accents, "Spin the wheel. Want another play?" Just before this line she had been watching Bogie do his tough stuff. When her turn came she unconsciously dropped into his manner and came out with "Spin dat wheel. Wanna 'nother play?" They had to call time out while everyone on the set recovered from shock.

This flexibility is one of the chief reasons why Bogie and Betty get along so well. She has adapted her life to his, not only to his friends but to his interests and hobbies. No ordinary girl could make the jump from Walgreen's drugstore counter to sailing enthusiast without appearing to be putting on an act. But

with Betty the change is spontaneous and natural.

When they were in New York Betty met many of Bogie's old friends from the theatrical and newspaper world. She was plunged into what to most young career girls would have been a dazzling atmos-

the match game with old timers like Stanley Walker, one time managing editor of the Tribune, and drama critics Howard Barnes and John Chapman. She took it all in her stride, enjoying it and deliberately keeping herself in the background.

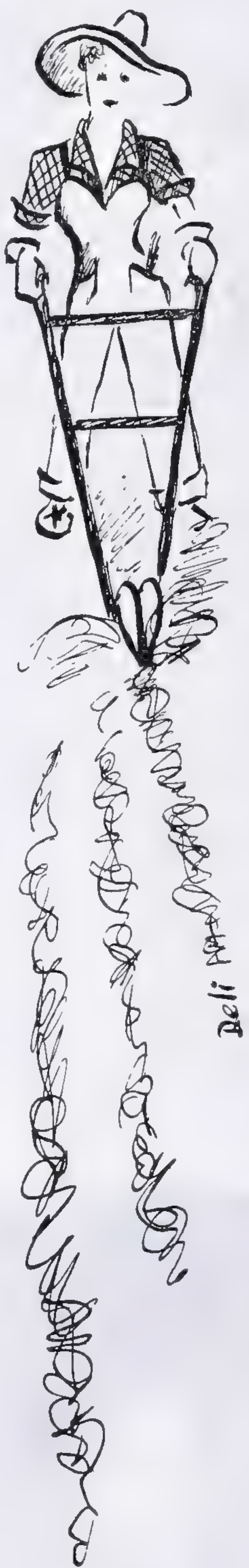
One of the big surprises which

Bogie had during this visit to New York was Betty's attitude toward the theater. Bogie wanted to see the hit plays. There wasn't time for the others, but Betty kept insisting on seeing two which were definitely not in the hit class. Bogie protested. "Why do you want to waste time on that stuff?" he complained. Bogie soon found the reason. Two of Betty's girl friends from school days were in the shows. She wanted to say hello to them. Betty is adaptable but no one can say she has "gone Hollywood."

BOGIE, as everyone knows, has a mania for sailing. He owns a cabin cruiser which he keeps at Balboa Island, and on weekends he races a small sailboat at the nearby Newport Beach Yacht Club. In the beginning Betty took to the water like a duck takes to land. The first time she took the wheel of the cruiser she ran down Bogie's pet sailboat at its mooring in the crowded harbor. She was so excited that she threw the engine into reverse, tossed a line overboard and the line got snarled up in the propeller. A few weeks later she had not only mastered the cruiser but she sailed the sailboat in one of the regular yacht club races. She came in fourth, and though there were only four boats in the race Bogie thinks that was a pretty good showing. "At least they (meaning Betty and the boat) stayed on top of the water," he says proudly.

This boat racing presents a special problem so far as Bogie and Betty are concerned. There are many Navy and Coast Guard sailors stationed in the Balboa district and it has been the custom for a number of them to pile

into small boats on racing days and follow Bogie during the races. The sudden appearance of Betty created havoc in more ways than one. The sailor-audience not only doubled in numbers but they deserted Bogie, and the small and motley flotilla paddled around Betty, shouting encouragement. (Cont'd on page 76)



The Farmer

In The Dell

Needs Help—YOURS!

BOYS and GIRLS! *The Farmer's lost his helpers. Here's your chance to do an important war job. If you are between the ages of fourteen and seventeen you can become a Soldier of the Soil by joining the Victory Farm Volunteers. While dad and brother are helping to keep the enemy away from your country, you can help by keeping the country producing the food we must have for Victory. And it will be fun, too—healthful, muscle-building fun and a chance to earn some extra spending money.*

AND YOU, *the women of this country, 18 years and upward, can become members of the Women's Land Army—during your vacations, weekends, or the entire summer if you can spare the time.*

LET'S GET IN THE FOOD PRODUCTION LINE NOW

And insure the flow of food so vitally needed on the Home and War Fronts. Write TODAY to your local U. S. Employment Service or your County Agricultural Agent.

phere, but Betty refused to be dazzled. She and Bogie lunched at "21" with people like Clifton Webb, George Kaufman and Moss Hart. He took her to the Artists and Writers Club, that celebrated and exclusive hangout for newspaper men next door to the New York Herald Tribune where she was taught to play



Linda Darnell

Theme for July: Vivacious Linda Darnell, star of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Fallen Angel"

Some call him the young Jimmy Stewart.

Others dub him the new male dream boat.

But definitely

He's

BY DOROTHY DEERE

Music-minded—or just a moment of fun?



BOB HUTTON walked into the casting office at Warners the other day to be introduced to his loving son. He had a big, glad smile on his face, just like any twenty-four-year-old fellow about to meet his first-born. Happy, even though the offspring was already three years old, and would be his to love and pamper only for the duration of a few retakes for the highly romantic "Too Young To Know."

He opened the office door, beamed on the handsome tyke waiting therein, said a gladsome "Hello, Sonny"—and Sonny walked right over and kicked him on the shin.

"Must have seen my last picture," Bob muttered.

This will give you a good idea of the Hutton modesty but not of any fatal charm. Charm, however, he most certainly has, though it's more on the beguiling than the fatal side.

The average person talking to this Warner white hope is apt to do a little wondering. Wonder why people are so convinced Bob is "shy"—and if so, how come he's so articulate and friendly and well-mannered? Wonder, too, how those Hutton divorce rumors started rampaging around? And how did the Hutton stork rumors get started?

If you feel you must know the answer to any of these, don't ask Bob. He's busy right now wondering

where one goes to find out "how a guy gets lucky enough to all of a sudden be a movie actor, anyhow—" As for the rest of the weird and wonderful phenomena of Hollywood, don't stop Bob for information. Truth is, Hutton's a stranger here, himself. . . .

It wasn't much more than two years ago, he says, that he was spending a short vacation in Hollywood, considering himself fortunate to get a pass to Warners and other lots. He remembers standing on the sets watching Ann Rutherford and others do a scene, and thinking "Holy gee!"

Today, gatemen pass him in on no more credentials than his face, signed with his own grin. He's still standing on sets, but with a director telling the crew to "Throw more light on Hutton—" and the payroll department keeping busy throwing more figures on Hutton's checks. Evenings he and his cute wife Natalie go partying, very often with the young David Mays, the feminine half of which is Ann Rutherford—and he still looks around him and says "Holy gee!"

"No fooling," he says seriously, "I've been here long enough to have that 'nothing to it' feeling, and sometimes I do. Then again, on the set or at a dinner party, I'm suddenly back in Kingston, New York, standing on the Woodstock Playhouse

Hold everything! It's a rough and tumble tussle with Natalie in the gain and Bob about ready to yell "Uncle!"



Hutton!

stage and merely seeing myself out here...."

He hadn't left a Hollywood career entirely to imagination, of course. He'd been working toward it from about sixteen to twenty-two, through high school dramatics to stock roles in the company of such efficient thespians as Sinclair Lewis, Elissa Landi, Claire Luce and others. (This is the part of any "sudden" success story which should be read twice by all young hopefuls who look at gilded youths such as Bob now is, and think, "I'm as good-looking as he is—it's a cinch!") Even with a well-founded training, however, he couldn't quite believe it when a talent scout caught a Woodstock performance and offered him a contract.

"All my life I'll remember the day I stepped on the train to head West again. I can still smell the train smoke in the shed and see the crowds. I kept feeling the folded contract in my pocket and thinking I was the only one of all those travelers carrying just that kind of 'ticket.' Then I'd remind myself that maybe I, too, was just going on an excursion. I kept that 'excursion' feeling for the whole six months until my option was taken up—in fact, I've still got it."

Sincerity—a tendency for not over-rating himself—an anxiety to please—all these (Continued on page 77)

Tie trouble? But Bob always has it



Fink

This month's poll-topper: Bob Hutton, in "Too Young To Know" 37

Hollywood Quiz



Cary Grant's casual look lands him on top of a most exclusive list for men

Van Johnson is the winner of an unexpected booby prize



WHEN it's any matter pertinent to Hollywood my friends think I'm the original Quiz Kid. Dowagers of the Old Guard—debs and sub-debs—bankers and diplomats—even statesmen at the San Francisco Conference who might have been expected to have weightier things on their minds . . . All ask the same questions:

"Are the girls who get to be stars really the loves of big producers and executives?"

"What about the children in pictures? Are they precocious, spoiled brats?"

"Are Hollywood parties very wild?"

"Are the stars impossibly conceited?"

"Who really are the best dressed women in Hollywood and who really are the best dressed men?"

Most people prove by their very questions that they know as much about Hollywood as I know about the moon. Let me tell you what film-land's capitol is like—really. . . .

I have no doubt, actually, that there are many girls in Hollywood who are more than willing to cast inviting eyes at any gentleman in a position to help them. Hollywood is no different than any other place, after all. Also, I've lived long enough to know that even among those Hollywood women I consider the most happily married, or the most virtuous, there may be one (or even more!) who leads a double life, be-



Margaret O'Brien is proof of the manners of her kind of small fry

lieving, poor misguided fool, that this will advance her professionally. But, as I repeatedly tell my friends, the biggest producer on earth cannot make a girl a star; he can only give her a chance to show what she can do.

Take the case of Anna Sten upon whom Samuel Goldwyn spent a million dollars. Sam was not enamoured of Anna. But he and his staff believed she had brilliant possibilities. Maybe! But she didn't have what the public wants so she got nowhere—in spite of their best efforts. Likewise Nancy Kelly at another studio. And Diana Barrymore at still another studio, despite the magic of the Barrymore name.



Errol Flynn supplies the color rather than the perfect example

We, the public, are the star-makers. We recognize the players we want for our idols even when they appear only inconspicuously. Look at the astute way we hailed Eddie Ryan instantly we saw him as the younger brother in "The Sullivans"! Look at our discernment when June Allyson did a little novelty number in "Best Foot Forward"! And what about Van Johnson? We sensed he was a new star just as Louis B. Mayer did. In spite of his freckles and screaming sweaters and his then rough edges and the fact that no one who looked remotely like Van ever had been a star before—with the notable exception of Mickey Rooney.

Another thing! You have only to

A bombardment of Hollywood hows, whys and wheres. Check your answers against those of this noted authority



What's the reason for Judy Garland's rating in the fashion department?



Gene Tierney's husband has helped her score in the field

**BY
ELSA
MAXWELL**



Can Claudette Colbert be called high hat because of her gift for realism?



Ingrid Bergman proves one of Hollywood's argued-about points

wishes and friends absorb her entirely when she isn't actually in the studios . . . Ingrid Bergman, this year's Oscar winner, who before anything else is the wife of her scientist husband Doctor Peter Lindstrom and the mother of her daughter Pia. . . . Or consider those two newcomers June Allyson and Gloria De Haven! Gloria is the bride of Johnny Payne who, after a long sojourn in the armed service, has his Hollywood prestige to reestablish. June Allyson certainly has had time for no one but Dick Powell throughout the months her star has been rising. And until Dick was offered a new type of characterization in "Murder, My Sweet," he was not even among the Hollywood elect.

Need I go on?

The Hollywood children, coming to the second question on my list, also speak graphically and convincingly for themselves. There is, for the record, the admirable way in which Bonita Granville and Shirley Temple have grown up. Bonita, now in her twenties, has an eagerness and an enthusiasm and a fresh scrubbed look which make it quite clear she has never over-indulged. And certainly no one who ever was spoiled grew up to be as happy as Bonita. Shirley, long a pupil in the discreet, exclusive Westlake School for Girls, has found friends and honors there. And now, engaged to Sgt. John Agar of the United States Air Force, Shirley is (Continued on page 86)

consider the women in Hollywood who are tops to know the so-called "easiest way" is not the way to stardom. For at the top of the starry heap you find women who married the men they loved, irrespective of the fact that these men were in no position to help them—professionally or financially. There is Greer Garson, Photoplay's Gold Medal Winner, who everyone knows is devoted to her young husband, Richard Ney. And Richard, now in the Navy, has far less Hollywood importance and influence than Greer.

Claudette Colbert, devotedly married to Doctor Joel Pressman for many years . . . Irene Dunne, married to Doctor Francis Griffin, whose



Joan Bennett, in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Nob Hill," takes gingham to summer parties; and wears it regally! Gown of Galey & Lord plaid gingham by Rose Barrack



Bonita Granville, of Universal's "Senorita From The West," chooses a carnation print and a lace straw hat for summer church-going. Diminutive Dress by Martini Frocks

PHOTOPLAY'S FIRST-RUN



Yvonne De Carlo, Universal star in "Salome—Where She Danced," favors this faille suit and frou-frou hat whether it is tea or cocktails. Suit from Parnis-Levinson

FASHIONS



Bert Six

Joan Leslie, charming and romantic in Warner Brothers' "Rhapsody In Blue," in a charming and romantic lamé evening dress designed by Leah Rhodes

Annotations on Anne



COVER GIRL

Personal history: Born in Michigan City, Indiana; six years later, moved to Westchester County, New York; and five years ago she arrived in Hollywood. P.S. She's been acting since the age of twelve on the stage and over the radio.

What she hums around the house: "More And More," and "Accentuate The Positive."

Favorite boudoir trick: Rinsing her hair in a glass of champagne or sauterne after a shampoo, instead of vinegar. She stoutly claims this trick gives hair a new luster and it isn't as strong as vinegar. "Even if it does sound chi-chi to say you rinse your hair in dead wine—do it!" says she.

What she won't permit at her parties: Games of any kind—particularly the conversation-killer of Hollywood, gin rummy. Any gin rummy addict would be bludgeoned to death in Anne's house. She wants good talk among her guests—not the rattle of cards!

Pet passion in color: Chinese red—which she collects in dresses, hats, bags and shoes. She has even done one room in her house in Chinese red!

Pet aversion in color: Blue. Once she had a blue room in her home and she never went into it—it depressed her to the point of tears.

What she cooks the best: Only one thing, and it doesn't need a stove. It's mixed green salad, with a vinegar-and-oil dressing pepped up by parmesan cheese and Worcestershire sauce.

People whose feet can always be found on her rugs: William Eythe, Walter Cregar, Henry Morgan and his wife—and Richard Derr, who is now in uniform so his feet are among the missing. So are John Hodiak's, until lately the most popular of all.

What she wants in a husband: When she gets good and ready—he'll be intelligent, tall, good-natured, humorous and fascinated by books and music. He'll also like to walk!



Light on a "shorts" subject—Anne Baxter of "A Royal Scand



Bill Eythe grins over Anne's whispered gag

Pertinent pointers on our
colorful cover girl, Anne Baxter
of the plus personality

What she'd be like as a wife: Every man she knows sighs the same thing: "She'd be wonderful!" She'd run a house like clockwork; supervise the tastiest menus in the West; and fill the house with music, flowers and books—and interesting young people.

What she does after her evening's swain has gone home: Even if it's two in the ayem, she's likely to build a fire in the living room, make herself toast and coffee and sit nibbling and sipping for hours while the music of Sibelius, Beethoven and Debussy pours over her.

Favorite item in her closet: Hats, hats, hats! But not crazy ones: Becoming ones, in every known color. She collects them as rapidly and casually as you and I collect our daily meals; and she gathers dark clothes to set them off. After hats come gloves and bags in her clothes list.

How she'd open the door to you of a Sunday afternoon: In lounging pajamas, trim and tailored, probably in black; and on her feet, high-built slack shoes in Chinese red. And in her hair, a bow—Chinese red, of course!

Vital statistics for men: She's twenty-two years old, five feet four inches tall, 112 pounds in weight, her eyes are hazel and her hair curly chestnut. You're already well aware that she has that *je ne sais quoi* that attracts men the way honey gets flies!

Favorite form of entertaining: At Sunday brunch—so her actor-friends can stay for hours, and still get to bed around nine P.M.! Everyone invited shows up like homing pigeons; for where Anne is, there's sure to be good talk and delicious, exotic food—like lobster Newburg on waffles!

While you're reading "Dick Tracy," she's reading:

"Dick Tracy" too, but only after "Napoleon." Her pet of all comic strips just went out of existence in the Hollywood papers—"Smokey Stover." Every morning she marveled happily over all his puns!

What she wants to be doing twenty years from now: She wants to be on her way to Europe with her husband and two children—having just finished a stage play!

Favorite between-meal snack: Coffee, by the dozens of cups. Friends (and waiters) threaten to pipe it into her dressing room if she doesn't figure out a better way of getting it than the usual fashion, via tray!

How she bought her home: In a package—by which we mean completely furnished down to the last keg of nails and set of tools in the garage. And including the piano in the living room!

Who lives under the same roof with her: A colored cook named Nell; and Anne's mother, Mrs. Kenneth Stuart Baxter. Father Baxter has to live in San Francisco for his business, which is liquor, under the title of Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.

What she loves more than anything but good talk: Good food, which she sleuths down in rare restaurants and pins down at home on recipes . . . and good music, from Tchaikovsky to Louis Armstrong and Joe Turner—she has a huge record collection . . . and good books which line the walls of her house, with accent on John Steinbeck, Thomas Wolfe and Thornton Wilder.

What she likes to do on sunny days, alone: Take long, long hikes over the hills back of her house. She's hunting for a dog to hike with her.

What she likes to do on rainy days, alone: Play the piano, which she does beautifully. Right now she's learning "The Fire Dance."

What she likes to do at night, alone: Put on her suit and swim in the pool under her bedroom windows with nothing but the stars to watch her.

Where she'll live after the war: In a special functional house built by her famous grandfather, architect Frank Lloyd Wright—undoubtedly on (Continued on page 72)

Dennis Morgan



Man of challenge: Dennis Morgan, starring in "The Time, The Place And The Girl"

Bert Si

A MAN *and his Dreams*



Stanley, Kristen and Mrs. Morgan visit Dad on the "God Is My Co-Pilot" set

He has the face of a poet, the handshake of a stevedore — this sensible sensation, Dennis Morgan

BY TOM DAWSON

DENNIS MORGAN has been aptly described as the man with the poet's face and the handshake of a stevedore. I am no connoisseur of poet's faces but I can attest to the handshake. He grabs you with a firm grip in a big mitt. It is muscular and friendly, like the grasp of an athlete who has just emerged from the showers after a successful contest.

There is more than meets the eye or the hand in this characteristic gesture of Morgan's. It is a clue to his background and his character. It explains the masculinity which lies behind his romantic appeal and his singing voice, a combination which has contributed greatly to his present popularity. Audiences can appraise him as a singer and as an actor, but it is only in the past year or so that the results of his passion for the strenuous outdoor life are making themselves felt in his screen presence.

The first time I met Dennis was when David Hempstead introduced me to him at Lucey's, the lunchtime, bartime hangout for the crowd at Paramount and RKO. Hempstead was producing "Kitty Foyle" and Dennis had just got his first big screen opportunity as one of the male leads opposite the very popular

Ginger Rogers. That was in 1940.

I recalled that meeting when I was lunching with Dennis recently at the Lakeside Golf Club, across the way from Warner Brothers.

"Lots of things have happened since then," he said grinning. "I guess it's just a question of getting the breaks."

Lots of things certainly had happened so far as Dennis was concerned. That day at Lucey's he was comparatively unknown despite the fact he had been struggling for recognition for something like four years. On the day of our meeting at Lakeside, he was heading the fan mail at the studio, having received more than 13,000 letters the preceding month. That was more than Ann Sheridan was getting, more than Errol Flynn; more even than Jack Warner himself.

Today, with his performance as Colonel Robert Lee Scott in "God Is My Co-Pilot" tucked firmly under his belt, the letters are even more voluminous. He is now a man who can plan with confidence and security for the future of his wife and children, something he couldn't do back in those days when we met at Lucey's. For today he can buy the house he wants at will, which is by

way of being a miracle in these parts.

Granted that part of it was luck, the rest of it still is good. Dennis said that he and Lillian, his wife, heard about a place in La Canada, a beautiful suburb in the foothills out Pasadena way. They both fell in love with it at sight, its pool, guest house and wonderful grounds for the children. Lillian took one look at the garden and said to Dennis, "Won't this be a lovely spot for Kristen to be married in?" Kristen is their six-year-old daughter. After Dennis went to work the next day Lillian drove out to see the house again and when Dennis got home that night he found her in tears. She had learned the house had been sold. He laughed, then said nonchalantly, "Yes, I know. I bought it this morning."

As we sat there on the glass-enclosed porch of the Lakeside Golf Club, we talked about the opportunities young actors have today as against those afforded struggling players in the pre-war times. Dennis admitted that the shortage of leading men has been of help to some youngsters, particularly with the effort studios are making to build up stars overnight. Nevertheless, he questioned (*Continued on page 93*)

Maureen O'Hara



Temptations of a

Girl who Waits

WE HAVE so much in common, you wives and sweethearts of fighting men, and I. We know what it means to wait and hope and pray. Most of the time we don't even know where our men are. We send our letters to APO addresses. We know anguish as we've never known it before. We know the meaning, the true meaning of prayer.

What we are likely not to face is the danger we are in. Not physical danger—but something far worse—the danger of letting loneliness creep in, and with it discontent. I don't think there's a girl today who hasn't at one time or another, consciously or subconsciously, been faced with the temptations that result in the loss of ideals. It's the reaction of suspenseful waiting. The heart cries out for relief.

I am not setting myself up as a moral court of justice. I speak only as one of many war wives who has seen some of these temptations come to people she has known, and who has given some thought to ways of combating the dangers brought about by waiting and living on hope day in and day out.

Every temptation stems directly from loneliness. No man will deny that. I shall never forget the gnawing loneliness—and perhaps the fear—that I felt when my husband Will was on Iwo Jima. It was so easy to draw up terrifying images in my mind. But I knew that I must not dwell on these things. Not if I was to dignify the work my husband was doing in the war or my own responsibility as his wife and as the mother of his child.

To tell a woman she must fight loneliness when her man is away is like telling her she should stop breathing. But at least she can lessen the pangs by being constantly active. I have made it a point to work harder than ever on my career. I have just finished sixteen weeks on "The Spanish Main" and I'm rushing right into another film. I'm trying harder than ever to improve my work. Women who have no special careers can go into any kind of work that will keep them mentally occupied and physically tired. I em-



On-leave high point—Lieut. Will Price and Maureen at Mocambo

Danger signals in disguise! Here a famous star and wife of a man at war gives you her own stop-light technique

BY MAUREEN O'HARA

phasize that last part because I do not mean by activity going to parties and having many dates. The point is that if you're tired, dog-tired, you will not feel like spending your time on senseless pleasures.











I think it's very important for a girl, whether she's married or single, to watch the kind of company she keeps when her man is away. A casual friendship can so easily develop into an infatuation. Possibly even into a love she hadn't wanted. Very few women set out to be intentionally untrue to a man they're in love with. That's worth remembering. But it is so dangerously simple to slip from the right path.

A girl who waits for her man can tell by one good sign when she is slipping away from her loyalty to

him. If she starts to compare her man with another man who is around her all of the time, she is generally heading for a fall. She begins to see things in him that remind her of her real love. She's not conscious of the fact at first that the man with whom she has "casual" dates laughs the way Johnny does or has his eyes. Soon she finds herself seeing more and more of her substitute Johnny. Presently he becomes important to her in his own right. She tries to stop herself at the half-way mark. But she can't. It's like taking dope. She comes back for other dates, as she tries to convince herself that seeing the other man can't make any difference. She reminds herself she isn't being fair to the one she promised to (Continued on page 91)

BACHELOR

Before you do any day-dreaming about dating Hollywood men about town, study this swoonistic

	Height	Eyes	Hair	Favorite Dates	Popularity with Men	Popularity with Girls	Bad Habits
IRHAN BEY 	6' 1" Weight 175 Lbs.	Deep Brown	Black	He's a three-pipe man who likes good records and good food and good talk	Yes — because he's a good mixer	Very . . . though many like him like a brother, believe it or not!	Laziness
JOHN ARROLL 	6' 4" Weight 196 Lbs.	Green	Brown	Night clubs, parties —and more and more of the same!	Not very popular; they think him "wacky"	Wacky or not, they'll take him!	Loses temper violently and unexpectedly
STEPHEN RANE 	6' 1" Weight 186 Lbs.	Brown	Brown	Movies and home parties. Not too keen for night clubs but has been studying, as he has an interest in a restaurant	Yes; they respect him because, believe it or not, he's one of the best businessmen in town	They like him all right, but nobody feels the way Lana did!	Plays gin rummy far too much, wasting time thereby
ALAN MURTIS 	6' Weight 180 Lbs.	Hazel	Black	Drop a party invitation and he'll grab it before you can say "Boo." Ditto for night clubs	Extremely—with the night-club set	Same deal—the glamour girls go for him. But there's nary a gingham girl in the crowd	Doesn't work hard enough at career
JOHN DALL 	6' 1" Weight 165 Lbs.	Blue-Gray	Brown	Haunts football games and prize fights and small parties made up of actors	Not very; he's so completely an actor that most men don't understand him	Quite popular—he amuses them because he's such an individual; i.e., his Hollywood house boasted 1 murder and 1 suicide before he moved in. He loves it!	Irresponsible about keeping dates on time due to bad memory
HELMUT ANTINE 	6' Weight 160 Lbs.	Gray	Brown	Big parties, big premieres—you'll seldom catch him tête-à-tête. Never entertains at his home	No. He's a lone wolf . . . but it's often that word "wolf" that keeps men at a distance	Women like him—they find him soothing . . . and not soothing!	Getting into jams which land in the papers
BILL EDWARDS 	6' 5" Weight 200 Lbs.	Blue	Blond	Moonlight horseback rides first; then movies and dancing	One and all, they think him a "good guy"	First they like him for his body beautiful; then they like him for his genuine niceness	Used to speak too slowly—but he got over that
WILLIAM WEYTHE 	5' 11" Weight 170 Lbs.	Brown	Dark Brown	Exotic dinners cooked by him and gulped down ecstatically by his friends. And lots of arguments and chat!	Sure he's popular —isn't anyone who's talkative and full of vitality?	They like to be around him just as much as men do. Or maybe more!	Works too hard at being sophisticated
CLARK GABLE 	6' 1" Weight 190 Lbs.	Gray	Dark Brown	Hunting, with you by his side. Or fishing. Or traveling. Night clubs and parties leave him shuddering	Probably the most popular man in Hollywood with other men, from mechanics to bank presidents	Just as successful with women. They dote on him	Can't find any
HURD HATFIELD 	6' Weight 140 Lbs.	Dark Brown	Dark Brown	Parties carefully made up of really intelligent and cultured people	Most of them don't know him yet; he's so reserved	Those interested in painting or music like him particularly; because he is, too	He's too superstitious—due to years in the theater!

SCORE CARD

report, but don't take final pickings—there'll be more men and more date data—next month

	Physique	Vanity	Clothes Sense	Athletic Prowess	How He Talks	Dancing Ability	Favorite Type of Girl	
	Tops—he works out daily to keep it that way	Nope, he's not vain. He's always panning his profile	A bit Hollywoodish—usually wears riding clothes whether riding or not	He's at his best indoors. However, good at skiing	Delightful talker; intelligent talk studied with witty wisecracks	Not too good—because he's not really interested	He says he likes them homespun and good sports—but he's always seen out with That Glamorous Blonde	
	None better	Quite vain, alas	Off-beat (such as black turtle-neck sweaters), but good on him	Swell, in such rare ventures as riveting, sailing, cowboying, and deep-sea diving	Fascinating but confusing—and always in a monologue. When he talks, you can't	Good, but talks as much as he dances, so the issue is clouded	He likes 'em all, one at a time, and powerfully hard while it lasts!	
	Okay	He admits he's conceited and sure of himself—but never arrogant	Good, and conservative. Nothing loud	Foot injuries limit him to gymnastics such as rings and Indian clubs. Used to be hot golfer	Easy conversationalist on almost any topic	Enjoys dancing and does an unbeatable rumba	"My tiny daughter Cheryl," says he. Besides which he likes them short, fair-skinned and vivacious	
	Divine, and always sun-bronzed	None. Fact is, he's unsure of himself	His cravats and sandals make him look more like a movie actor than any other—but still they're becoming!	Worst tennis player in town—and is always playing! Good swimmer	Amusing light patter full of cafe society expressions like "Give with the gossip"	Excellent dancer. With fancy flourishes	Luscious, curvaceous, glamorous blondes	
	Good. Has had the same build and height since 13	Only in so much as any actor has to be vain	Just clothes that cover him. Doesn't care what his tie matches	Hasn't been outdoors since his school days	Unpredictable talker, but always good for laughs . . . or else for serious talk on books	Not a practised dancer	Garbo	
	Good, thanks to years of fencing	No; he isn't even conscious of his good looks	Immaculate, but not expensive, dresser	Good horseback rider and tennis player—but real passion is chess	Excellent in purely impersonal way. Try him on philosophy, books, politics—but never on himself or on you	As in everything else, he dances intensely—especially the Viennese waltz	One just like his ex-wife Gwen Anderson—an actress with humor and a good mind	
	Terrific—big shoulders and tiny hips	Not vain; bashful because of his height	Sports clothes on the quiet side	Likes to ride horseback and watch football	No good at all about talking on himself. Only good when talking about you	He'll pass very nicely on the dance floor	A non-professional girl who's nice, natural, humorous and full of pep	
	Veddy neat	Yep—thinks quite a lot about his weight and suntan	Jaunty, sporty, loud checks and colors—but most becoming	Frankly hates athletics and therefore stays indoors always	Highly entertaining and emphatic on every subject from politics to sex	Graceful and good	A potential wife and home-maker (and mother) who's not an actress and who agrees with him politically. Looks don't matter	
	All 6' 1" of Gable suits you down to his shoes!	Never showed a trace of it	Looks terrific even in overalls—but is usually caught in a pin-stripe suit or a leather jacket	Gets his workout on hunting trips, motorcycles or tractors	A natural, humorous, easy talker, with the "light touch." In short, excellent	Very good, but try and find him doing it!	A good scout who's camouflaged like a glamour girl	
	Good, if you like 'em tall and bony	Not at all	Dark, conservative New York business suits. Doesn't own a polo shirt and won't	Swell swimmer	Colorful, interesting talker because he's observant, well-traveled and superbly educated	Excellent, but stylized. No unexpected backbends here	An aristocratic looking girl with intelligence and culture—and a sense of humor	

Peg of Our Hearts



Dream of a dress for a brand new teenster—Peggy Ann, who is starred in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Junior Miss"

IF you are less than eighteen, being a movie star cuts no ice with the California school system. Miss Peggy Ann Garner, star of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," co-star with George Raft in "Nob Hill" and now star of "Junior Miss," is just thirteen and were you to call on her of a morning, you'd find her at school, on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot—admittedly, but sternly at school. So you talk to her mother until noon when Peggy Ann is free to meet you in the studio commissary.

Seeing them together, young talented daughter, young eager mother, the resemblance between them is most striking. If you comment on this Peggy will flash you a look and sigh, "Isn't that gruesome?"

She is very conscious, almost self-conscious, about not being pretty. She is a little girl who has never been physically punished for wrong-doings, never once spanked, never once slapped. But right now, Mama admits there

is some friction between them. Peggy is beginning to be clothes-conscious, wanting to dress more maturely, wanting longer "Junior Miss" dresses, craving "formals," dreaming about jewelry, fussing around with her hair. It is all an attempt at personal adornment—and Mama is having none of it.

For Mama knows best. Mama knows that Peggy Ann's plainness is the initial factor behind this amazing child's success. There are a couple of others, too, to which we'll come presently, but her chance for stardom came originally because of her un-cute little face, her utterly straight hair, her eyebrows that do not match and her long mouth, which in real life is a humorous mouth, always turning itself up into quick, sensitive smiles.

Peggy Ann was born in Canton, Ohio, where her father, William G. H. Garner, now Lieut. Garner of the U. S. Army Military Police, was a government attorney. The



Reflections of a thoughtful child—Peggy Ann as the memorable *Francie* in “A Tree Grows In Brooklyn”

date was February 3, 1932. Remember dear old 1932, when there was a depression blacker than the Black Hole of Calcutta, with an awful lot of people sunk in it? Bill Garner was among those sunk, and a baby's arrival didn't help matters any, except that she was such a beautiful—and very much wanted—baby.

Bill Garner got a chance to work in Washington, D. C., as an American legal adviser to the British Embassy. It was a position full of title with little money attached, so while he headed south, Mrs. Garner took Peggy Ann to visit her maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Craig, in Newark, New Jersey.

After the manner of doting grandparents everywhere, the Craigs thought it would be just darling to buy this cute toddler some new clothes in (Continued on page 99)

A star grows in Hollywood—Peggy

Ann Garner who gives beauty to plain

girls and joy to the lonely of heart

BY WYNN ROBERTS



Teen-age triumph—Peggy Ann cuts the cake at her thirteenth birthday party beside her guardian angel, her mother



Photoplay's
PHOTOLIFE OF
ALAN LADD

Here is the colorful panorama of the life of Alan Ladd—the second in this exciting new series—letting you in on the odd facts that have gone into the making of a versatile man. You'll agree when you see "Salty O'Rourke"

BY LYNN PERKINS

THE story of Alan Ladd is a drama of one battle after another, of a buffeting, tough climb up the stairway to fame. There were many small and valuable successes—more failures.

Alan had a brutal time of it—until a really brutal role catapulted him into the Olympian heights of success. When Paramount needed a handsome young killer to play opposite Veronica Lake in "This Gun For Hire," they gave him the role and made a long term deal. This first picture starring Alan Ladd made movie history. It also made Ladd. Alan Ladd and movie audiences can never forget the scene on the stairs in "This Gun For Hire" when he found a child playing after he had killed a man. You will remember the terrible, tense moment when Alan seemed to hang between killing the child . . . and returning her ball.

N. HOLLYWOOD H. S. 'MIKADO' WINS ACCLAIM

Students Win Much Praise
In Gilbert, Sullivan
Operetta

NORTH HOLLYWOOD, May 13. —Their performances declared as outstanding among those offered by the other members of the North Hollywood high school student body cast, Alan Ladd and Lavine Myers last night evoked tumultuous applause from the nearly 1000 persons who attended a concluding performance of "The Mikado" in the school auditorium.

Ladd's interpretation of the part of Koko in the favorite Gilbert and Sullivan work was acclaimed by critics as such as would have done much credit to a professional. Miss Myers' work as Katisha placed her high among the feminine members of the cast, it was declared.

Bill Roode as "Pooh Bah," Eileen Wilmer's grace and convincing acting, and Lester Mortensen's hilarious and natural comic touches, gave them high rank.

Spirited Performance

Only scattering applause was accorded Ladd during the first act, but in the second, the entire cast joined him in a spirited performance which caused the delighted audience to demand endless encores.

Miss Isabel Gray accomplished an excellent dramatic direction and beautiful staging. Mildred Hughey and Bernice Sheets were responsible for the music.

2



3

Back in 1932 when Alan was a senior at North Hollywood High School he won the above acclaim. Significantly, he played the role of *Koko*, Lord High Executioner!

Though a good beginning toward his preferred goal, the "Mikado" did not lead to immediate acting. Alan went to work on the *Sun Record* as a cub reporter. He was then twenty years old. He has always had a yen to play the part of a newspaper man in pictures. When the newspaper changed management, Alan left it

... and concentrated on the cafe which he had run on the side. The restaurant was Alan's baby. He owned it. He operated it and worked behind its counter, too. This was wonderful experience but it wasn't getting him anywhere—in his consuming ambition

4





Then followed a job selling cash registers, a brief and unsuccessful period of picture training for Universal. Finally he landed at Warners as a grip. Because he had been a high diver Alan got high work. Then he fell twenty feet from a scaffold.



Luckily he wasn't hurt, but that did it. He quit and enrolled at Ben Bard School For Acting. He had little money and what he had was soon gone so his sole diet became doughnuts and coffee. Today he can't even look at a doughnut.

Success was fast coming and so was happiness. On March 15, 1942, Alan married Sue Carol. He went into the Army Air Corps and won his corporal's chevrons. However, his fan mail kept right on flooding in, reaching record proportions.

His greatest disappointment came when he was medically discharged. Back to pictures, still acting as his own double, he dived from a bridge, played with real fire. Asked how he practiced for such scenes he said, "I just go ahead and do it."





Radio brought him a wide range of roles, but not much money. One weekly program which shared revenue among the cast netted him fifty cents a week. When things looked blackest a local Los Angeles station gave him a spot as a one-man show.



The experience was invaluable. Came the angel of his life. Sue Carol, an actor's agent and former star, heard him and was so impressed she sent for him. She signed him immediately. Two weeks later he made his screen debut at Paramount.

The Ladd career continued to skyrocket. His home in Los Feliz Hills was a place of warmth, understanding and comfort. His faithful partner, Sue, whose unflagging effort and unshakable belief in her husband brought him stardom, stood squarely behind Alan in all that he did. On April 21, 1943, a junior partner was added to the Ladd-Carol team—a little daughter that they named Alana. It is symbolic of the marriage that the name Alana is the Celtic for beloved. So now the circle is complete.



The Love Story of *Shirley* and her *Sergeant*

BY RUTH WATERBURY



Prophecy from the past—Artist Vincentini painted this version of the betrothal of Shirley Temple for Photoplay in 1938

WAY back in 1938 Photoplay, in its May issue, published a dream drawing of Shirley Temple at sweet sixteen, receiving her first proposal. It was a darling picture, Shirley in a flouncy formal, a boy in dinner clothes and romance and luxury all over the place.

"It couldn't have been more wrong," laughed Shirley on an April day in this year of 1945 at the time of her seventeenth birthday. We were talking together in the exquisitely furnished drawing room of the Temple Brentwood residence, talking about her betrothal that has now come true. The young man is twenty-four, tall and handsome Sergeant John Agar of the United States Army Air Corps.

"I thought of that picture at that moment," Shirley said. "There I was, in a parked car, out on Sunset Boulevard. Nothing was elegant and we weren't all gussied up. Do you know where we were? Midway between Engel's Drug Store and the Eastern Star Home, just kitty-corner from the gas station."

We laughed together at the very thought of it. Brentwood is so very luxurious everywhere else, with its riot of movie star homes and long vistas of ocean, mountains and town, romantic in every detail and in

every direction except right at that particular spot.

Shirley and I are good enough friends to be able to laugh companionably. I've been interviewing this wonder girl, off and on, for an unbelievable fourteen years, ever since, at about three, she trotted into the heart of the world via "Baby Take A Bow." She was such a beautiful baby then. She's such a beautiful young girl today, with about the most flawless skin any human being ever possessed. It will take Technicolor to do her beauty justice and let's hope she gets a color picture soon.

Even as a tot, she had a twinkling sense of fun and quick witty answers to every question. Those are still her outstanding reactions today. As fame, adulation and wealth began coming her way, she commenced developing an imperturbable poise and a cool, lively intelligence, which she still possesses, augmented by a very sharp sense of doing things correctly.

When she chose one boy from all the adoring group who have swarmed around her in the last two years, she revealed these facets of her nature very clearly.

Consider how it is with the average seventeen-year-old girl of today. So many of them meet a boy in uniform one day and elope with him almost at once, or even some of them, poor little kids, don't even elope but, ignoring all the admonitions of their parents, toss everything away for an immediate hysteria they call love.

Not Shirley. The only unconsidered, impulsive deed she has committed through her whole romance was her way of announcing it to the world. This came about on April seventh, when a luncheon was being held by the senior class of the Westlake School for Girls, Los Angeles' most correct institute of learning for such young ladies as are socially eligible to enter it.

Shirley, a senior extraordinary of this particular class, about to graduate this summer, couldn't resist the temptation of a dramatic moment. She twisted about, on the third finger of her left hand, the pure white stone of the ring which she had, until that moment, concealed within her palm. The very square-cut, beautiful diamond flashed its unmistakable message to her forty-two classmates, a flash that a couple of hours later was going round the world.

The girls crowded around her, the youngest and most famous of their group, and the first of them to become affianced. They all babbled excitedly.

"I knew my parents intended announcing this at my birthday supper on April twenty-third," Shirley confessed, her eyes dancing, "but, honestly, I couldn't hold out any longer and not tell. So (Continued on page 108)

None of it was the way Shirley had dreamed her romance
would be, which is not to say that the way it turned out wasn't better



Re-enactment in the present—Sergeant Agar and Shirley Temple, starred in "I'll Be Seeing You"

There's wisdom with wisecracks in this gay
conclusion to the life story of Joe Cotten—
told with tongue-in-cheek style by its originator

CONFESSIONS OF A

BY JOSEPH COTTEN

Lazy



A walk with Cotten cogitations—Joe, starred in Selznick's "Duel In The Sun" and Paramount's "Love Letters"

A FELLOW does so much in his youth out of sheer ignorance that it seems miraculous when some of the actions turn out to have been right.

Last month I did some looking back. That hindsight showed I had profited by exposing myself (more or less accidentally) to the trade I wanted to learn, and by having hard work wished on me. But I could find only one instance in my early youth where I figured things out right in advance—the plain facing-of-facts that Mrs. Cotten's boy, Joe, was lazy and mustn't duck work.

I guess I first began to think (I *had* to) when I bounced back from Boston in the midst of the national depression and for the fourth time tackled Broadway. Behind me were a Petersburg, Virginia, boyhood; a year of studying dramatic art; varied salesman jobs in Miami; two New York years as glorified call-boy for David Belasco and a flop in my first movie-test. Then came the priceless stage year in Boston, rehearsing every morning (preparing next week's play) and playing every night.

Back in New York Lenore (whom I had married on the strength of the Boston stock company job) and I took a small apartment in Greenwich Village, and I stepped out, a genuine professional actor now, to land a job. The next reel might be titled, "Five Years Later"—but the Great Cotten Depression had fun and stuff.

True, the infrequent jobs I landed were usually radio bits at twenty-five dollars each, though once for a similar stint on a Helen Hayes air-show I drew seventy-five dollars. Celebration!

There were also partlets in stage shows—the kind of shows where you rehearse four weeks, without pay; open in New York, play four nights and—just like that—the theater landlord fences you out!

Lenore and I laugh now, and even laughed then, at events which ring a trifle grim. One Christmas someone sent us a large fruitcake, which we cached in a closet to hide it from droppers-in. Have you ever lived two weeks on a fruitcake diet? Positively gruesome! But we continually devised and practiced small follies, good for morale. Even if I only found funds enough for a cigar once a month, I always smoked a fine one—vicarious foretaste of the time when, I hoped, I'd be able to smoke that brand.

And—silliest of all—in the place in all the world where a car is least needed, Manhattan Island, we clung, through weal and woe, to the jalopy we had driven down from Boston. Our pocketbooks enforced a preview of gas rationing, but *we had a car*, and when gas money did turn up, we could take our friends riding. For instance, Orson Welles and his wife. Poor things, they didn't have a car!

So much for fun!

When I'd been selling sundry commodities, I'd learned that I was lazy



Lenore and Joe, at Mocambo, can recall the day their sole diet was fruitcake

Guy

and inclined to make excuses for myself. Now I brain-waved the First Cotten Invention. I applied the eight-hour-a-day principle I'd used selling to trying to sell Cotten.

Working that hard when you're out of a job may sound ridiculous, but it got me through the depression and kept me in yellow gloves, which no budding actor would think of going without. My invention paid off. There weren't enough offices for me to consume eight hours each day visiting them. So—I visited them *twice* each day and, if my eight hours weren't up, trod the sidewalks, buttonholing agents, advertising agency men (who controlled radio parts) and anybody who looked like a play producer.

MY assiduous office-hunting acquired a nuisance value. Every now and then some receptionist would be prepared for me on the second time round and, saving her boss's time, would call out, on my re-entry: "N.B.C.—Thursday night—7:30—Goofleblatz show—twenty bucks." Which was all right with Cotten!

As for the sidewalk-treading, twice I got bit roles from producers who had confused me with someone else! They had seen that egg-head and the hopeful phiz so often they thought I *must* be a working actor.

Most amusing of all, the semi-annual screen tests I received (in New York, never a trip to the Coast!) grew out of recommendations from the potential employers whose offices I was haunting. Since the men who recommended me (to *other* employers) for those endless tests never hired me, Cotten holds a record for personal charm in reverse. In those men who were recommending, "Give this boy a screen test," I was inspiring a theme song: "Get Out Of Town!"

As it happened, it was a stage try-



Joe pretends he's a lazy guy, but a citation from the Red Cross says he's done more than any other Hollywood actor for the Red Cross Blood Bank

out that started my serious thinking and convinced me that your real break, in pursuing any line of work, isn't external—it isn't when someone notices you, or gives you a job. It's *internal*, a change inside you, getting rid of some ineffective state of mind and acquiring an affirmative power in its place. That helps equip you, to take advantage of your so-called "luck," when opportunity arrives.

Twice before I had had a chance to read for Brock Pemberton, who was choosing a juvenile lead for the Broadway show, "Three Times The Hour."

Both times his reactions had been fine. "Good work, Joe! Swell reading!" Cotten was leading for the part. I hurried through the alley by the theater and bounded up the steps. As I entered, something in Pemberton's friendly smile warned me, and that feeling we all know, of a tightening in the throat, hit me,

while he spoke earnestly:

"Your readings were really grand. We all like the way you handle the part. But—we've decided to give it to Ben Lackland. Don't feel too bad." He patted my shoulder. "The role is a young reporter, you know. We wanted someone a trifle more rugged in appearance. It's a strange way to lose a part, Joe, but you were just a trifle too good-looking."

In such a situation your mind rushes to your own defense, protecting, trying to lessen the hurt. As I stumbled down the steps from Pemberton's office, my thoughts were galloping faster than a Danny Kaye scat-song:

"Too bad, kid." I seized on Pemberton's crumb of comfort. "Think of losing a part because you're too good-looking. What rotten luck!"

Some kind angel, as I turned into Forty-fourth Street, tapped me on the shoulder, (Continued on page 83)



"We argue about

These Hollywood marrieds admit the differences

Mr. and Mrs. Sid Luft —

"Sid brings home dogs," says Lynn Bari. "Frequently. All kinds. Usually very soiled and undernourished. It's reached the point where, when I see him approaching with a new addition to the menagerie of the malnourished, I get all prepared not to speak either to Sid or the dog. They enter and proceed in meek silence to the kennels where an assortment of canine breeds consume our points, while we resort to fish, baked beans and canned meat. I maintain a stony silence up to the point where the new beast begins to poke at my leg with his nose, or tries to jump up to be petted—or just sits looking woeful, as if to say he is the only unloved dog in the whole world. The dog and Sid always look so wistful I just can't stay mad. It ends up, of course, with my loving the beast as much as Sid does. Then just as I'm learning to love the dog, he deserts us. Bitterly we realize we've just been played for suckers, a stop-over, a meal and bed for a night. But next day the process starts all over again."

Mr. and Mrs. Craig Stevens —

"Craig and I usually confine our political disagreements to our own home," remarks Alexis Smith. "We learned a long while ago that you can never change anyone's political convictions over the dinner table at a friend's house. But the Stevenses, Mr. and Mrs., like to discuss current issues, political issues in particular, and although we agree on almost everything, there are a few odd points on which we differ."

"We have learned a little trick that solves the problem of 'getting in too deep' in this department. When our discussions reach the argument stage, either Craig or I always remember to abruptly change the subject. This is guaranteed to make you laugh, after which no argument is possible."

"'Shall we dance?'—'Have you read any good books lately?'—or 'Let's call up some friends and have a party,' are good ways to change any subject. So far we've managed to keep our political views from hurling us into a pitched battle. We credit this subject-changing system to our success as non-combatants!"



Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Peck —

"I believe anything is possible," Greg announces. "At least I believe that anything is possible for my wife to accomplish. This occasionally results in my promising people that she will do things, without asking her first. This, in turn, is apt to cause argument. For instance, the other day on the set, several friends were crying about not being able to get any cigarettes. I immediately said, 'Why, my wife can get us cigarettes easily.' I promised everyone three or four packs of their favorite brands. It added up to about two cartons. I came home that night and said, 'Darling, get me two cartons of cigarettes tomorrow, please. I have to take them to the set.' This caused a mild dissension during which I pointed out that she had nothing to do all day but look for cigarettes—nothing to do but visit the ration boards to get things for the new baby, take care of the baby, supervise the house and look for a new place for us to live. Finally she agreed to try. She wound up with a couple of handfuls of brands no one ever heard of. 'Whoever heard of such a thing?' I demanded. 'Anyone can buy cigarettes!' She smiled that sweet smile of hers and said, 'I'm sure you could get them, Greg. But I did my best.' I went out to show her how easy it was. In an hour I returned sheepishly, without even one package. But, still, secretly, I can't understand her inability to get them. I think there's nothing she can't do!"



that supply fuel for their verbal fireworks

Mr. and Mrs. Dana Andrews —

"A psychiatrist might be able to explain my absolute rebellion against being told what to do," Dana reports. "I've never been able to understand it, but it's there. The minute anyone says 'do this, Dana'—I balk like a mule. If we're driving down Wilshire and my wife says, 'Why don't we turn over and go down Sunset so we can look at the shops,' I immediately do just the opposite—even though I might have intended going down Sunset originally. It's one of those little idiosyncracies you just can't rationalize.

"For awhile this stubbornness of mine probably was a source of irritation to my wife. But I picked a girl with the most wonderful sense of humor in the world. And she knew just the proper cure for this sort of thing.

"I'd be driving along, put out my hand to turn left down Vine Street, and when she'd see that, she'd say, 'Why don't you turn down Vine Street, Dana—?' For a few times I bit beautifully, gunned the car and went on by without turning. Then I looked at her once when she made the suggestion. Her eyes were twinkling, and her laughter was just about to bubble out all over her face. And I tumbled to the fact that I was being beautifully ribbed. I couldn't help laughing, and then she laughed, too. That's a sure cure for any argument no matter how large. I've begun to get over this reaction of mine, because I'm never sure when I'm being ribbed."



Mr. and Mrs. Harry James —

"Harry and I agree on practically everything—now," states Betty Grable. "But when we first married there was one little argument that kept cropping up whenever we began to get dressed to go out for a big evening.

"You see, the bone of contention in our life was 'how my hair should be done.' I was in the very extreme pompadour stage when Harry and I were married, and I saw no reason to change my hair-do with my name. However, Harry soon made himself heard on the subject. He likes it quite plain, parted in the middle or on the side and combed back loosely, not done up fancy. I was always spending a lot of time in front of the mirror rolling it over 'rats,' upsweeping it from my face, building up the front so I'd have the highest pompadour in town. I'd think I looked pretty sharp, and all I'd get from Harry was a frown of disapproval. He thought it made me look older and too sophisticated.

"The problem was finally solved by Harry's methodically going through my dresser, picking up all hair pads and 'rats' and tossing them out into the trash. I finally gave in. Now, to please him—except in pictures when I have to wear it up—I wear my hair down and plain. The baby seems to like it better that way, too—she can get her fingers into it and pull."

What Should I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



DEAR MISS COLBERT:

Two and a half years ago I started writing to a soldier, on a dare. Much to my surprise, the soldier answered and we have been corresponding regularly ever since. After all this time overseas, he is now coming home and has been writing of nothing excepting having the fun of seeing me in person. We have exchanged snapshots and, frankly, I have a terrific desire to meet him. He has said in his letters that he has fallen in

love with me from the things I have told him and I can say honestly that I admire him a great deal.

Here is the catch: I have never told this man that I am married and the mother of two boys. When I started writing, my husband was in prison facing a twenty-year sentence. Recently the parole board set the minimum at five years, so he will be released at approximately the time this soldier comes home.

I'm no longer in love with my husband. I don't think I ever loved him because I was barely sixteen when I married and didn't know what it was all about. I am now twenty-two, and my babies are five and three.

Should I write and tell this soldier that I'm married, or should I wait and tell him when he arrives? I know that I should have told him long ago, but I was such a coward that I thought he might never write again and those letters were the only bright spots in my days.

Mrs. Sam M.

Dear Mrs. M:

By all means, write to this soldier and tell him the full story of your life at once. You should have done this, of course, in your second letter. Nothing should have kept you from telling him the truth when his letters began to indicate that he was growing fond of you. I assume that you quieted your conscience by telling yourself that you would never see him, and that your correspondence friendship would have no sequel.

However, no truer words were ever spoken than the tired old phrase, "It's a small world." For some peculiar reason, our indiscretions always seem to catch up with us.

Even though you never see this man, and never receive another letter from him, you must tell him the truth instantly. I wish I could repeat that sentence to every girl in this country who is writing to a service man.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Six years ago I was working at a very low-paying job and was really hard-pressed for money. I fell in love with a very nice man who was making a little more than I, but not much, and married him. In time we had two small children. The struggle has been desperate at times.

A few month ago, by an odd series of circumstances, I inherited quite a large sum of money. At first I made great plans about buying all of us new clothes, buying a new house, seeing some shows. (Continued on page 67)



Are you caught in a riptide of trouble from which there seems no way out? If you are write to

Claudette Colbert

in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, Calif., and if she feels yours is a general problem, she'll consider it for an answer in these pages



AIRLINE HOSTESS is airman's fiancée! Mary Ann Long helps servicemen and their families feel "at home" in PCA planes. She works in one of the war jobs where women are so badly needed. Ask your local U. S. Employment Service about *your* war job.

Flyer to Wed Mary Ann Long

Popular Tennessee girl, the daughter of the H. C. Longs, engaged to Richard H. Albrecht. She is a graduate of Virginia Intermount College and was May Queen in her senior year. He was at Yale before entering the Air Force



*She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!*

The day that Mary Ann pinned his wings on her officer-fiancé—he slipped a diamond engagement ring on her slender finger.

She is *another* lovely girl with an engaging soft-smooth *Pond's* complexion.

Mary Ann says of Pond's Cold Cream—"It's perfect, I think! I don't know anything that makes my face look and feel so clean and fresh and soft-to-touch."

This is the way she uses Pond's:

She smooths snow-white Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat. Pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with another Pond's coating—swirling her fingertips quickly over her face. These *two* creamings make her skin feel *extra* clean, *extra* soft.

Copy Mary Ann's twice-over way of using Pond's Cold Cream—*every* night, *every* morning, and for in-between clean-ups.

Ask for a luxurious big jar—you'll love the quick way you can dip fingers of both hands in this wide-topped, *big* Pond's jar!



A few of the Pond's Society Beauties... The Lady Morris, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Mrs. James J. Cabot, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, The Countess of Radnor



Photoplay's COMMAND PERFORMANCE

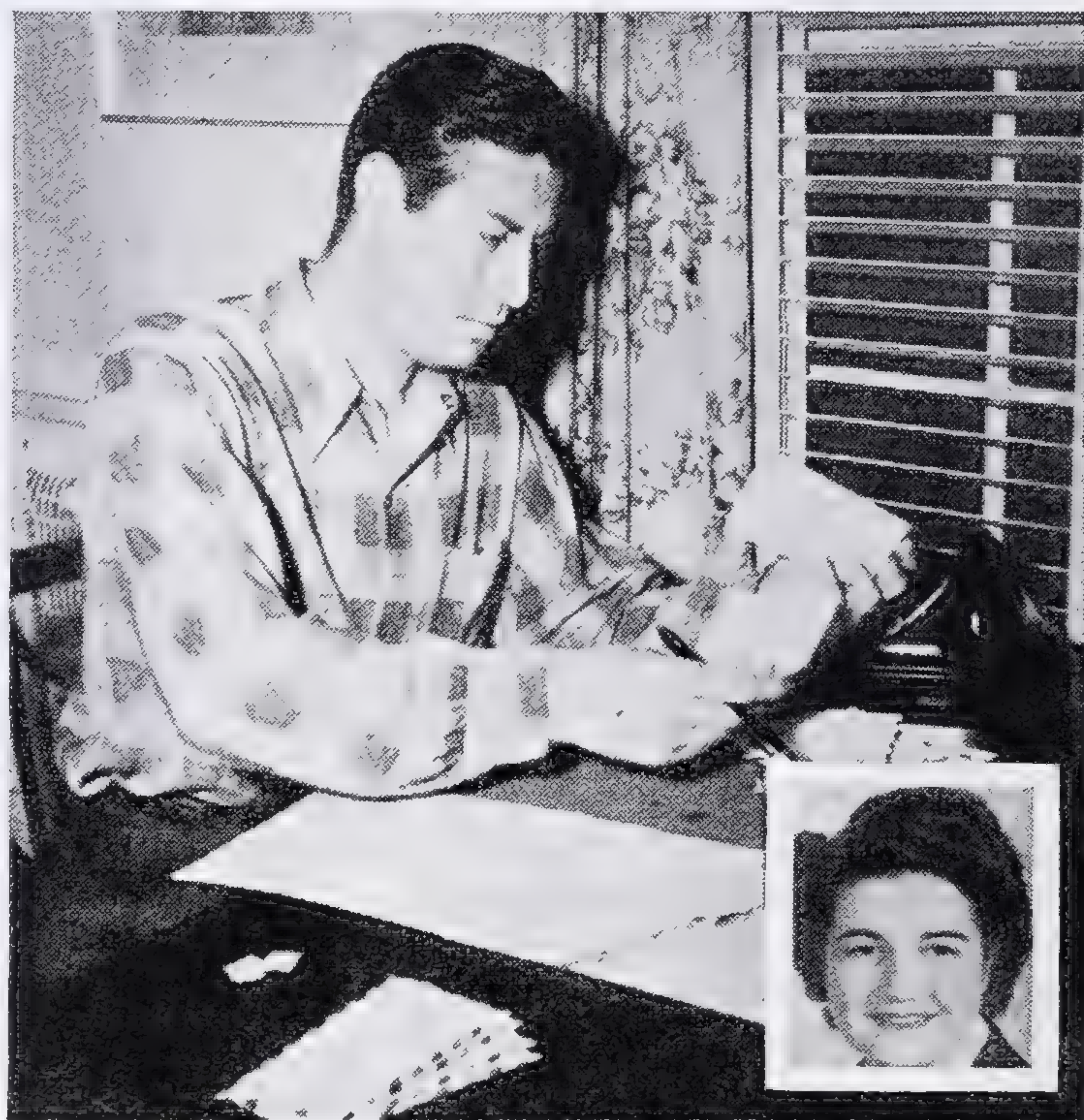
From all over the world have come requests from boys and girls in the service for stars in special poses. Hymie Fink took the pictures on this for-the-service Hollywood special!



Marine Cpl. Jerry Ross writes from the South Pacific: "I'd like to see Martha O'Driscoll, who has been elected pin-up girl of our squadron, posed in a two-piece white bathing suit, standing by a convertible coupe on the beach. Where we are, beauty is appreciated." Martha obliged, adding a salute to Corporal Jerry and his whole squadron



Canada comes in for a request. R. W. Arigan and O. A. Brooks of the Royal Canadian Navy have seen the star pictures of their American comrades. They say, "We would like very much to have a picture of Dorothy Lamour in a sarong." Here's Dorothy, the sarong and the two Canadian tars



The Waves have star wishes, too. Seaman 1/c Louise Caso of West New York, New Jersey, now stationed down in Washington, D. C., writes: "I'd like a picture of John Hodiak writing a letter to me. At least I could dream he was asking for a date, couldn't I?" Here is your request, Louise

They'll Kill You

—with laughter!

It's hit or miss — what happens to Fred MacMurray when he meets kiss-or-kill Bonnie of the Fleagle gang — a hillbilly round-up of characters that puts Tobacco Road in the shade — in a mystery comedy that's murderously funny!

FRED MacMURRAY

Maw has bats
in the belfry
—and coffins
in the cellar!

Elany's nuttier
than a Christmas
fruit cake!

Granmaw gets
lit when the
lights go out!

Bert'll smash you,
bash you and then
he'll crash you!



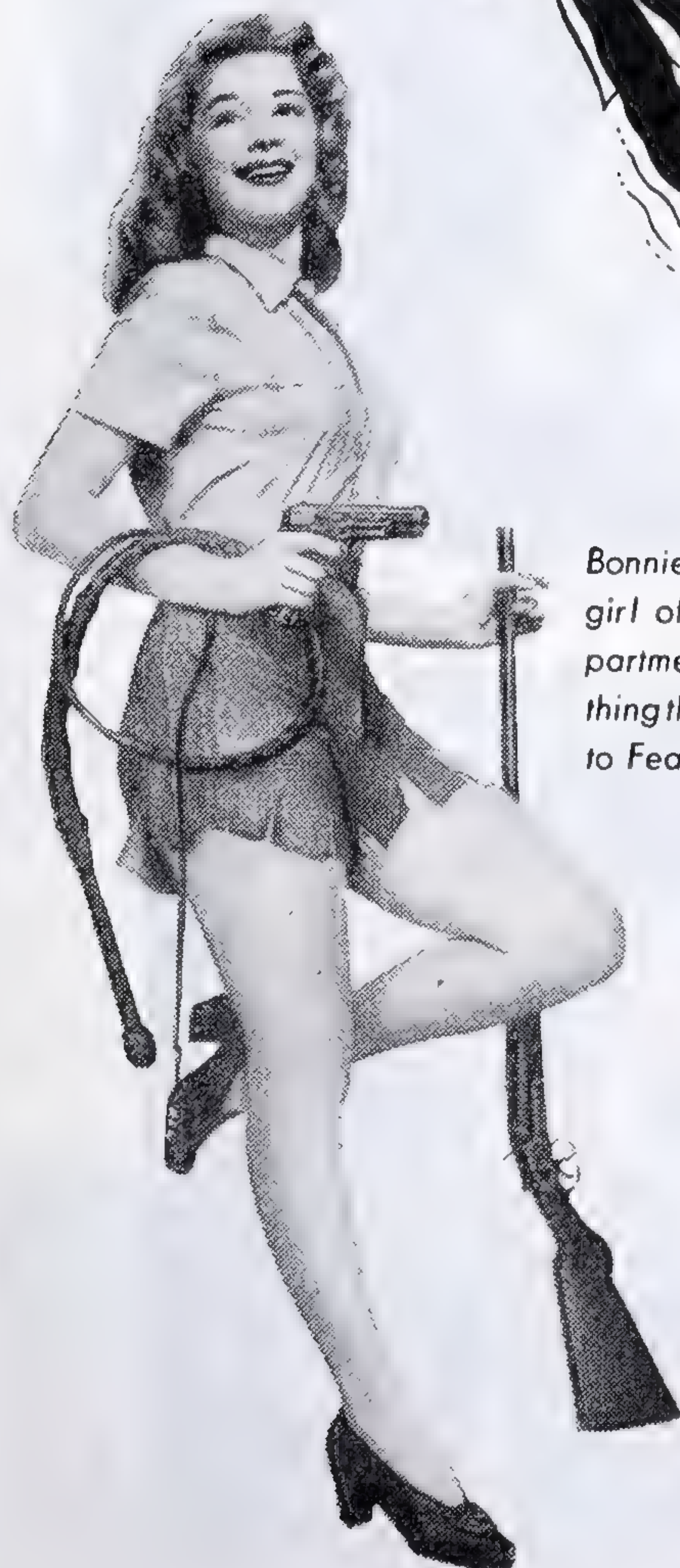
Bonnie's the pin-up
girl of the police de-
partment and the only
thing that makes sense
to Fearless Fred!

with
**Helen Walker · Marjorie Main
Jean Heather**

Porter Hall · Peter Whitney
Mabel Paige · Barbara Pepper

A **GEORGE MARSHALL** PRODUCTION

Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL** · A Paramount Picture



Miss DAPHNE ADAMS

A descendant of John Adams and the Earl of Caithness, Scotland, Miss Daphne Adams is the daughter of the noted portrait painter, Lawson Adams, of Philadelphia. She was born and educated in France.



"A WAY TO
*Infinite
Loveliness*"

"I'm a painter," says Miss Adams, "and I know that just as a certain color complements another, a certain fragrance enhances a woman — makes her infinitely lovely. That's why I use Djer-Kiss perfume. It is the final perfect touch to the woman who values her charm." Have you tried Djer-Kiss perfume?



Pronounced
"DEAR KISS"

DJER-KISS
PERFUME

THE WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

BY

Kerkoff

Christening

Peter Newton Ford

The newest blessing of Eleanor Powell and Glenn Ford



Young Peter looks up wonderingly as Papa Glenn takes a hand in his dressing. Mama Eleanor looks on and gives verbal aid on the pin-up situation. It's a special day for Peter—his christening day! Glenn and Eleanor intended postponing the ceremony until they found a house, but finding a house is a real problem these days



Glenn's Marine Corps buddy, Cpl. Eddie Lyon, got sudden notice to leave, so the christening was stepped ahead. Eddie and his wife Russene were godparents. Rev. Ray Moore, who married Eleanor and Glenn, officiated—at the Little Chapel of the First Methodist Church, Santa Monica

Eleanor and Glenn look proudly at their son, now officially Peter Newton Ford. It was a quiet affair—with Eleanor's mother and Glenn's. Glenn, honorably discharged from the Marines, is happy over his return to pictures in "Stolen Life," which is Bette Davis's first star-producing venture



What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 62) I thought a wonderful thing had happened to us.

I noticed that, when I made plans, my husband didn't have much to say. Finally I asked him what was bothering him, and he said that he had no intention of living on my money. He said that he might not have provided the best living in the world, but that he was doing his best and would continue to do so. He wants me to put the money into the bank or into War Bonds and let him support us in the meagre way we have been living in the past.

Now, what I want to know is, who is right—my husband or I?

Mrs. Marguerite W.

Dear Mrs. W:

In a way your husband's hard, masculine pride is to be admired. Many husbands are all too willing to squander a wife's inheritance with prodigal hand. Your marriage is a partnership that evidently has worked magnificently. Nothing must be done to harm it. My advice is to do nothing with your inheritance until you and your husband are mutually agreed upon its use.

Assure him that your life with him has been to your liking. Your mutual struggle to raise your children and maintain your home has brought you closer together than any other married couple you know. Impress on him that you have no desire to displease or belittle him in any way. Try to show him that you don't want the money to tear you apart but to bring you closer together. Suggest that you put the money in his name too, explaining that it is his as well as yours. I think your husband needs only the reassurance of your love and pride in him and his ability to make him realize that the money can benefit the whole family if you work it out together.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am fifteen and my little sister who is eleven is my problem. She is large for her age, so my mother wants to dress her exactly like me. I find sort of grown-upish dresses in teen-age books and have my mother copy them. Then my sister has to have a duplicate. It's nauseating.

I saved money and bought myself some skirts and sweaters. For awhile I felt like an individual instead of half of a duet. Then came my sister's birthday and the only thing she wanted was skirts and sweaters exactly like mine, so mother bought them for her. Now isn't that grim?

Do you know any way that I can convince my mother that I have a right to some things of my very own? I am only one-half inch taller than my sister and the same weight. She likes people to think we are twins, and this makes my blood



BUY YOUR SEVENTH
WAR LOAN BONDS
AT YOUR FAVORITE
MOTION PICTURE
THEATRE

WAR ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE • MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY



"almost like a Fels-Naptha wash!"

"Sunny wash days are wonderful! 'Specially now, when I can't always get Fels-Naptha.

"Wash day weather never bothered me when Fels-Naptha Soap was plentiful. On rainy days I'd do a whole wash with Fels-Naptha, hang it in the basement and my things would be as white and sweet as though they'd dried in the sun.

"Oh, well . . . as long as the Fels people are making soap for my Jim and the other boys in the service, I can't complain. And I guess we'll have our Fels-Naptha Soap back before long . . ."

We like to think the average American wife or mother says something like this as she carries on without ordinary necessities—like Fels-Naptha Soap.

We wish she could have Fels-Naptha Soap for every wash day. But while we're making soap that helps keep Jim the cleanest fighting man in the world, sometimes she'll have to do without.

And the lady in the picture is right . . . she'll have her Fels-Naptha Soap back, before long.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

boil. I want to be a single girl with personality, and not play straight man for an echo.
Ann Louise L.

Dear Miss L:

Obviously you are a heroine to your little sister.

To be straightforward about this problem, however, I might say that I think you are overrating individuality. To be unique is important, of course, but it's lonely. You will find as you grow a little older that being utterly different, in clothing, viewpoint, or personality may be dramatic, but it is seldom comfortable. The happiest people are those who are akin to the people and the surroundings in which they must live.

Why don't you take your sister's eagerness to imitate you, and make something entertaining out of it for both of you? When she wears a pink sweater and a brown skirt, why don't you wear a brown sweater and a pink skirt? Why don't you persuade her to contrast your clothes instead of duplicating them? Before long everyone would be saying, "There go the L. girls—aren't they attractive?" Not only would it be fun to plan your clothing together but you would be establishing a basis for close comradeship for life.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I will be 18 in July. A year ago I met and fell in love with what I thought was one of the sweetest girls on two feet. I asked her to marry me, but we agreed that we should wait until the war was over. At that time I could have supported her nicely on what I was earning. To make our engagement official, I bought her the prettiest diamond I could afford.

Well, then the thunderbolt struck. At the end of the week she refused to see me. I couldn't for the life of me figure out what I'd done. I treated her just like any other fellow would treat the girl he loved; I showed her the best time possible, brought her flowers and candy, etc.

But, once she had my ring, she refused to go out with me. She wouldn't even talk to me, but a girl friend of hers said that some fellow had told my girl I was talking behind her back, which is a dirty lie. But I couldn't learn the name of this fellow, so what could I do? My mother went to see my girl and asked her for the engagement ring, so my girl gave it up.

Two days later I enlisted in the Navy, figuring that this would make her take back something she said about my being a pantywaist. I had planned to go in all along, but this hurried things up.

Speaking as a girl, can you imagine what went on in my sweetheart's head to make her act like that?

Mac E.

Dear Mr. E:

Speaking as a girl, I'm baffled, too. I don't understand why a girl would accept an engagement ring from a man, then refuse to see him thereafter. Furthermore, if you couldn't find out the name of the man who allegedly turned your fiancée against you, I would suspect that he was the figment of someone's imagination. It could be that your girl simply wanted a pretty ring, that she was an out-and-out gold digger.

I think it all boils down to this: You are lucky to have been let out of a marriage with such a girl. It would be wise for you to forget her and to look around for a new girl friend. Luckily, most girls are genuine, honest and honorable and such a girl you really deserve.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am the eldest of four children. We lost

our mother two years ago, and both my brothers and my sister went into the service. I then went into defense work, and I have been saving every possible penny to invest in a home to which my brothers and sister could return when the war is over. I want all of us to be together again, because we are very compatible and enjoy each other tremendously.

Now I have met a man who wants to marry me. When I told him my plans, he said that everyone must make a life for himself. He said that as soon as we were married he wanted me to quit work and make a home for him. When I asked if we could take over a large home, he ignored my plans for my brothers and sister and said marriage changes all goals.

Everything one reads in papers indicates that there may be a great shortage of husbands in a few years. As I am now twenty-three, I may not have many chances to marry. I want a home of my own, but I can't quite give up the idea of a family life with my brothers and sister for a few years after the war. Yet, should I marry this man, I think that would be impossible.

Ruby H.

Dear Miss H:

Aside from your plans for your family, I think the most important consideration when planning marriage is the simple one of love. Even though you are twenty-three, and even though there may be a husband shortage when the war is over, nothing should induce you to marry a man unless you love him devotedly and unless your plans coincide.

To judge from the letters I receive, I would be inclined to say that too many girls marry simply to be married, and the next step is frequently the divorce court.

You should marry only when you feel that life would be empty indeed without the loved one. If you should meet a man with whom you fell deeply in love, I think you should marry him, regardless of your family-house plans. It may be that each of your brothers and your sister will marry or become engaged before they are out of uniform.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I met a soldier three years ago and fell very much in love with him. Not until we became engaged did he admit that he had been married before, and that he was the father of a daughter. I am twenty-three, he is now thirty-two, and his daughter is ten. His first wife died three months after the little girl was born, so she has always loved her dad with a devotion that would ordinarily have been divided between two parents.

This man is now overseas, but expects to come home soon on rotation and in each of his recent letters he has begged me to promise to marry him as soon as he returns. I have kept writing him interesting, newsy letters, but he insists that he wants a definite answer.

This is what is troubling me: Before he went overseas he showed me some of his daughter's letters. In one of them she said she hoped he would never get married because she would hate the woman; she said she didn't want anyone to come between herself and her dad. I love him and I think I would make a good wife, but I'm not sure that his daughter, who would naturally expect to live with us, might not make us unhappy.

Michele I.

Dear Miss I:

In your case, I believe—first of all—that a child of ten has no right to expect to be the vortex of her father's existence. That extreme possessiveness could only lead to ultimate heartbreak.

THIS WONDERFUL NEW after-shampoo hair "make-up"



GIVES GLORIOUS SPARKLE —
SMART COLOR EFFECTS!

Drab-looking hair is as "out of place" with a pretty face as shabby shoes with an otherwise lovely outfit. So keep your hair radiant, color-bright—with Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse.

A simple chart on the package shows which of the 12 Marchand Rinse shades will give you the most flattering color effect. With Marchand's Rinse, you can accent your hair's natural color... give it a "warmer" or "cooler" tone... even blend gray streaks in with the original shade!

After your shampoo, simply dissolve a package of Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, all soap-film vanishes! Your hair sparkles with highlights and glorious color!

Not a bleach, not a permanent dye, Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse is absolutely harmless. It rinses on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up.



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guard your baby against it
EXCLUSIVE Pyrex Patented Air Vent
prevents nipple collapse, guards
against your baby swallowing air.
GUARANTEED chill-and-heat-resistant.
PYREX BRAND
NURSING BOTTLES

If you really love this man, I think you should marry him. Then I think you should find out, from relatives, as much as you possibly can about the daughter before she comes to live with you. Learn what her hobbies are, what her tastes in food, recreation, color and clothing are.

Then prepare a room for her that will indicate your thoughtfulness and deep interest in her as a person. When she arrives, don't expect her to like you at first; have a frank talk with her, without your husband's being present if possible, and tell her that you know there are many problems that will arise, but that you expect to work with her, treating her as an adult, to solve them.

A romantic, self-pitying stepdaughter can cause a great deal of trouble, but if you start by seeing her side of the situation and if you treat her with quiet respect, demanding the same from her, I think you can incorporate her into your happy future.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty years old and medically discharged from the Army, not for any visible disability, but because of nervousness and inability to adapt myself to military life.

When I volunteered I had completed one year of pre-medical work in the state university. Now I must confess something: I have never been inclined to the profession of medicine. I entered the training because my two best boy friends did. I thought it was an honorable profession at which one could make money, but frankly I am not much interested in sick people.

I have always had great interest in anything connected with the theater. However, I can not sing and my voice is not clear over a microphone, according to radio school tests. Frankly, I prefer acting to curing patients. I like to have good times under pleasant atmosphere. I like to travel and meet new people. You see, fine art interests me much more than science.

Should I become a doctor and regret it all my life because of the strenuous work involved, or should I take the degree Bachelor of Fine Arts and then try for movies? Or, do you have some other profession in mind?

I shall appreciate your advice very much and I will follow it.

Fernando G.

Dear Mr. G:

Do you mind my saying that I was disappointed when I read your letter? Your casual statement that you weren't interested in sick people, but only wanted to take medical training because you thought it would be an easy way to earn a good living is rather a frightening thing to a person who might need medical attention at some time. No, I think you had best abandon all idea of studying for that profession which demands from its practitioners the ultimate in devotion, self-sacrifice, risks of many sorts and all too frequently minor remuneration.

And, since your voice is not clear, I'm

The Academy Lady

Ingrid Bergman
in a word picture
by Joseph Henry Steele
in Photoplay

Next Month!

ELYSE KNOX, ENCHANTING STAR OF MONOGRAM PICTURES

Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin



In the movies, I'm a girl caddy one day - a smooth debutante the next! But I never vary my skin care! That calls for Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream - one cream to give me complete skin care, and beauty extras!

Elyse Knox

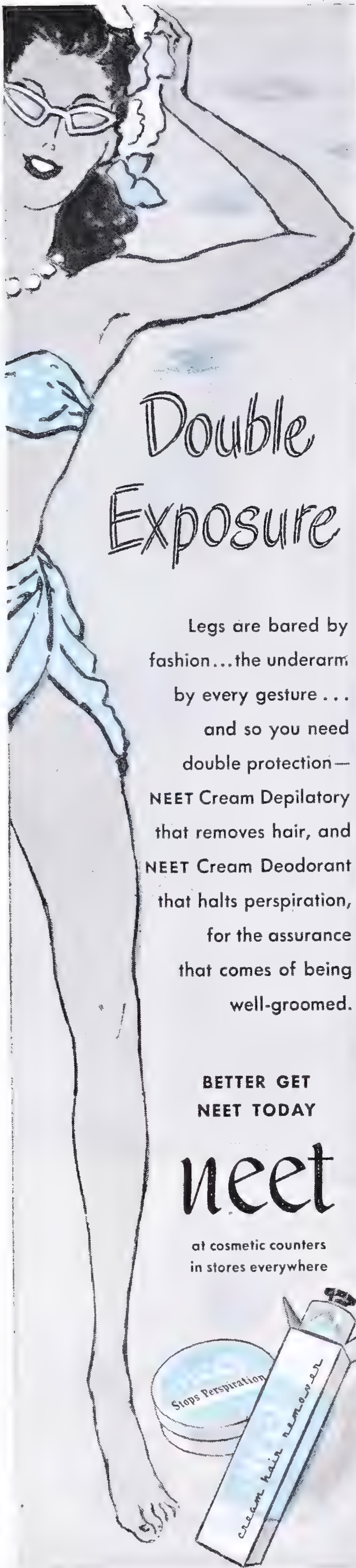
Ask beauty experts, ask a famous photographer, ask the Marines if Elyse speaks with authority on skin beauty.

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Let Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream help you to "pin-up beauty"! 10¢ to \$1.25, plus tax.

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... it's all you need!



afraid that radio work or motion-picture work is out of the question for you, too.

However, since you are congenial and like to be in large groups of people, why don't you investigate the possibilities of becoming a recreation director at a summer or winter resort? Or, since you enjoy travel, you could be a post-war tour manager, or engage in some type of sales-work. Temporarily, at least, give up the idea of a medical career and go for the Bachelor of Fine Arts.

I am sure that with your apparently gay spirit, your interest in art and travel, you will be able to adopt one of these professions to advantage.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been in the Navy for three years. I have a girl "back home," whom I have known since grammar school and as we went through high school we always thought that we would be married someday. When parties were given by friends, we always went together.

We talked over the war and my service in the Navy and decided to be married as soon as it seemed sensible. When I was at sea, she wrote to me every day. When I got my first leave her parents seemed to be as glad to see me and as proud of me as my own parents were. The last day of my leave, I went over to say goodbye. My girl's mother and father met me out in front and said I wasn't to come in, that I couldn't see her anymore when I came home on leave, and that I wasn't to write to her. When I tried to find out why, they said they had their own reasons and didn't intend to enter into any argument.

I went back to my ship feeling rotten. I continued to write every day. She finally wrote that her mother had been destroying her letters, but she had now rented a P.O. box, so she would get my letters. This went on fine for awhile, then I heard that Joan was running around town with several different guys. I wrote her a hot letter about it, and she answered saying that we had better discontinue writing as she had met a nice sailor and was interested in him. So that was that.

But, when I got home on my last leave, she was waiting at the station beside my mother. She smiled up at me and said,

"Surprised?" so I grabbed her and kissed her even before I did my mother. I dated her several times, but she said she had to sneak out so her parents wouldn't know. When I tried to get her to marry me, she said, "No, let's wait until you come home again."

There is no question of finance. I have a home of my own to return to; it was given to me, completely furnished, by my parents when I came home on my first leave. I also own a 500-acre farm. I rent it and it brings in a very good income. I think she could get along comfortably on this income. At present, I'm putting all this money into the bank in both our names, so that—if I don't come back—she won't have to worry about finances. The farm is also in both our names.

Should I go on hoping that our love affair will end in marriage, or should I try to forget this girl? I could never forget her, but I could plan a life with someone else. If you think this is best, please tell me.

Edmund A. M.

Dear Mr. M:

First of all, before we consider your emotional problem, I think we should give some consideration to your financial situation. By all means, I think you should have your bank account transferred to joint tenure with either your father or your mother, and you should do the same with your farm. It is extremely unwise to share money or property with a person to whom you are not legally bound.

I'm afraid that it would require a crystal-gazing genius to determine why the parents of your girl friend abruptly changed their attitude toward you. If I were to judge entirely from your letter I would say that the average parent would consider you something superb in the son-in-law department.

If you really want my opinion and will abide by it, I will say this: If you wish to go on writing to the girl, by all means do so. But discontinue thinking of her as your future wife until the situation is definitely clarified. And please change your financial set-up at the earliest possible moment.

Claudette Colbert



On the set at Republic—Roy Rogers tunes in on between-scenes chatter with Shug Fisher, Gabby Hayes, script girl Catalina Soler and actress Peggy Stuart



Donna Reed

in "THE PICTURE
OF DORIAN GRAY"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

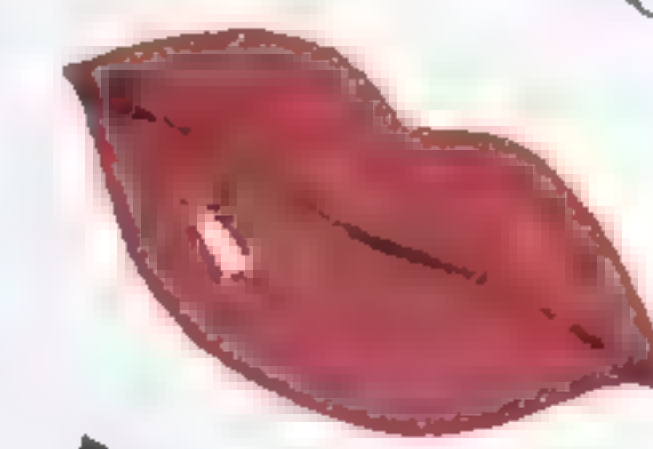
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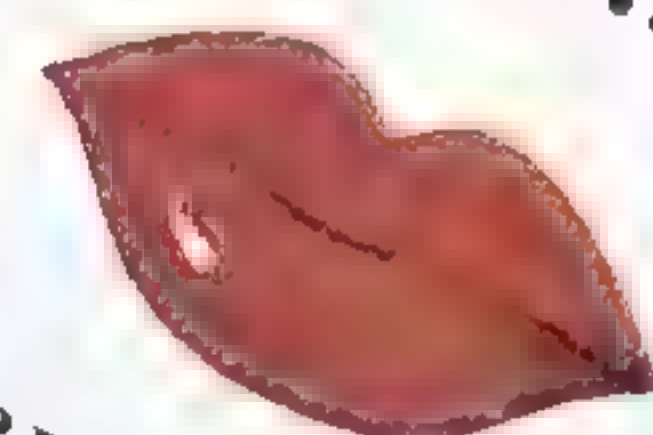
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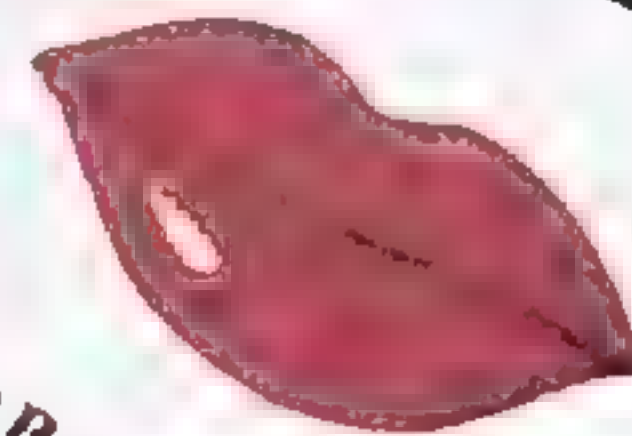
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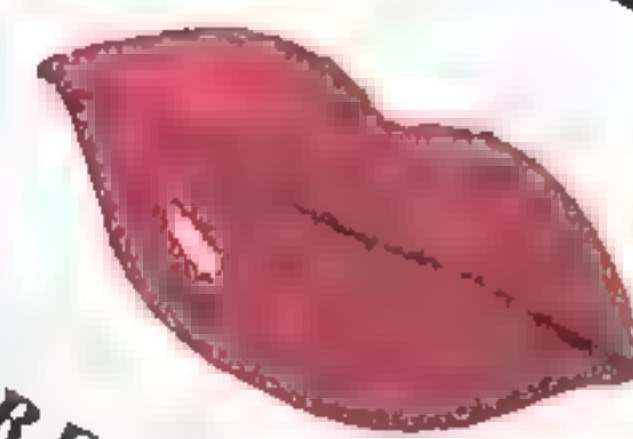
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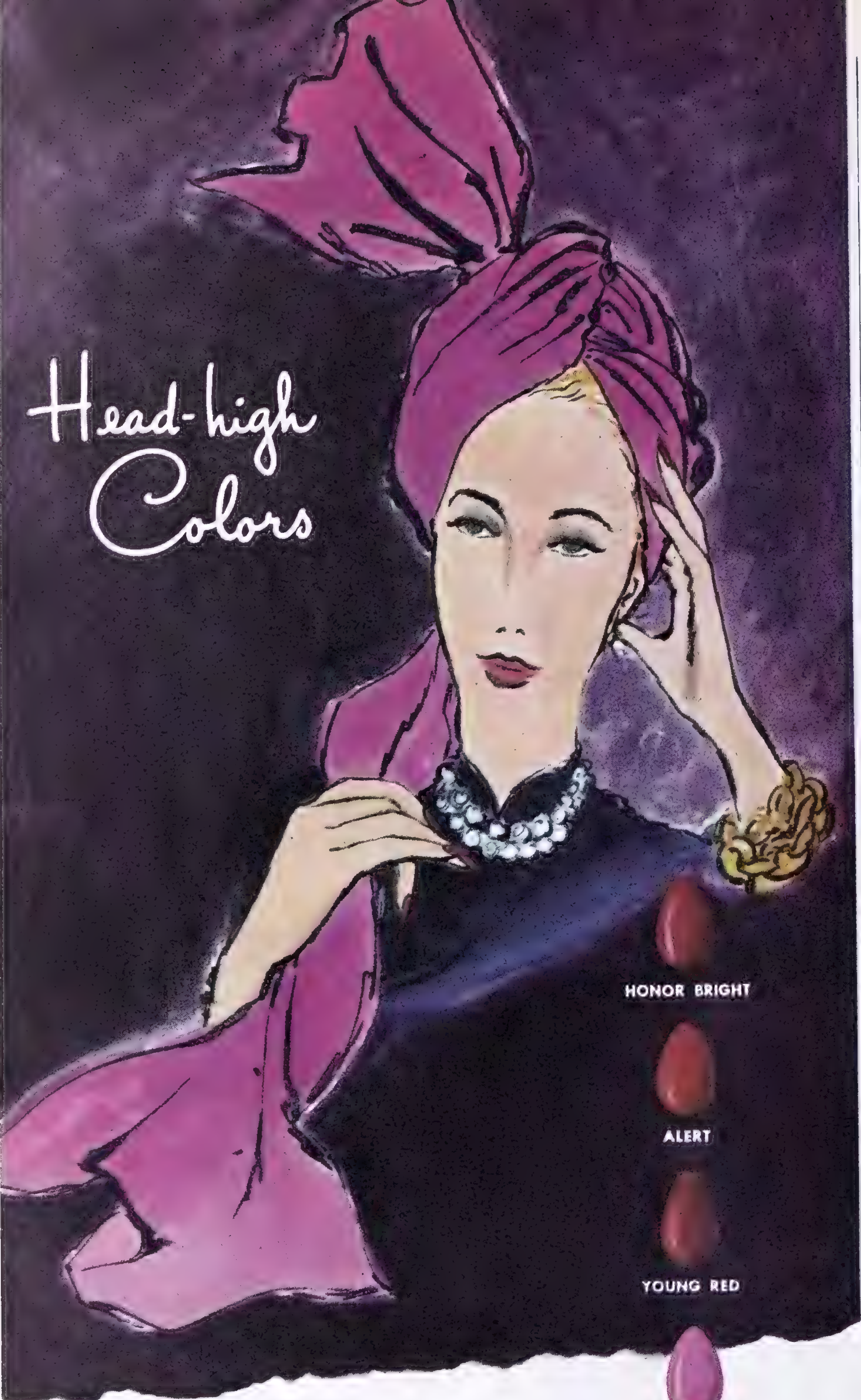
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SCHIAPARELLI interprets newest

Cutex Shades

Spirited colors—latest Cutex defiance for beautiful fingertips. Schiaparelli wraps up their heady excitement in a sky-stretching turban to celebrate the return of Paris . . . We dare you to find a lovelier polish at any price!

Annotations on Anne

(Continued from page 43) a cliff overlooking Hollywood.

What she does on the spur of the moment: Anything at all that suits her fancy—like: Some time ago a young Army officer and his wife who were driving to Arizona to live stopped in to say goodbye to Anne, for fifteen minutes. Within that fifteen minutes Anne rushed upstairs, packed a grip—and left with them for the trip! A few days later she came back by train, happy as a lark.

What she abhors: Big, formal, stuffy parties; the color blue; and people who ask prying questions that are none of their business.

Most amusing experience while acting: The time, during the shooting of "The Magnificent Ambersons," when she was supposed to fall out of a sled onto a street. She was so afraid of the fall that she kept tensing up and "helping" herself out of the sled—until Director Orson Welles, at his wits' end, called a halt for dinner. He then escorted Miss Baxter to dinner personally, ordered her as her director to drink a couple of glasses of wine—and once back at work, Anne fell out of the sled like a bundle of limp and happy rags, with her head giddy with wine. It was a beautiful performance at last!

Favorite outdoor inanimate object: A Western saddle—on a horse—with her on the saddle!

Only time she loses her temper: It's whenever the public press tries to find out about her private romantic life—and Anne always wins the battle! Her private life stays that way!

What she doesn't suspect about herself: That she's the kind of a girl whose talent in pictures and success with beaux outside of pictures makes enemies out of other Hollywood women—until they've met her personally. Then they like her as well as the ticket-buyers and all the men she knows!

THE END

*How much hurt should
a woman forgive?*

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"MY TRUE STORY"



If you like True Story Magazine . . . you mustn't miss these real-life radio dramas from True Story files. A different story every day, revealing the troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures of real people

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Blue Network Stations

Costume on the Cover

"SALUTE the summer with a selection of extra jackets," says Bonnie Cashin, designer for Twentieth Century-Fox. "It's one of the surest ways to get variety in the wardrobe. In addition to its standard design, the jacket in its newest form looks more like a heaven-sent accessory—that doesn't have to go to the tailor to look impeccably right. They are very gay, adroitly casual, and can be evolved from a minimum of unusual fabrics.

"An example is the sleeveless jacket I designed especially for Anne Baxter, dubbed by Anne 'the poncho-doublet,' and inspired by the ancient poncho so long a favorite with our Latin American neighbors. It's a straight piece of heavy hand-woven corded silk striped in unusual pattern. The back tab tucks into slacks or skirts; the two bands forming the front double under to make two very deep pouch pockets. I like an out-of-the-ordinary belt for such jackets. The waistline of this one is cinched in with one of shaped milan straw, deep toast color—and it could be fastened with any appropriate piece of jewelry—in this instance it's an antique silver Peruvian fish cleverly fashioned so that the scales are flexible.

"Incidentally, I think black is the smartest color under any summer sun—when pointed up with brilliantly-colored accessories. Jade green is a wonderful summer color with black. And of course there's always white. Try a crisp white pique jacket, tailored to its teeth.

"Jackets, jewelry, blouses to spice up the summer scene can become a veritable treasure hunt and treasure store for the girl who uses her imagination."

Poncho Pouch—



Glamorous

Joan Blondell

Famous Hollywood
Screen Star

says:

"You bet I use Arrid! I wouldn't be without its wonderful protection for a moment. Some people may think it isn't nice to talk about underarm perspiration, but it's a whole lot worse to neglect perspiration and have it spoil a dress you treasure. So I unhesitatingly shout the praises of Arrid deodorant cream."

Joan Blondell

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which Safely helps

STOP *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ Plus Tax

(Also 59¢ size)

At any store which sells toilet goods



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MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

ANN RUTHERFORD

glamorous Hollywood star featured in "Bed-side Manner," an Andrew Stone Production



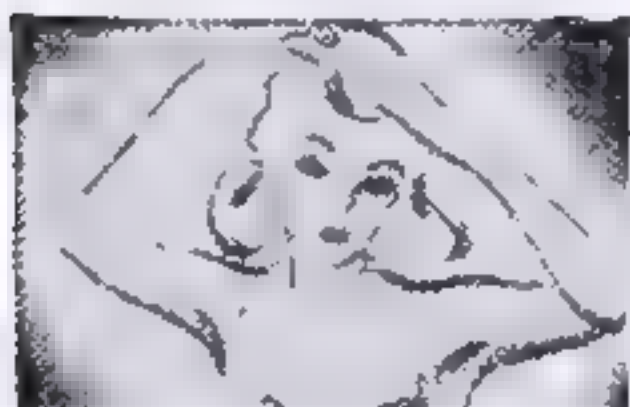
Versatile Ann Revere's latest picture is "The Yearling"

Overnight...

YOU'LL HAVE LOVELIER HAIR

Convince yourself with *one*
application of this famous
3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this overnight 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous! Glover's will accentuate the natural color-tones of your hair with clear, sparkling highlights—freshened radiance—the soft, subtle beauty of hair well-groomed. Today—try all three of the famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Use separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton with FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."



1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair.



2—Wash hair with GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo (hard or soft water). Makes hair soft, lustrous, manageable.



3—Use Glover's Imperial Hair Dress for scalp and hair—it's non-alcoholic and antiseptic!

Your hair will be Lovelier with

Glover's

with massage for
DANDRUFF, AN-
NOYING SCALP
and EXCESSIVE
FALLING HAIR



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Send "Complete Trial Application" package in plain wrapper, by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 25c.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.

"Listen, My Children—"

AND YOU SHALL HEAR of Ann Revere, direct descendent of Paul, the Hi Ho Silver of his day; the actress who played with such dignity and authority the peasant mother of *Bernadette* and then skipped right over to Paramount and into a sarong for a role in "Rainbow Island." You simply can't beat a woman like that, so why try?

Forty hundred freckles dot her plain but wholesome face and pooh pooh to any one who thinks Ann worries about that. Life is too full of work, play, housekeeping and lively arguments with the laundry men that always have Ann on the losing side. So she washes her own sheets and sleeps on them unironed and so what?

There's something funny about her and pressure cookers, too. The lids always fly off in her face sending the vegetables straight to the ceiling where they festoon the kitchen with colorful variety. But bicycles and tennis rackets are right up her alley. She pedals and backstrokes like a mad woman.

Tramping over the campus of Wellesley College, where she graduated after attending high school in her home town of Westfield, New Jersey, gave her that long Welleslean stride. It gave her the yen to act, too, after a chance in their Barnswallow production of "Yellow Jacket."

After graduating from the American Laboratory Theater in New York with a drama coaching job on the side at Horace Mann High School, she hit Broadway and bounced like a rubber ball through three flops until "The Children's Hour." Not satisfied, she, with a small group of actors including John Shepperd (of Twentieth Century-Fox pictures before the war) hied themselves to Maine for three summers to practice acting in barns. According to those who saw her in "Standing Room Only" her practice days were over. Then came "Sunday Dinner For A Soldier" and movie-goers were entranced. No one who saw "National Velvet" will ever forget the splendid handling of the mother. Drama, restraint, comedy—she takes them all in her capable stride.

In a small apartment with her husband Samuel Rosen, Ann lives the normal life of any happy housewife—cooking, washing, sharing sports with her husband and bickering with tradesmen, and working gratis for a local draft board in her every free moment. Like her famous ancestor, she's a good American. And like him, we think something of Ann and her work will linger a long time.

BY SARA HAMILTON

Her eyes widened in loving wonder!

*This Yank newsman was battling the toughest rats
in Tokyo singlehanded! Alone—he dared
to reveal their devil's plan of conquest
to an unwary world!*

JAMES
CAGNEY
SYLVIA SIDNEY

in

"BLOOD ON THE SUN"

A
WILLIAM CAGNEY
PRODUCTION

*"Try that on for
size...you would-be
world conqueror!"*

*Lotus-lovely
Sylvia Sidney—
a woman of
mystery,
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Bogie and His "Slim"

(Continued from page 34) On one occasion this caused considerable embarrassment to her and no little amusement to the spectators. It happened that a sudden calm fell upon the waters. Betty's boat was at a standstill, the sail drooping helplessly. Betty gave a couple of futile pulls at the rudder, then looking wildly at the sailors she shouted at the top of her voice, "Please get out of the way. Can't you see I'm racing?"

BETTY isn't awed by Bogie's so-called toughness. In fact she has her own sly way of kidding him about it. When he went off on a trip recently, Betty got hold of his sister, Mrs. Pat Rose, and together they redecorated his apartment as a surprise. Betty chose the color which she knew Bogie liked. Then she bought new curtains and had the chairs re-covered.

When Bogie saw it he was delighted, except for one thing. Over the mantel was a large and beautiful painting of a chrysanthemum. Bogie gave this effete piece of decoration a sour look, gulped, but didn't say anything. He didn't want to hurt Betty's feelings.

But what he doesn't know—and probably won't know until he reads it here—was that Betty deliberately selected that particular picture as a gag. As this goes to press she is still waiting for him to explode.

Though Betty doesn't drink anything except an occasional glass of sherry she can mix drinks with the best of them. Bogie says she is a better bartender than a cook.

One time Betty offered to prove that she can cook too. She asked Bogie what he would like her to cook for him, and he said asparagus. She was stumped. There was no cook book handy so she went to a drugstore, phoned a friend and asked directions.

"It's easy," said the friend. "Put a pot of water on the stove. When it comes to a boil dump in the asparagus. Let it boil for twenty minutes. There's absolutely nothing to it."

Triumphantly Betty went to work. She put the water on the gas range, let it come to a boil, tossed in the asparagus—and turned the jet off.

Betty admits that whatever success she has had on the screen was tremendously influenced by Bogie.

"I was so nervous," she told me, "when we started shooting 'To Have And Have Not' that I couldn't keep from shaking. I was playing a scene with Bogie and I had to catch a box of matches he tossed me, and then light a cigarette. I kept dropping the matches, my hands trembled so. Bogie pretended to ignore it, which was just what I needed. All through the picture he was helpful and encouraging. He's not like some actors. He'll go out of his way to show you what to do, and," she added, "he knows."

It is characteristic of Bogie that he never does anything by halves. Simultaneously with the news from Las Vegas that Mayo's divorce had gone through came a request from Chicago that he attend the "I Am An American Day" celebration. Turning to Lauren, with whom he was dining, he said, "Meet me in Chicago. I've got a job to do there. Then we'll go on to Louis Bromfield's and get married. Might as well kill two birds with one stone." That is how the marriage, which was originally planned for late June, was switched to an earlier date.

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THE END

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Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

He's Hutton

(Continued from page 37) have built up a rapid legend about Hutton's "shyness." Hollywood hasn't had a nice "shy" character since Gary Cooper learned to talk at Bond Rallies and for interviews, and since Stewart and Fonda quit gangling and went off to earn distinguished war records.

Sharing the heart-warming qualities of all these three, Bob has none of the lacks which the wholesale adjective also implies. A youth of inescapable polish, he has an easy smile and a willing hand-shake, and not a gangle in his whole six-foot-two. You'll never hear the Hutton voice ringing out above all others in a mob scene, but give him a few people at a time, old friends or newly met, and he's a fellow of well-formulated opinions and an unconfused flow of language with which to express them.

Tweeds or tails behave without a wrinkle or bump on his well-handled frame, and he is not only a sociable guy but also one of the most socially-sought young men in town.

THE one thing Bob has a real fear of is being an individualist—the one person alone, among many. Give him a sudden shove toward a public microphone and he turns tongue-tied. Make him the center of attention at any gathering, public or private, and he's truly miserable. Ostentation is, to him, in very bad taste—a show-off is something he doesn't want to even slightly resemble. His very real panic when forced into any sort of personal exhibitionism, goes deeper and farther back than that.

The Hutton childhood was filled with such wholly desirable things as a summer home in the Catskills, a swimming pool, a pony—everything a little boy would be glad to call his own. Everything, that is, except a brother or sister for sharing and squabbling—someone of his own kind to take him for granted and give him that easy camaraderie large families carry out into the world with them.

Probe Bob for his preferences—ask him the sound, or the music, that moves him most, and he'll reach back into that solitary past for it:

"I guess it's a sound I used to listen to when I was a kid," he'll say, after a moment of thought, "—the wind blowing up through the mountains. You know, being an only child is a pretty lonesome deal. I used to lie in bed and listen to the wind and trees 'talk' to each other. You know how kids are—I'd imagine what they were saying—and I guess I even joined 'em in the conversation once in a while—"

Among his best-remembered experiences is his first day at school: "I wanted to do what the other kids did, but I was

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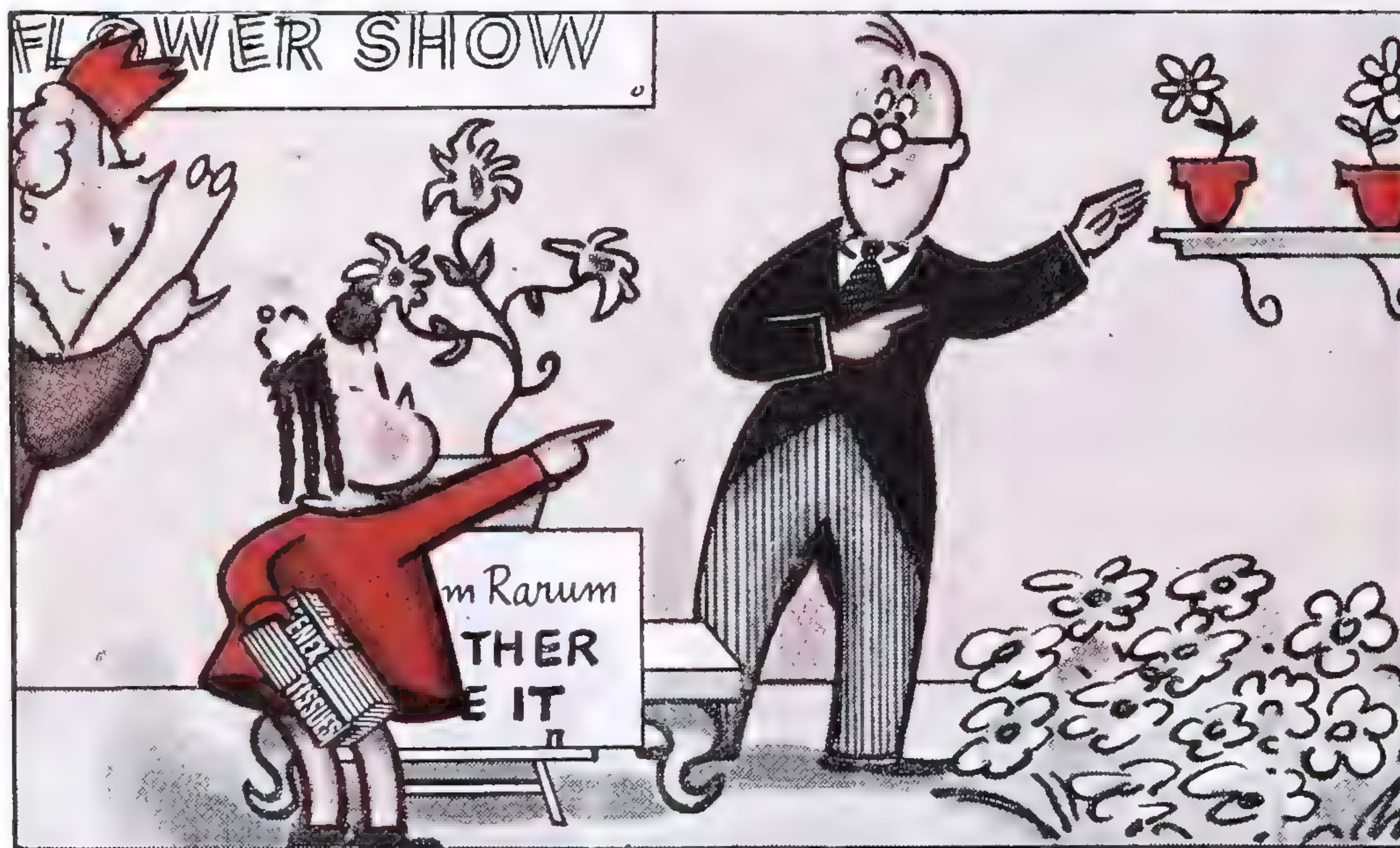
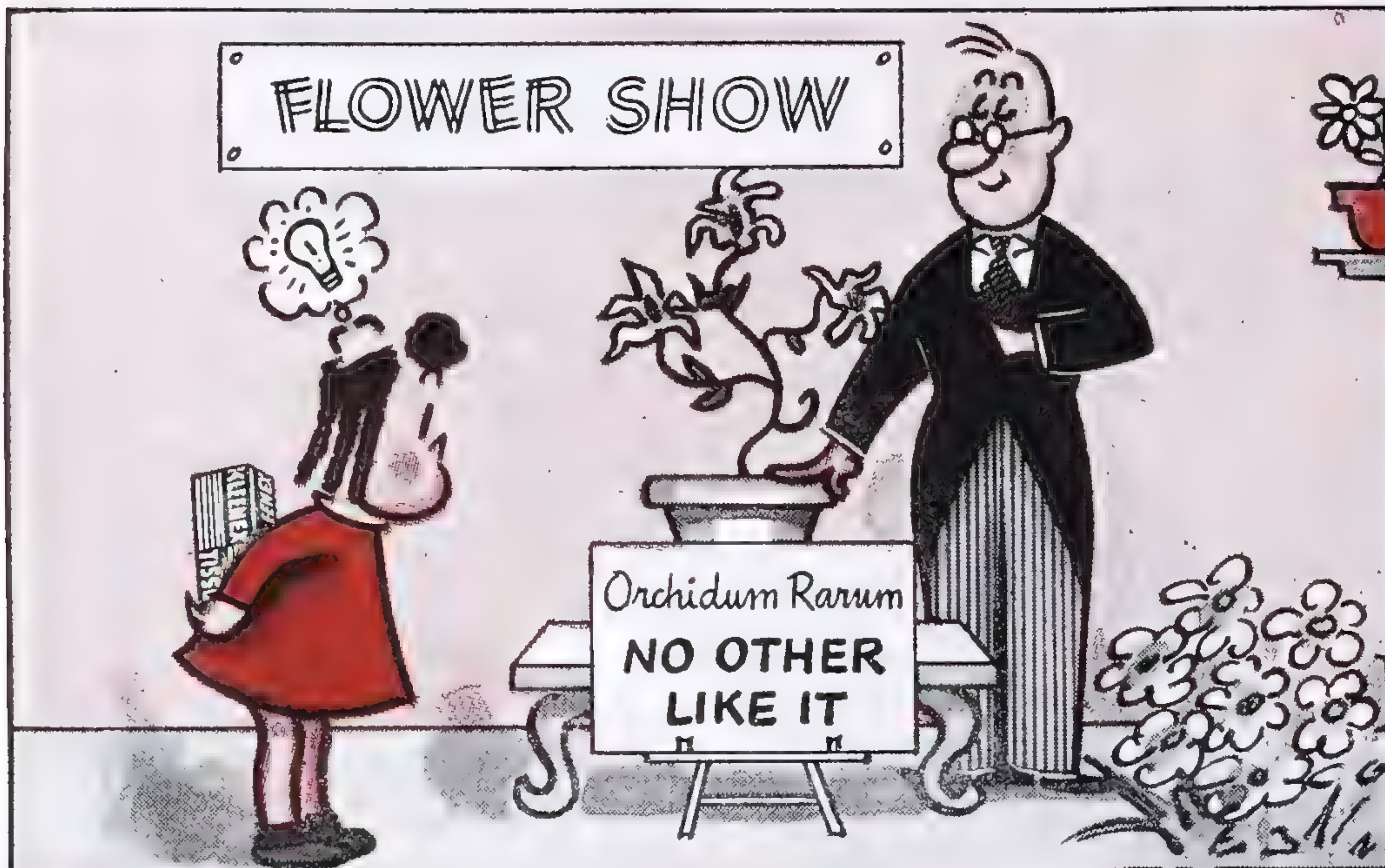
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afraid to attract attention to myself by doing it. We had a drinking fountain just outside the door of the classroom—you had to hold up your hand to get permission to go to it, and some of the kids drank more than they needed just to make the trip. To be one of the boys, it seemed to me absolutely necessary to go to the cooler now and then—but do you know it was days before I could get up the courage to even hold up my hand? Afraid I couldn't manage the proper swagger past the other kids' desks, I guess. What's more, thinking about it all the time made me thirstier and thirstier—boy, I really suffered—"

An only child, even grown up, never quite loses that feeling of being a new arrival into a crowd which already had much in common. It is not a shying away from people, but a deep-rooted desire to "belong." No matter how gay or popular or gifted a young man Bob may be, he doesn't take himself for granted—and it's hard for him to believe anyone else will. Being *liked* is more important to him than to the average fellow—it makes him a "worrier" about what he's said, and an "explainer" of what he does. What delights him most are gestures of acceptance from people he admires:

"Working in 'Mildred Pearce' with Joan Crawford was wonderful," he'll say. "She always made you feel so free to talk with her, never acted like you were just taking up her time. And at night when she'd be driving out the studio gate she'd always blow her horn and wave—gee, I thought that was great—"

"Hollywood Canteen" was fun to make because it had that "big, happy family feeling—everybody working right along together to make it a good picture." His favorite role, however, is his first one, the youngest of the destroyer crew in "Destination Tokyo." It was the start of his friendship with Cary Grant, who is about tops in human beings—and there was something else, too: Bob has a kind of sun-blindness which keeps him out of service, and being a part of it all, even in a picture, affected him strongly.

"That appendicitis operation really got me, because it was something that actually happened to a couple of other fellows. It wasn't me on that table, but the couple of guys who had to actually stretch themselves out on a rolling, pitching ship—and lie there with their intestines held back by bent spoons—trusting God and a

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swell ship's officer to help them see daylight again. I was so conscious of being those other guys, I sort of found myself praying I'd pull through—"

THE kind of person who makes him uncomfortable is the one who "knows all the answers," and especially that kind of female. He rather suspects his wife Natalie knows quite a few, but she's smart enough to let him feel he knows more of them. Except in gin rummy—"She beat the ego out of me by winning consistently for a whole year." What he admires most is her poise.

"I remember dropping off at a cocktail party one afternoon on our way to an early dinner date. The cocktail crowd was strictly informal—sport coats, open-necked shirts, some of them in swim-trunks still dripping from the pool. Nat and I had to make a grand entrance, in dinner clothes, across a long stretch of lawn. I felt so conspicuous, like a 'dress extra' taking his cue—I wanted to come on doing dialogue right and left, explaining what we were doing dressed up like sore thumbs. Not Nat—she just sailed across that lawn, cool and smooth, totally unconscious that the whole crowd was staring. Gosh, she's wonderful—"

The last sentence is a kind of thumbnail description of the Hutton marital mood. Bob doesn't care to do a lot of declaiming against those "divorce" rumors; or who started them, or why. "There's been too much talk about it now," he says, "and we feel a lot of discussion on our part would only keep the conversation going—"

Says Bob with great earnestness, "I could never love anybody, or anything, the way I love Natalie. She's my idea of what every fellow should be lucky enough to run into—a person you can have fun with, going out, or just sitting home spending the evening reading and talking—"

"Of course we have arguments—lots of them. That's part of the fun—each having your own opinions and standing up for them. I wouldn't give you two cents for a marriage with someone who cared so little for me she wouldn't tell me when she thought I was wrong—and I wouldn't be worth her time and trouble if I didn't tell her why I thought I was right—"

Prime subjects for differing opinions are Natalie's hats and Bob's ties. He doesn't like Natalie's hats, and what's more he doesn't like hats. He considers them a desecration to a beautiful head of hair. His wife's hair is a tawny mass of brown, shaded to gold by the sun. With her gray eyes, he thinks it's something special. Then, too, you know what women's millinery is, these days—

"Nat has a new one—a sort of large straw basket of marigolds, or something, which ties in a big bow under her chin. I think it's ridiculous—what kind of a husband would I be if I looked her straight in the eye and said it looked lovely? It's always that way—we have a big discussion about her hat, and that's all there is to it. She wears it—" he grins.

As for his ties, "Nat will be all dressed to go somewhere and I'll still be trying to pick out a tie and shirt combination that looks right to me. The tie looks too loud with the shirt—I put on a different shirt—then I put on a different tie—then I'm more confused than I was to start. I don't blame her for getting impatient, but it's my idiosyncrasy, so I go right on concentrating on it—"

It was a tie incident which no doubt built itself up into a gossip item one evening when pal Alan Curtis was to accompany them to an affair. Natalie was ready to go when Alan called for them, and Bob wasn't. When by all-round agreement Alan and Natalie went on ahead, and Bob



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arrived alone a little later, spectator's eyebrows started rising.

An intimate friend makes an interesting comment on the Huttons:

"Bob and Natalie are very young young marrieds," he says. "They're very close companions—small things pertaining to each other are important to them, can become very big. I've seen them have a small, human argument—and, like two kids in love anywhere, 'not speak' for quite a while afterwards. Being miffed is just one way of being even more concerned, more conscious of each other. I'd hate to see a third party try to say something against one of them to the other—he'd get a quick reaction. Or get Bob out for an afternoon or evening and try getting his mind off his wrist watch. He's looking at it every fifteen minutes, waiting for the time to phone, or see Natalie again—"

The stork rumors, although of a happier nature, are also untrue as this is written. When they start on a family Bob has it all planned—two boys and a girl. If the ratio sounds a bit arbitrary, look at it this way—there'll be a boy, who has both a brother and a sister. If they don't run into trouble with priorities or something, that is.

WHAT'S really most important to any child, he thinks, is "the sincere love of a wonderful mother—which I have never been without. Can you put something in about her?" he asks eagerly. "She's very pretty, with lovely dark hair—I'm always so proud of her—"

It was his mother who wisely urged him into dramatic work at school. An actor is never "by himself"—there's always the character he is playing, a fellow who doesn't need to be self-conscious because he was written to be what he is. His mother, says Bob, gave him "every encouragement a son could have."

"The biggest thrill of getting into pictures came when I went back home to

Kingston, New York. It's a small place, about 28,000, and they made quite a fuss over me. I appreciated it, not for myself, but for Mother—it sort of paid off on all that encouragement. Kids kept knocking at the door for autographs. She answered every knock and saw that I signed for anyone who wanted me to. She's very much alive to all the requirements and possibilities of this movie-actor business—"

Also on his list of "wonderful gals" is Joan Leslie, who is "very real and unspoiled" and, moreover, is his leading lady in "Too Young To Know." The picture (omitting kicks registered by Sonny) was a happy one, because he ages several years during it—also because of Director de Cordova.

"Freddie's a friend of mine—" explains Bob, then quickly adds, "he'd have to be—to spend so much time on me—"

Someday, when such things are again available, he'll have all the shirts he wants, "good fitting ones, with long enough sleeves and comfortable collars," because that's his idea of luxury. Also, plenty of steaks to season with garlic, which he and Natalie both love. And a camping trip now and then, mostly to smell bacon cooking over a campfire—his favorite perfume, because it's such "a friendly smell."

Someday, too, he may grow nonchalant about fame and movie-fortune, which he currently can't quite believe has happened to him. Meantime, he'll go on being Adonis in Wonderland. Wondering, when he gets a laugh with a neatly-placed quip, "if it was really funny." Wondering, when asked to pose for a publicity picture at a piano, "if it would make any difference to people if they knew he couldn't really sing?" Wondering "how he got so lucky, anyhow?" He may stop all this—but it's doubtful.

Meantime, too, his friends and associates will go on wondering if there was ever a more sincere, more likable guy than this Hutton!

THE END

THE TIME IS NOW!

If there's one thing Americans love it's a Sunday punch. It may be putting the ball over from the eight-yard line, or a long pass just as the final gun is about to pop, or a long one that clears the fence with the bases full and two down in the ninth. This is the time for a "Sunday." And if we make it a good one, we'll rock our enemies back on their heels. (And I mean heels!) Invest every dollar you can in extra War Bonds. And do it today!

BY

Fredric March



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by *Richard Hudnut*

Confessions of a Lazy Guy

(Continued from page 59) and I stood still, while pedestrians brushed by. "You dope!" I told myself. "Producers hire juvenile leads partly because they're good-looking. And Lackland has plenty of looks. What happened is, he read the part better than you did. Go home, look in the mirror at that pan, chump, and laugh."

I remembered the "egg head" verdict.

I was killing, there on the sidewalk, the habit of alibi-ing myself. That first let-down, when you banish "luck" from your calculations, is bleak. Even though belief in luck is a false prop, it sometimes seems comforting!

But I took a private oath, that moment, not to kid Cotten any more. A little later when a producer, turning me down, told me, "You have too much talent, too early," I just laughed.

Those kindly brush-offs are cushions to oblivion.

DISCOURAGED, I wrote my mother what must have been virtually a small-boy letter, telling her every single worry and foreboding.

Mother replied calmly: "Why don't you try something else?" The letter intimated, sensibly enough, that, since I was going through so much spiritual and mental pain, and getting nowhere, maybe I could find peace of mind and make good at, say, driving a truck.

That jerked me up again. It forced me to ask myself, "How badly do you want to be an actor? Do you want to keep to this road, and stop whining? Or—?"

As you know, there was no happy, fictional twist ahead to save the situation. I didn't get, next day or week, a better job than the Pemberton one. It was some weeks before I got any job, five lean years before I landed a really good role.

But, believe me, shortly after you throw luck out of your philosophy—as soon as you accept the old eight-hour-a-day tenet, and realize that learning how turns the magic key—you feel appreciably stronger and, except for a normal human slump once in a while, you can whistle while you draw on your yellow gloves.

I landed some minor roles—and finally Broadway Producer Crosby Gaige gave me a definite boost with the juvenile lead in "Accent On Youth." Meanwhile, that Orson Welles who had been my not-too-prosperous neighbor two years in Greenwich Village was launching his meteoric

American career. (When scarcely old enough to play a *Dead End Kid*, he'd made a name for himself in Ireland.) I'd spotted Orson for gray matter the first time I'd ever observed him (on a sustaining program) at a broadcasting station; had even bored my wife talking about his brilliance—though not after she met him; nobody is bored who meets Orson!

It therefore was with excitement and pleasure that I accepted the Great Welles's invitation to work with him in the Mercury Theater, and it was Orson, also, who invited me to Hollywood, to act in "Citizen Kane." Ironically, I who, at various intervals, had wasted uselessly many hundreds of feet of screen test film, came to my first Hollywood job without any screen test at all.

What a first two days! Since I was to play an aged gent in a wheel chair, I had to get up at 4:30 so they could build on my rubber face, fit my wig and pluck my front hair—hair by hair—to keep the pate looking suitably bald.

Orson, who was directing as well as playing the lead, had broken an ankle, so there we were, each in a wheel chair, with a bold, controversy-making movie about to start shooting and Cotten facing, for his opening scene, a three-minute monologue. That's a lot of talk—three full pages of script.

Unfortunately I faced a camera as well as those three pages, and about 985 people, it seemed to me, were standing around. I'd do all right until, in the middle of my long speech, the camera, looming like a monster, would dolly up—rolling noiselessly as if it were creeping forward to eat me—right in my face. Each time I froze in the scene and quit!

I did manage to get on through some of them, but Orson is a perfectionist and set a Hollywood record by shooting *sixty* takes. As I staggered out of my wheel chair at 7 p.m. to go to the hotel where I had arrived the night before, a grip tried to comfort me. "You'll never see another day in Hollywood, Mr. Cotten," he assured, "just like that." Nevertheless, I walked the hotel-room floor, debating whether to hop a plane back East; didn't sleep all night and reported at 6:00 next morning to don rubber goo and wig again.

Orson then explained: The hairline hadn't photographed right after all; the sixty takes were useless. Begin again!

Conscious life seemed to cease for me.



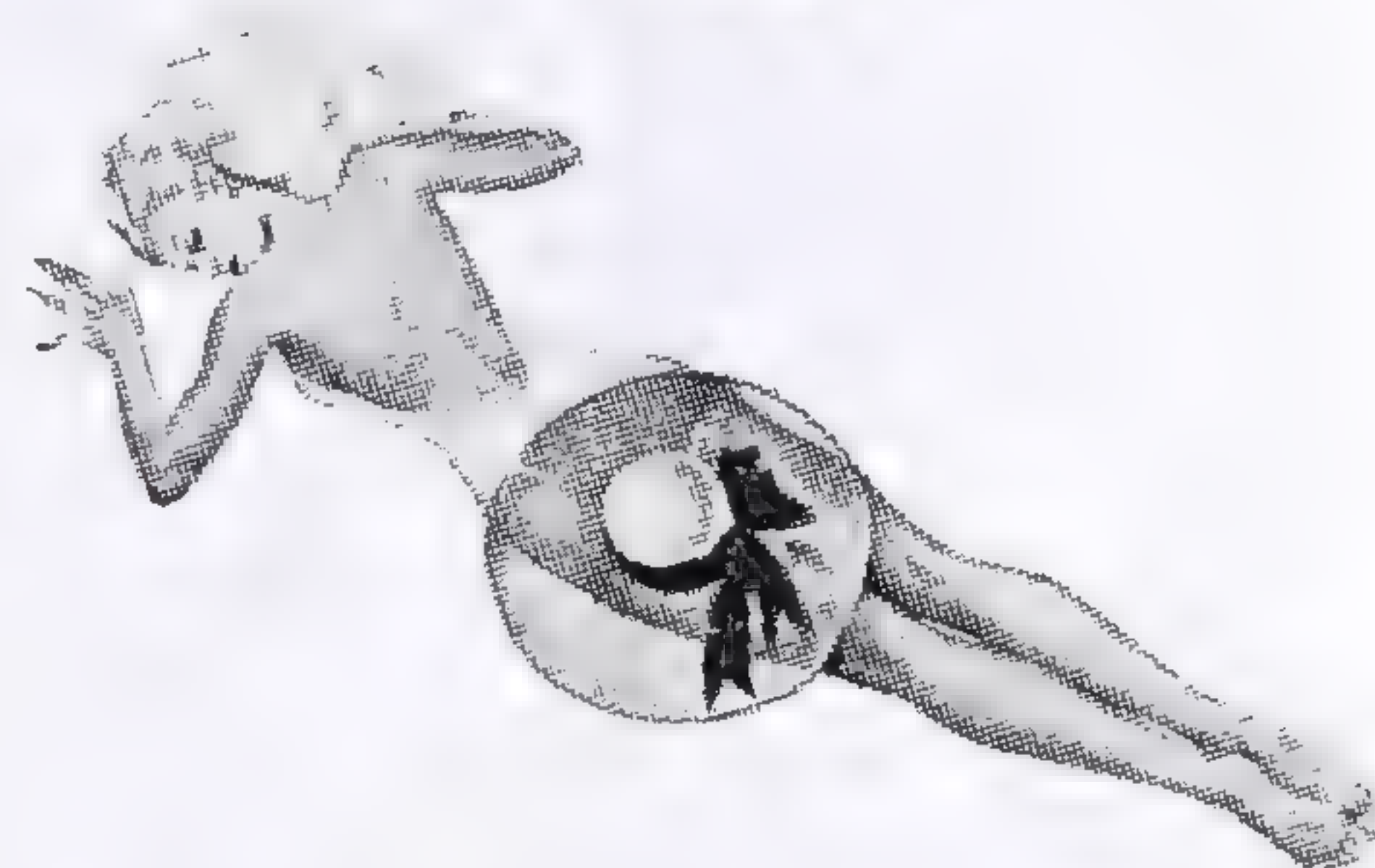
Cotten happily recalls his New York stage days—"The Philadelphia Story" in which he starred with Katharine Hepburn and Van Heflin (now in the Army)

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FRANCES DENNEY
More Beauty for You

We made two takes and I heard a voice, as from afar off, saying "Print that." Someone shook my shoulder, "You're through for the day, Mr. Cotten." The time was 9:30 a.m.

My friend the grip had been right: I had "run the gamut" of Hollywood experience in two days. I've never seen another day as hard as my first, nor another as easy as my second.

WHAT you actually do, when finally you are fortunate enough to reach working surroundings where people with knowledge perform all around you, is to learn, learn, learn. Life really becomes work, work, work. In between pictures, one's radio, publicity chores and the normal things every person does to help the war effort keep an actor so busy that it seems a relief, so far as work is concerned, to get into a new picture! What he has actually won are three things—that opportunity to learn; more *pleasure* in his work as he does grow, and freedom from the old worry about eating-money. My big personal disappointment is—I don't care a damn any more about wearing yellow gloves!

Excitement comes in odd, new ways sometimes.

Not long ago I had the clock-stopping experience of being asked to write a letter on "Success" for "The Missile," school paper of the Petersburg, Virginia, high school, which I attended. A letter to Congress, I might have done easily. But, to the girls and boys of your own old school—that requires thought. As some Oriental philosopher forgot to say, "The keen eye of youth may be a swift kick in the slacks."

I worked three long evenings on the letter, and three-fourths of it consisted of this paragraph, the principle of which affects, I believe, not only a career but all-around happiness in life:

"Real ambition does not have anything to do with success, because true ambition is really an urge felt always to perfect oneself in some field or other—and perfecting oneself is a never-ending job. 'Success' implies that a person regards himself as having reached the ultimate goal in whatever he may want to do, while ambition never relaxes in trying to do something better. Whenever a person comes to regard himself as successful, he has lost the best thing that life can give him. We should never say: 'Since I've accomplished this, I must be a success.' Even thinking such nonsense means that you've done the best you can ever do, and there are very few people in the world who can truthfully say that. It is one thing to feel satisfaction in knowing that you are on the right track toward your goal, but it is something very different ever to look on yourself as having reached final success in a career."

That translates itself into any walk of life you choose. Take a banker. Suppose he starts in life with the ambition, "I'm going to be President of the 17th National Bank." He goes through years of grind and is President of the 17th National Bank—a "success." He may find his job rather stuffy and ask, "Is this what I've been working for, all these years?" Or, pleased as punch he may pat his paunch and say, "This is me. I'm a success." In either case this man vegetates, he's at the end of the line.

But—suppose he started with *real* ambition. His aim in life was to learn more and more about the wise handling of money, the way to make it serve the community, as well as merely add up interest. He's more likely to become President of the 17th National. And he'll be just started. The funds of the bank will clear slums, help

small business, reach out in the helpful way that money can. And Brother Banker will keep on learning, enjoy life and—fortunate man—never know he's a "Success."

A GREAT professor of chemistry once told me, "if I don't study each night, I'm an out-of-date teacher next day."

In Hollywood, those stars who have been around a long while and seem to grow better with time are the ones who regard "stardom" merely as an opportunity to learn more.

Such a stance will help you vitally on the way up. You will follow the very smart course of valuing opportunity to learn—not just to earn money—as the best test of your early jobs. Jennifer Jones in "Duel In The Sun," is a fine example of this.

She had worked toward acting since childhood. When she reached Hollywood, though better grounded than most newcomers, she got only minor roles.

Not only was Jennifer not getting anywhere, but she recognized that she was learning nothing. So—back to New York and two years more of work and study. Then came the fateful day she made sufficient impression at the Selznick New York office to win an interview with D.O.S.

In spite of all this the wise Selznick had her coached and trained *two more years* before he brought her to the Coast and celluloid. That explains why real ambition, instead of the success-wish, is so important. It explains the "luck" (I'm sure you read about it!) of the girl who in her first Class A movie, "The Song of Bernadette," won the Academy Award for best actress performance of the year.

Jennifer's record is of particular application *as of today*. No longer is Hollywood the best place to make your initial bid for screen work. Studios can afford to buy proved products, proved people, at high prices, and do. If you want to write for films, "expose" yourself first to any and all kinds of writing. If you want to design dresses—learn somewhere else. If you want to act—"expose" yourself, not to Hollywood first, but to *acting*.

That last is important. Nearly every community now has local amateur theatrical groups. Get in one. Do anything they'll let you do around the place.

Winning to the inside of a Hollywood studio unprepared is a virtually hopeless gamble *after you get inside*. If you're good enough in your home town, chances are that the excellent talent scout system will find you. Or, if after training and experience, you do come out here for that "external" break, you'll be able to cash in when you get it. Remember all these things apply equally to any profession; banking, running a shop, writing—all forms of daily work that are also self-expression. (And what forms aren't?)

So here is the score as Hindsight Joe sees it: Make learning and growth, not some phony "success," your goal; expose yourself to people who are daily doing what you want to learn; never make inward excuses for failure; be sure to pick your early jobs (that's a laugh, from me, who had little choice) not by their earning power but by their training value; set yourself a work standard, or a preparation standard, of at least eight hours a day. Expect *more* work and more chance to learn, when you reach what now looks to you like "the top."

Sounds like Ol' Sobersides Joe. Don't believe that! I'm for fun, all along the road, and it's there, along with the work.

In whatever line you choose, set your sights high and, if it's eventually for out Hollywood way, and the town doesn't give me the heave-ho before you get here—

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THE END

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Hollywood Quiz

(Continued from page 39) amenable to waiting a year or two before marrying, as her parents wish her to do.

Margaret O'Brien, of the current small fry, is a darling. Last winter when Margaret and I chanced to be in New York at the same time I gave a birthday party for her.

Caroline Hummel, who plays *Dagmar* in "I Remember Mama," the New York stage hit, was one of the small guests. I thought my living room was on fire when Caroline arrived. "This is the first time Caroline has been allowed to choose her own dress," her mother laughed, explaining the brilliant red plaid her child was wearing. "She said the idea of meeting Margaret O'Brien made her feel all red inside so she must be all red outside too." Margaret, however, completely unconscious of the fact that Caroline was excited at meeting her, was shiny-eyed over meeting "a really truly stage actress!"

Another guest was Patrick O'Donnell, eight-year-old son of big General Rosie O'Donnell. That very day the General was receiving a silver star for his B29 raid over Tokyo without the loss of a single ship. Patrick, enamoured of Margaret in her pink party dress with her flowing brown hair caught with a pink Alice-In-Wonderland band, apparently had forgotten what a great day it was in the O'Donnell family until Margaret reminded him of this by her interest and awe.

"Does your father take you up in a plane with him?" she asked.

Patrick's negative answer obviously bewildered her.

"You never go flying with your father?" she asked incredulously. "But Patrick, why?"

Patrick preened proudly. "My father," he announced, "says he doesn't want to have all his eggs in one basket!"

Margaret didn't give autographs at her party. She asked for them. We all must sign her little leather book. We were constantly of the greatest interest to her. Again and again I found myself charmed by her beautiful manners, her sweetness, her sincerity and her intelligence. So was every other adult there. And every child too. Which is quite something, for children are quick to sense true values in each other.

THERE are, of course, precocious and spoiled children in Hollywood. They're the poor darlings of mothers with more ambition than maternity. They're the beruffled and becurled and the bepigtailed and beginghamed girls in second- or third-rate imitation of Shirley in her younger days and Margaret O'Brien right now. They're the boys who should be shooting marbles and building dirt forts and making horrendous noises wherever they are who, instead, sit for hours under permanent wave machines because bleached hair needs special care. They are the children who, with one or two rare exceptions, never get anywhere—at least not until they are old enough to escape their misguided mamas.

Now for those wild Hollywood parties I'm forever questioned about. To my great embarrassment—for I dearly love to be in The Know! And I always have to confess I have never seen anyone in Hollywood smoke an opium bubble pipe, fall drunken upon the floor, brandish knife or firearm at husband or wife, or engage in fisticuffs (Errol Flynn and Turhan Bey, please note)! Consequently, I never can offer my friends the vicarious thrills they obviously seek when, with a gleam in the eye, they ask about Hollywood parties.

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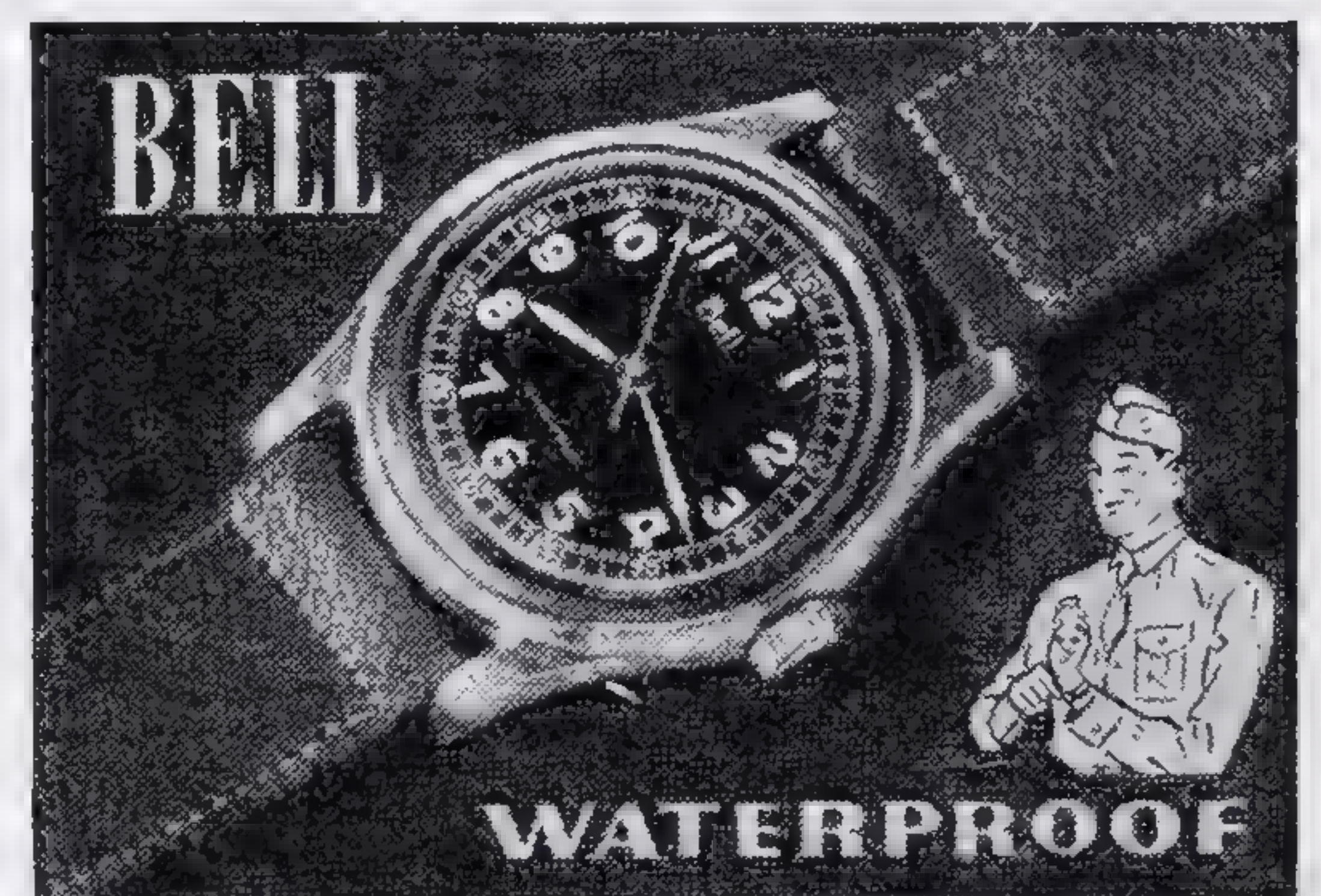
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stars, executives, writers, producers, musicians and directors. To maintain their prestige in such an intensely competitive profession these top-flighters work as hard as any welder on an assembly line. To put it bluntly, they are not in Hollywood to cut capers or to skylark. They're there to work and work hard. They get up at five-thirty in the morning and, except on Saturday evenings, they go to bed early; usually, believe it or not, about eight o'clock. On Sunday, if you give a really good party, you might keep the movie crowd until eight o'clock, certainly no later.

Actually the only difference between screen stars and those who get to the top in any other profession or industry is that the stars are more attractive physically, generally have a wider and keener interest in everything from primitive art to international politics, and work much, much harder for the war effort.

When I said something of this to a famous New York dowager the other day she snorted, "Oh, you're just a cover-up woman for Hollywood. You know perfectly well their dinner parties are drunken orgies and their morals nonexistent." I didn't attempt to convince her. I knew it would be useless. She was so much happier believing what she wanted to believe.

Some stars drink, of course. Several drink far too much. Excessive drinking, I've discovered, takes place in Hollywood, exactly as it does everywhere else, when dinner is very late or a party is very dull. Only those who are bored and seek escape drink heavily. Many stars, of course, drink nothing but wine—prefer as a matter of taste as well as discretion, California sherry or California sauterne with soda to rum or whiskey or gin. It's the Hollywood cafe set about whom you read in the papers. And the cafe set of Hollywood, like cafe sets everywhere, is composed of the restless members of society, those most likely to act indiscreetly, to make headlines, and to get into all kinds of trouble.

Whether or not the stars are conceited is a question less simply answered. John Barrymore used to say the girls in pictures were hunger-fighters who used their natural feminine penchant for dressing up and posing to earn the money they needed to feed their families. About the men in pictures—although he was one of them—he felt differently. He insisted any man who could sit before a mirror and shape his eyebrows and powder his face and pose before a camera all day long was a con-



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ceited jackass and the less society expected of him the better. However, I've often thought that John, saying this, deliberately put aside deeper truths for the sake of being amusing. As he did occasionally. Acting is much more than posing. It is the *art* of creating a character and playing upon an audience's emotions.

There can be no doubt, however, that the stars enjoy exhibiting and, unhampered by any sense of inferiority, appear to splendid advantage when they are on display. Also, the stars, generally speaking, are men and women so preoccupied with themselves that they do not resent spending hours every day in front of a mirror while hairdressers and make-up men and tailors and dressmakers work over them. I personally gave up any wish to be a movie star—which was just as well no doubt—the day the late Jean Harlow told me her platinum tresses required her to spend from one to two hours every day of her life in a hairdressing chair!

Often enough, however, stars are erroneously accused of having gone high-hat and of being insufferably conceited when they're merely watching their professional interests. I remember Claudette Colbert, when she was just finding her starry stride, refusing with a true Frenchwoman's vehemence, as well as realism, to permit a prize milk-giving cow to be named after her.

"Can you imagine the jokes that would inspire?" she demanded, truly horrified at her publicity department's inability to see beyond their nose for news. "Can you see the photographs of me the newspapers would use—and the photographs of the cow!"

There's no doubt Claudette was entirely right. But the personnel of the publicity department went about complaining she had gone high-hat. "Threw away thou-

sands of dollars worth of newspaper space," they said. "Some people just can't stand success!"

Are the stars conceited? Not on the grounds upon which they're damned as such usually!

WHEN I'm asked about the best-dressed women and the best-dressed men in pictures I really have fun. My list always seems to surprise my friends. The ten best-dressed women in my book—in the order of their distinction—are: Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Rita Hayworth, Irene Dunne, Gene Tierney, Greer Garson, Ingrid Bergman, Carole Landis, June Allyson, Maria Montez.

To be truly well dressed a woman must have sophistication. Which accounts for the fact that only June Allyson of the very young set makes my list. Judy Garland, for instance, who is truly charming and one of Hollywood's first actresses and whom I adore, doesn't belong in any such list. Since Judy looks well enough in almost anything she has not yet given her clothes the thought clothes need if they are to be distinctive and individual.

We Americans have a great habit of copying each other. Walk along any fashionable thoroughfare and practically every woman you see will be well dressed. Only the few, however, will have distinction and individuality.

The Hollywood women named above never look like anyone else but they stand out in any gathering although there is never anything glaring or outre about them.

Maria Montez in that group is perfectly dressed always for her type.

It's only recently Greer belongs there; only since she overcame the original English dowdiness, which marked her first years in America, and learned stream-

lining.

Ingrid Bergman's inclusion is, of course, surprising. Scandinavians usually do not have Ingrid's flair for the simple smart look.

And here are my ten best-dressed men, in the order of their distinction: Ronald Colman, Cary Grant, Fred Astaire, Gary Cooper, Clifton Webb, Bob Montgomery, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, Bob Hutton.

Again we find the youngsters, with the exception of Bob Hutton, conspicuous by their absence. Turhan Bey and Van Johnson, for instance, have no place on such a list. Neither have Alan Ladd and Gregory Peck.

Among other things, the kids are likely to be too conscious of their clothes. A truly well-dressed man appears not to be aware of what he is wearing; the assumption being, of course, that he has worn proper attractive habiliments all his life. Which explains, incidentally, my omission of Adolphe Menjou's name, even though Adolphe has made more lists of well-dressed gents than I can count. The Menjou grooming is meticulous, I grant, but far too deliberate and studied for my taste. In a lesser degree this was previously true of Robert Taylor. Lately, however, Bob is increasingly at ease whatever he is wearing.

Hollywood, you see, has changed completely. Nowadays it is comprised of the greatest artists from all fields of endeavor. Consequently, it takes quite a bit of being and doing to really rank there. It isn't remotely the place it used to be when stars were born overnight because of clothes hanger shoulders or bedroom eyes. And beggars in pink limousines behaved no better than the old-fashioned beggars on horseback.

THE END.

The Truth about Van Johnson's Health

(Continued from page 29) general uneasiness and fear in the minds of the many who have found that gaiety and good cheer, of which Lana Turner spoke so affectionately, in his pictured roles. If people went around in a state of perpetual concern about the health of this young favorite it would seem to me extremely depressing for them—and even worse for him. It would give almost anybody a jittery feeling to know that while he felt quite well and was going about his business the general public might take it into its collective head to think he was dead.

For myself, I think it goes even deeper than that. As Franklin Delano Roosevelt said, we have nothing to fear but fear itself. I don't think Van Johnson, who in the opinion of everybody around here is about as nice a guy as Hollywood has ever had in its midst, should live under any such cloud of fear.

Also, since they do love him, the public has a right to some reassurance in this matter. We all have enough legitimate worries in these days without thinking something might happen to someone we love when there is no cause to think that.

This was particularly strong in my thought because one night when I was coming out of a broadcast on which Van Johnson had appeared I saw about 5,000 people waiting in a crowd to get a glimpse of him, and as I looked at their faces I saw real affection and a sort of smiling friendliness that couldn't help but touch your heart. Fathers were holding up little children, old ladies were shoving for a better view, service men were grinning and I was near enough in the crowd at the top of the steps to hear Van Johnson say in a breathless kind of voice, "It's wonderful, of course, but I don't know what it's

all about. I can't understand why they feel that way."

There isn't ever any real explanation, I suppose. Perhaps it's because he is the kind of idealized version of all the boys who are so far away—the sons and the sweethearts who are fighting overseas. Perhaps he fills the empty place in our hearts. But whether you can explain it or not, there it is and thank God for it, because it's a good, clean thing and a heart-warmer in these cold and lonely days.

SO I thought I would like to give you a report on Van Johnson's health and then we can forget all about it.

Headquarters is where I was taught to start as a reporter, so I went to headquarters. To the doctor who saved Van Johnson's life the night he had that terrible automobile accident, who has taken care of him ever since, and who is not only his physician but his friend, father confessor and spiritual guide as well.

Being a modest man as well as an extremely orthodox and rigidly ethical member of the medical profession, the doctor said he would give me the facts but it would be better if I didn't use his name, didn't I think so, because it was never a good idea for a doctor to appear in print except in the medical journals.

I explained that if you were physician to the Crown Prince of Hollywood you might as well get used to it and that even Lord Dawson of Penn, who besides being a shining light in the British medical world, had signed bulletins on the state of health of the King and Queen, because the public expected it. I couldn't, I said—and I'm sure you will agree—give out a report on Van Johnson's health any-

mously and expect readers to believe it.

So. The doctor's name is William E. Branch. Everybody in Hollywood knows Bill Branch because you cannot take care of such folks as Spencer Tracy and Lana Turner and Joan Crawford and stay under a bushel forever. As a matter of fact four or five people had already told me that Dr. Branch said to Keenan Wynn when he regained consciousness after his accident: "I am getting very tired of this. If you and Van cannot learn to drive and ride motorcycles I wish you would walk."

I already had a pretty complete file on Van Johnson's tragic accident, which was one of those accidents that happen all too frequently in the United States when kids (if Mr. Johnson will forgive me) drive cars. He hit something and something hit him and he cracked his head wide open and nearly died.

His guardian angel arrived, if a bit late, on the scene because when he collapsed he did it with his head against the curb stone, which kept the severed artery from bleeding. Also when the people who picked him up called the M-G-M lot, the M-G-M chief of police was right there and got him in an ambulance and to the hospital in record time where Dr. Branch put him back together. There was a hole in the front of his head and they patched that up with bone and muscles from his shoulder.

Naturally, the accident had a lot of publicity then and it had even more later when it had to be explained why such a husky youngster wasn't in uniform. And that, I can't help but feel, was back of this fantastic story that Van Johnson was dead. That pity and concern that he'd been so badly hurt and did a man ever quite get over that kind of an injury and all that.



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The first question I asked Dr. Branch therefore was, "What's the state of Van Johnson's general health at this moment?"

"He's in magnificent health," Dr. Branch said. "In splendid general health. No reason why he shouldn't be. Fine constitution."

"Is he in any danger from the injury to his head in that automobile accident?" I asked.

"Not if he takes proper care of himself," Dr. Branch said, "if he doesn't overdo nor get over-heated or over-excited. I'll try to explain it to you."

He did, in complicated terms of which I understood only about one in three. But with the X-rays and all I finally got it down to facts you and I can understand. Like any injury, this one of Van's has to have time to heal completely. Nature has already done most of it in her own inimitable and glorious fashion. Within a year, a year and a half, two years, it will be entirely healed and well. Meantime, like any other broken bone, too much strain and stress shouldn't be put on it. No serious results would follow, but in battle, let's say, or over-exercise, it might not hold. Sometimes he gets those headaches which Lana described, and that's when he hasn't followed instructions. Aside from that, he is normal and well and there isn't anything to worry about.

"There isn't anything more to be done for him medically," Dr. Branch said, "no further operations, no treatment. Time is the only thing he needs to be 100% okay again—and he's got plenty of that so I don't see why anybody need be disturbed about him. Since they won't have him in the armed forces, so far as I know he should live to be about 102."

"Did the injury have an effect upon his brain at all?" I asked.

"Never touched the brain," said Dr. Branch impatiently, "just the skull. Good thick skull, fortunately for him."

There is the report from headquarters and if you knew Dr. William E. Branch as well as we do you would heave a long sigh of relief.

But I thought I might as well ask a few more questions around and about, so I talked to Vic Fleming, who directed him in "A Guy Named Joe" and to Mervyn LeRoy who did the very difficult and wear-

ing scenes in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." Actually, all they had to say was that he was a kid it was a pleasure to work with. A very nice guy, they said.

A woman who knows him rather well said an interesting thing to me. There was another report, this time that Van had married a Chicago socialite secretly some months ago. This woman friend said, "I don't think Van will ever marry secretly. He just isn't that kind of a guy. I don't believe he would marry any girl he wasn't proud to marry, he's rather an idealist about women, you know. His greatest ideal is Irene Dunne, as everybody knows. You can't look any higher than that, can you? I know he hopes he won't fall in love with an actress. You see, he wants a home—he's very New England about that. And he doesn't think a home is ever quite the same if a woman doesn't stay in it and take care of it and love it as her first concern."

"That's why he has never brought his father out here to live. They are closer than any father and son I ever saw. But his father is a New Englander, too, and Van says he would not like to live in California because he wouldn't like to leave his own home where he has lived so many years."

"Besides," she said, "Van says he likes to think of that home to go back to. He says it gives him a nice warm feeling inside to know that the home where he lived as a boy, where he and his father spent so much time together when he was young, is still right there."

All those things in a town where people are not always inclined to give the guy on top the best of it made me glad that Van Johnson is in good health and is going to continue to be.

Made me think we ought always to send him the best thoughts we know how, strong thoughts, good thoughts, and prayers for his well being since he has created so much love in human hearts so badly in need of love. We oughtn't ever to accept anything but the best kind of thoughts about him—or any other American boy if we can help it. It's a lot more comfortable for everybody. And if thought has power it's sort of an obligation to think well. Especially of those we love.

THE END



Lena Horne, back from a U.S.O. camp tour, presents Thomas A. Morgan, national chairman of the United Negro fund, with a check from our Negro service men abroad

Temptations of a Girl Who Waits

(Continued from page 47) wait for. She argues she still loves only him. But the thing rushes at her headlong and she's in water so deep she can't get out.

My heart has never been with anyone but Will, yet I have caught myself watching a friend of Will's and mine. He looks so much like Will. He has so many of his characteristics. What he has done is bring back a bit of my husband to me to fill the lonely moments. However, we have made sure that our friendship has remained just that—and nothing more.

I can only say to girls who meet this rather ordinary problem that they must watch the company they keep.

MY friend Kathryn Grayson makes it a strict point never to go anywhere even with close friends while her husband, Lieut. John Shelton, is overseas. Often she has told me how much she would like to go dancing. So would I. But neither of us does.

Yet, I've felt loneliness so much at times that I've caught myself starting to hold the hand of a person next to me in a theater, just as I used to do with Will. It seems such a natural gesture to me. So combating this loneliness is a difficult job, but it must be done if the tap root of all temptation is to be chopped off.

Every woman who waits knows the awful dread that comes when no letters arrive. You watch the mailman coming down the street. And there is nothing so cold and awful as his pleasant smile as he says good morning and passes you by.

I didn't hear from Will for an entire month when he went overseas. I had no idea where he had gone. But I continued to write him every day as usual. Then, in one day, I got four letters from him. He had been on a naval transport in the Pacific on the way to Iwo Jima and no letters had gone out.

When no letter arrives, some women either think the man has forgotten them or they stop writing themselves. Or else they write angry and complaining notes to their men.

Every woman who loves her man must guard against the temptation to become suspicious of him when no letters arrive. She must remember that much of the mail is lost. She must not use lack of mail as an excuse for going out and losing her sense of perspective. And she shouldn't write him annoyed letters, berating him for his silence.

The men over there often don't have the opportunity to write, but they always have the intention. We can at least write them and believe in them.

I cannot understand how a woman can permit herself to feel that her man is not coming back to her. I couldn't face my God if I allowed myself to think that Will wasn't coming back. Yet, such a defeatist attitude is another common temptation. Or rather, it's frequently used as an excuse for a girl's unexemplary actions.

This type thinks one or two out-of-line dates are not important. Then come more affairs. And finally she says to herself, "Why shouldn't I have fun? He won't come home, anyway. I can't be left entirely alone."

Once a girl loses her belief in the protection and guidance of God over her man, she has lost herself and stands a good chance of losing most of her fineness as a woman.

We women may think of the possibility of death. We may let it consume us with a great fear. But always in our hearts if we believe, we say, "When he comes home,

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we'll do this." But we never, never use the word if.

There are women, too, who use rumor as an excuse for going off the deep end. Believing that their men are cavorting gaily around foreign lands, they adopt the attitude of, "Well, I'll have a wonderful time, too. I'll show him!" But no woman ever shows up a man if she uses a mere rumor as an excuse.

I knew a girl who heard about men having such a good time in Paris. She knew her sweetheart was in the European theater, but she hadn't heard from him for several weeks.

She was sure he was having one gay time. So she started to "show him." He came home recently. He saw what had happened to her and he never saw her again.

She hadn't waited long enough to find out that he had been in the battle of the Ardennes—and that was why he hadn't been able to write.

ONE of the not so spectacular but oh so insidious temptations that besets us women who wait is a loss of interest in the things around us and in ourselves. Who cares what I look like or what I do, we're all too apt to say. And therein lies a very real danger.

I know one woman who has fought the temptation to stagnate from the day her husband left. She has set out to rid herself of her frustrations. She has analyzed the things she felt were wrong about her marriage—and has consistently tried to improve them.

I know I've changed since I haven't had Will near me. I've not been as careless about my appearance as I was before. For a while, it was tempting to come home from work on my new picture with my make-up on, put on any old dress and sit down to any old dinner. But that could become a habit. A habit that would annoy Will when he came home. Now, I spend an extra half hour at the studio to remove my make-up. I come home, take a shower and put on a fresh and presentable dress for dinner. I dine just as though he were here with me, holding my hand—as if there were nothing more important to me than appearing as alluring as possible for him.

In everything I do now, Will is with me. He's on my mind consciously all of the time. Even in my relationship to my little daughter I've trained myself to be keenly aware of his right. I adore my baby. But she is also Will's child. And he is my husband. I love them both. I can't let my love be greater for my child than it is for Will just because he is away. Not if I'm to hold on to my happiness—and to Will's too.

As I've been writing this, I've felt Will very close to me. I do miss him so much. I'm like all women in that respect. I miss him in little things. The bathroom, for example, is clean and tidy. None of his perpetual wet towels are around for him to stamp on. But in its very tidiness, I miss him so that my heart cries out for him.

Nothing is any fun any more. When I get all dressed up to go to a premiere, I'm empty inside. When people say, "How nice you look," it doesn't mean a thing. Will didn't say it.

I miss him when I come home from the studio and his cheery welcome isn't there to greet me. I feel him in all the cold silence in the house, in all the echoes in my heart.

But all women who really love their men feel as I do. Our only job is to remember that we love them. Is it so hard to remember love? I don't think so. Not with a bit of trying.

THE END

A Man and His Dreams

(Continued from page 45) whether ballyhoo alone could in the long run make a star out of anyone who didn't have the essential qualifications.

"Of course," he said, "fellows like Van Johnson, Robert Walker and a few others have come up suddenly but they would have won recognition at any other time. They have the stuff. And besides," he added, "they had their struggles too. They weren't overnight successes. When an actor gets a break all the public hears about is the success that follows it. There is seldom any ballyhoo about the failures that preceded it."

DENNIS was thinking about his own background and the long pull he had before the real break came. There were his early days in vaudeville, his attempts to put himself over as a radio singer and announcer, his essays into the field of light opera, his long sessions in stock at South Bend, Indiana, and the grueling grind of one-night stands in a condensed version of "Faust."

What that did was to pave the way for him to meet Mary Garden, the noted opera singer, who was then on a talent-scouting mission for one of the big studios. She arranged a screen test and shortly afterwards he was signed to a studio contract.

But his arrival in Hollywood, instead of launching him on a career, started him twisting and turning on the road of frustration and dismay. Singers weren't very popular in those days. He languished and fumed and thought of giving the whole thing up and going back home. The fact that he had dropped his own name Stanley Morner didn't help either. Maybe he should have consulted a numerologist.

However, he got something more substantial than numerology in the person of David Hempstead. David was in the throes of casting "Kitty Foyle." He had set his heart on one of the top stars to play opposite Ginger and was unable to borrow him. One evening, to get his mind off his troubles, he dropped in at a movie house. It was a dull little picture called "State Cop," but suddenly David sat bolt upright in his seat. A young actor caught his attention, a personable, handsome and manly young actor whom David had never seen before.

The next day he phoned Ginger Rogers. "I've got our man," he said.

"What's his name?" said Ginger.

"I don't know, but I'll find out," David replied as he hung up, leaving a gasping Miss Rogers on the other end of the wire.

David returned to the theater, caught the picture credits and the next day had Dennis Morgan in his office. He phoned Ginger again.

"I've got our man," he said.

"What's his name?" Ginger repeated in a voice that indicated that the conversation of the previous day was still continuing.

"Dennis Morgan," said David.

"Never heard of him," said Ginger mockingly and hung up. It was David's turn to gasp.

However, he later overrode her objections to having an unknown in the part and when Ginger saw Morgan's test she was as enthusiastic as David had been.

From that moment Dennis Morgan was in.

Dennis takes the success that has come to him since then with a cool eye. The upward climb was not too easy. In fact it wasn't until he burst forth in "The Desert Song" and "Shine On Harvest Moon" that he really came into his own. The returning tide of musicals had come at the right moment for him. Yet there was still some tough sledding ahead to persuade his studio to give him a picture like "God Is My Co-Pilot."

HIS best friend is Jack Carson. He and Jack grew up together in Milwaukee, attended the same school and shared some rough and tumble experiences in vaudeville. Both are now under contract to Warner Brothers. Whenever the studio throws a party for visiting exhibitors Carson and Morgan are up on the stage wowing them with old vaudeville routines and songs.

A few years ago Carson used to harangue Dennis. He would tell him he wasn't taking his career seriously enough. The truth of the matter is that Carson was right. Dennis was letting outside interests and diversions become increasingly important in his life. Recently, however, there has been a marked change in his attitude. His friends attribute this in part to Carson's influence and also to the fact that Dennis at last is getting the kind of roles he wants to play.

His success has made him more serious but it hasn't robbed him of his enthusiasms. He gets as much fun out of life as he ever did, but he has learned to discipline himself. "Fun is fun," he says, "if you keep it in its place."

Dennis doesn't go in for night-club life. His idea of a good time is to sing barber-shop quartets with Andy Devine, Bob Shayne and Jack Carson—either in their homes or his. He has a passion for music and a love for his home.

It was during the making of "My Reputation," in which he stars with Barbara Stanwyck, that Morgan discovered his ideal home—not the La Canada hacienda but the one he and Lillian will build one day themselves. It's a New England farm house—the one built for "My Reputation." He got the plans for it from the studio architects and someday, when the war is over and he will be doing just an occasional movie, dividing his time between Hollywood and the concert stage, he's going to build that house, but not in California. It'll be either in Oregon or Minnesota or some such cold spot where the fish are jumping, where he can even saw through blocks of ice and fish during the winter. It's his favorite sport.

Another venture which he is planning for post-war days is flying. His ambition is to take lessons from Colonel Robert Lee Scott, famous ace of the one-time Flying Tigers and author of "God Is My Co-Pilot."

Morgan's admiration for the drawling Georgian whom he portrays on the screen is unbounded. When we returned from our Lakeside luncheon, Dennis introduced him by saying, "Here's a guy I'd like to fly with!"

But Dennis Morgan is doing okay these days flying high on his own.

THE END

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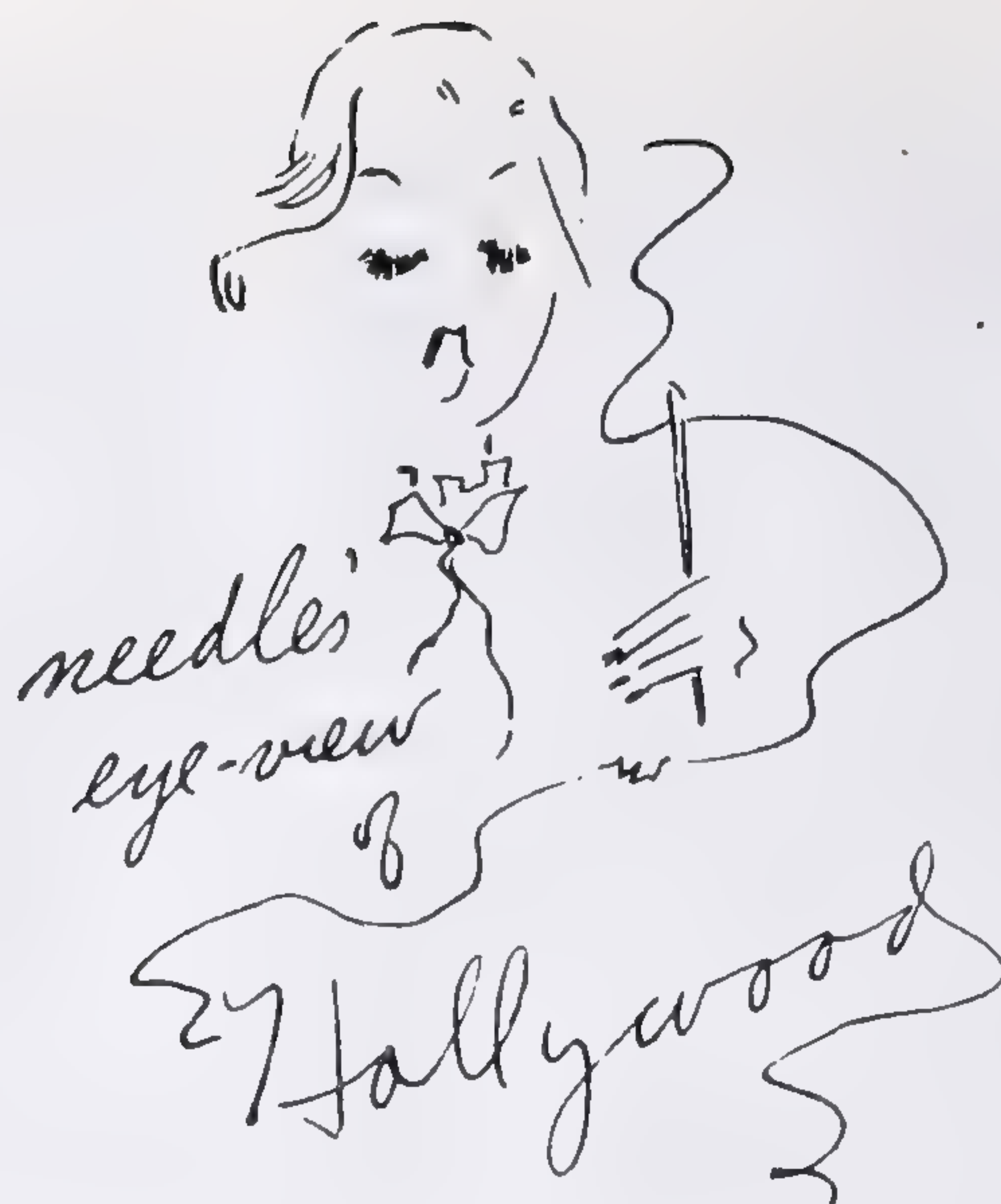
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THERE'S no star in Hollywood with a more innate sense of chic than eight-year-old Margaret O'Brien. Where other child stars have gone in for curls, ruffles, hair-bows, sashes and fur coats, Maggie craves simplicity. "She wants braids," her mother says, "and everything that goes with them." Wiser than many of her seniors, Margaret knows her type—and dresses it!

Everyone on the big Metro lot is drooling over the negligee which Irene designed for Katie Hepburn. It is white chiffon—more than fifteen yards in the billow skirt—trimmed with white satin leaves appliqued here and there. A huge scarf of white ostrich plumes is worn with it, plus jewelled satin slippers. In this concoction, Katie looks like an angel.

Mrs. Fred MacMurray's hats are as smart as any in town. Which is saying a great deal. However, they cost a fraction of what most hats cost. She makes them herself. She has genius for turning a flower, a bit of straw and polka-dot veiling into a chapeau which makes the girls turn around for a quick second glance and brings that whistling look into men's eyes.

Edith Head, designer at Paramount, fastens her white blouses at the cuffs and down the front with little gold safety pins. It all began because Edith is a button loser from way back. And it's all so smart that it has become a Hollywood vogue.

The girls really staged a fashion show at the baby shower they gave for Hedy Lamarr. Ann Sothorn looked springy in a trim navy blue crepe suit with a tiny white straw poke-type hat trimmed with navy blue tulle and a sable scarf casually slung over her arm. Norma Shearer, in a bright beige shantung tailored dress, was stunning. Her accessories were a deeper luggage tan and her shoulder bag was bright Kelly green. Perhaps the loveliest costume of all was on Mel Milland—a heavy black silk tailored suit topped by a small white hat with white chrysanthemums falling over the edge to frame her face. Hedy looked cool and trim in a gray and white figured knee-length smock of soft crepe which tied high at the neck with a bright red bow. Hedy wore this over a comfortably full black crepe skirt.

Joan Fontaine went to Phil Ohman's opening at Ciro's in a dream hat to end all dream hats. A tiny fitted cap effect of lacy black straw on which were draped exquisite large pink roses with heavy green stems—all at a rather cockeyed angle—two of the flowers draping down behind her left ear. As usual Joan wore her hair rather severely in a huge bun at the back of her neck.

So many Hollywood girls favor semi-formal, dark high-necked dresses with short skirts these nights. With these suits they wear tiny chalk white hats, very short bolero type jackets of ermine and white gloves. A charming costume this, and especially effective in the dim lights of restaurants and night spots. After all, the white bolero doesn't have to be of ermine.

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fashion next*

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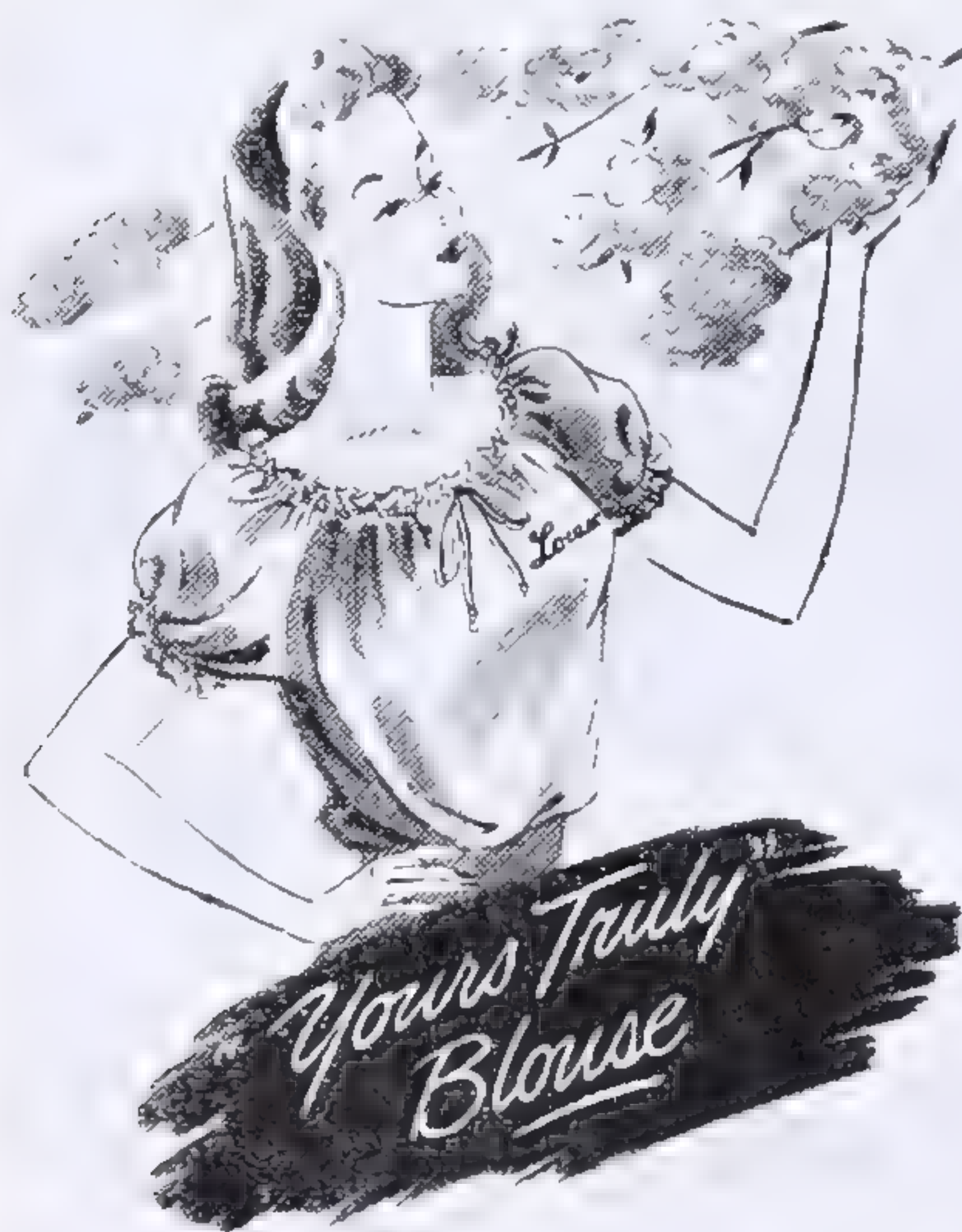
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Nora Eddington Talks about Her Marriage

(Continued from page 31) and I was the happiest girl in the world."

Suddenly a little catch came into her voice, "I wouldn't have minded his going out with other girls without me before and after we were married, because I'm not jealous. But what hurts is that people look at me as though I were just a cheap girl who passed in and out of his life. Just a few days ago I overheard a group of girls saying, 'That Nora Eddington! She thinks she married Errol Flynn!'"

I said, "Nora, what will you do? You can't continue to live by yourself, never see people and see Errol only when he wants to see you and not see you when he isn't in the mood."

"I've thought it all out," she replied. "I plan to get a divorce and live quietly with my baby. I don't want any money from him for myself. All I want is support for our daughter. I intend to get a job and support myself. I might go back to Mexico—at least long enough to get the divorce. My mother is a Mexican and I speak Spanish as fluently as I do English. I know the people down there. That is why I wanted my baby born there and why I may seek my divorce in Mexico."

"I hate the thought of a divorce because I was the child of a divided family. I spent half my time with my father and half with my mother and grandmother." Nora is now living with her father and stepmother. She adores her stepmother who has been with her through all her troubles.

It is impossible to talk with this girl for any length of time and not like her and realize that she has character and a good background. I thought to myself, "She is a girl any man should be proud to call his wife." It was with a feeling of real sympathy for her that I asked, "Do you think there is a chance of a reconciliation?"

She shook her head. "I don't see how Errol can change—he wouldn't be Errol if he did. I'm glad that when I think of him it is always about how tender and sweet and thoughtful he was when my baby was born."

"He has always been good to me. We have never had any quarrels—not serious ones, anyway—just a few words. I know that he loves the baby very much. She is so beautiful—and he is very proud of her."

I could agree to that. Soon after Errol had come back from Mexico I met him at a party and while he refused to admit his marriage to Nora, he raved about the baby. "She's the most beautiful little baby I ever

saw," he told me enthusiastically. "From the minute she was born she wasn't all red and shriveled up. She is really a little beauty. And don't think she can't turn the charm on and off at will."

"Just like her old man," I laughed.

I repeated this to Nora and she smiled. "Yes, I read that in your column and I was glad that Errol told you about the baby. The only thing he has ever said that hurt me to the quick was when he was quoted saying, 'If I were married as many times as the papers say I would win an Academy Award for bigamy.' That really hurt although," she added quickly, "he says he never made such a remark. And I believe him."

I asked Nora if it had ever crossed her mind to become an actress. She is so very pretty and she has a beautifully modulated speaking voice.

"I don't know just what I want to do," she admitted. "I want to earn enough money to take good care of my baby. I am sure there is a job somewhere for me. But, first, I want peace of mind. I want to find a small house here and get settled with the baby for she is my first consideration. After that, I'll start planning my future life."

THE LAST thing that was in her mind was any chance of a legal fracas with Errol over financial settlement. "I'll take whatever he gives me," she said. "I know he will do the right thing about the baby. You see, I know Errol and in spite of his flirtatious ways—there is a fineness about him. Sometimes he seems to me like a lovable little boy. He makes me feel so mature in comparison, and so maternal, that I sometimes wonder if I am still madly, passionately in love with him. If I were I think I would go crazy with jealousy—but I am not that way."

If I ever heard a girl whistling in the dark—that was it! When she spoke of wondering if she loved him passionately I knew she was trying hard to convince herself. She didn't convince me. I know by everything she told me and by the standards of her upbringing that Nora had hoped for a happy, normal married life with the man she loves.

I said, "Nora, you are so young to be bolstering yourself with philosophy and makeshifts. Every woman has the right to a home and a husband and children."

She answered quickly, "I can only repeat what I told you before. You mustn't blame Errol. I knew his views when I married him." (Continued on page 98)

"Along Came Cooper"

It's a laugh-provoking side of Gary you've never seen

by—

That Noted Writer

Nunnally Johnson

In August Photoplay

Pixie from Dixie

Nobody can seem to say exactly what Johnny Mercer has. Slightly from pixie—maybe. But at any rate, this Georgia boy is just about the most sensational character to hit the record business in recent years. For Johnny not only sings tunes and writes them, but as president of *Capitol Records* he supervises all the *other* recordings the company makes as well.



1. His latest record, 'On the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe' with The Pied Pipers, will be released this month. Insiders say it will cause as much comment—nation-wide—as the assassination of McKinley. If so, it will be the 24th smash hit *Capitol* has recorded in the three short years of its existence.



2. One reason for Capitol's spectacular success is the fact that the company has its home in Hollywood—the greatest talent pool in the world. But even more important is the musical intuition of Mercer and Buddy De Sylva, chairman of *Capitol's* board. These two have set a whole new trend in the popular record business.



3. In three years they have picked more young talent such as The King Cole Trio—and lined them up under *Capitol's* banner—than all the rest of the record firms combined. This, together with the uncanny knack both seem to have for matching talent with tunes, has skyrocketed the young company right up among the old established leaders.



Billy Butterfield
Benny Carter The King Cole Trio
Dennis Day The Great Gildersleeve
Betty Hutton Johnnie Johnston Stan Kenton
Johnny Mercer Ella Mae Morse Margaret O'Brien
Harry Owens The Pied Pipers Tex Ritter
Andy Russell Bobby Sherwood Freddie Slack
Jo Stafford Martha Tilton Paul Weston

SUNSET AND VINE • HOLLYWOOD 28

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Boogie ★ Mr. Five By Five ★ Swinging on a Star ★
I Lost My Sugar in Salt Lake City ★ I Dream of You
★ Besame Mucho ★ Straighten Up and Fly Right ★
Shoo-Shoo Baby ★ His Rocking Horse Ran Away
★ Her Tears Flowed Like Wine ★ Long Ago and Far
Away ★ Elks' Parade ★ Old Black Magic ★ My Ideal

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A make-up discovery! *Practically colorless*—permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with youthful beauty. A face powder specially created for use with Overglo or any tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation. \$1 plus tax.



(Continued from page 96) He can't endure the feeling of being restrained. He must be free to come and go. A wife who demanded a conventional life would become like an iron chain to him. I couldn't bear that."

"Then you must begin to believe that there is happiness and brightness ahead for you with someone else," I told her. "You are so young. You will meet and marry another man after this hectic, publicized chapter in your life is past."

She nodded her head. "I do believe that there is happiness for me somewhere. Of course, I cannot think now of any other man. I can't believe I will love like this again. Only time can tell about that. But I have one wonderful thing—my little girl, Deirdre. When I take her in my arms everything seems all right. A woman doesn't live until she has had a baby. Because of her—any unhappiness I may have had was worth it—and more."

It was time for Nora to get home to her baby. As she left she said, "When you write a story—please, for my sake, don't make Errol a heavy—or blame him. There aren't any heavies in our story. It just happened—the way it happened. Someday I know in my heart that he will admit our marriage. He practically did," she smiled, "according to his fashion, when he told a reporter: 'Yes, we're married. But it's nobody's business.'"

I thought about that—and about Nora—a long time after she had gone. Then just a week later an interesting thing happened.

Nora telephoned me to ask if Doctor Martin and I would come to Errol's house the following Sunday for luncheon. We went. Errol was his most charming self, a delightful host. Nora was in seventh heaven as he introduced her to Hollywood as his wife. She showed me a gold bracelet he had just given her and she was radiant and so gracious as she received the Gary Coopers, the David Selznicks, Sir Charles Mendl, Ida Lupino and other guests who had been invited to meet her.

It was a warm enough day for summer clothes and the garden outside was filled with Errol's friends. After luncheon the guests lingered on talking with the bride and groom.

As I left I said to Nora, "What about the divorce?"

"Today I feel that I never want a divorce," she replied. "But I cannot say that I have definitely decided not to give Errol his freedom. I want to do what he wants and I think he is happier as a bachelor."

Yet pride was in every look and gesture of Flynn's as he stood with her, proudly presenting her to his friends. For Nora is no ordinary girl. She has a rare sweetness and character.

And this I know—she will do what seems best for "Flynn," as she calls him.

THE END

We knew it!

You've just finished checking the
BACHELOR SCORE CARD
on page 48, and you couldn't locate
the guy you go for.

But wait!

You'll find him all right—when the
balance of the bachelors appear—
in alphabetical order

NEXT MONTH

Peg of Our Hearts

(Continued from page 51) New York City.

The thought was put into effect and presently there was little Peggy Ann, preening herself, small-girl fashion, before a full-length mirror.

A handsome stranger stepped up.

"Is your little girl a professional model?"

"Professional? Why, no."

"Well, she should be," said the gentleman. "If you'd like to consider the profession for her, look me up." He flipped out his card and he turned out to be John Robert Powers, who hires all those pretty girls you see in the advertisements.

WHEN Mrs. Garner discovered that Peggy Ann could pick up five or ten or twenty dollars—as she got more experienced—merely for standing still for five minutes before a camera wearing a hat, or coat, or dress or some such, she began thinking about Peggy's college education. She herself had gone to Greenbrier College, in the old South, and at the time of Peggy's birth had enrolled the child there for sometime around 1950. But as the depression kept on wiping out all the fine, fat, financial reserve she and Bill had put by in the prosperous years of 1928 to 1930, she began giving up hope.

Yet here, for a mere half hour a week's work or less, Peggy seemed in a fair way of assuring herself of this education. Mrs. Garner went down to Washington and talked the matter over with her husband. Bill was agreeable. ("He's the most care-free man on earth anyway," says Mrs. Garner, "or at least he was before he went into service. That's made him much more serious.")

Thus Peggy was launched on her career.

Enter here—factor three, the child's native talent. Write down here another Hollywood truth: Mamas can push all they like, but if kiddie dear hasn't got the talent, nothing does any good.

But Peggy Ann had it—right from the beginning.

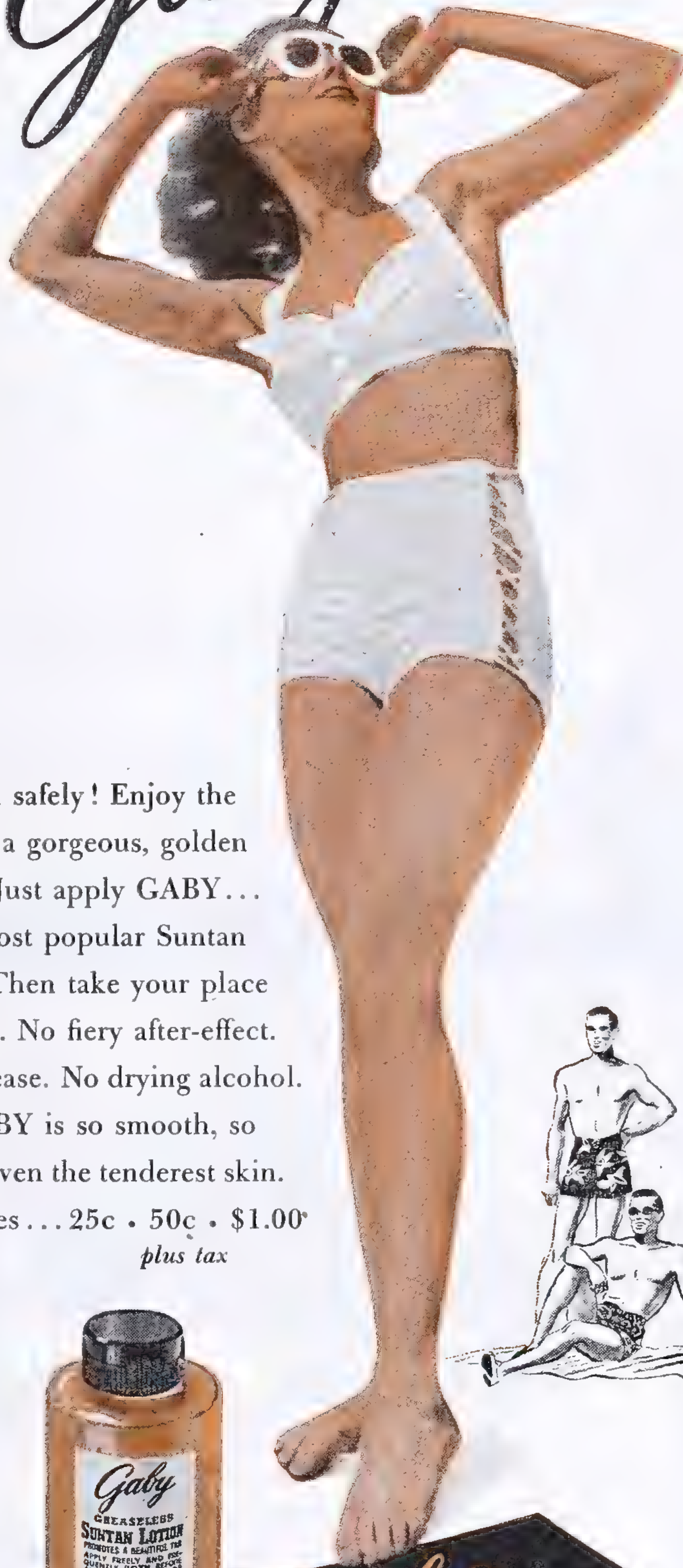
"She certainly didn't inherit it," says Mrs. Garner. "Neither her father nor I ever had the least talent and there never



Peggy gives her young-looking dad, Lieutenant Bill Garner, a birthday kiss

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Suntan safely! Enjoy the
sure allure of a gorgeous, golden
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Lotion. Then take your place
in the sun. No fiery after-effect.
No smeary grease. No drying alcohol.
And GABY is so smooth, so
soothing to even the tenderest skin.
Three sizes... 25c • 50c • \$1.00
plus tax



has been a drop of theatrical blood in either of our families."

The moment Peggy Ann started modeling, Mr. Powers suggested she study dancing to give her poise and balance. Mrs. Garner took her to the school he recommended, and its rates for instruction made her head spin—a mere something like ten dollars an hour. But again, came Peggy's talent. The moment the head of the school saw Peggy dance, he agreed to cut his fees about in half, just for the privilege of instructing her.

Once she started taking lessons there, the dance instructor suggested Peggy also take acting lessons. He recommended the Alviene School of the Drama. Same routine. The price was too high, until they got a look at Peggy. Then they, too, hopped on the bandwagon. They, too, were delighted to have her at a financial sacrifice.

But even at that, it was all too costly for Bill Garner's modest legal wage. So Mrs. Garner went to work, too. She worked nights in the personnel department of the Hotel New Yorker so that she'd have the days free to pilot Peggy's career. Peggy's grandparents had long since been pressed into service as nighttime guardians.

It was inevitable, of course, that the stage should begin beckoning such a clever little girl. She made her debut in a stock company production of "Mrs. Wiggs Of The Cabbage Patch," whereupon, just as inevitably, people said, "That child should be in the movies." This was in 1937 and the world was very Shirley Temple conscious right then.

Mrs. Garner went down to Washington and had another huddle with Bill and that die was cast. She and Peggy Ann came to Hollywood. They had a letter of introduction to Dave Chasen, who runs one of Hollywood's swankiest and best restaurants, which is not a bad type of guy to

know when one is hunting work. Dave, a big-hearted fellow, who used to be an actor himself, called upon and telephoned casting directors. Mrs. Garner called upon and telephoned casting directors. The Vice President at that time was a Texas gentleman named John Nance Garner. Mrs. Bill Garner, telephoning people, would say, quite truthfully, "This is Mrs. Garner of Washington, D. C. I wonder if I might come out to see you." Several casting directors misunderstood that, quite as she hoped. When she got into their snobbish presences, she presented Peggy Ann.

THE Garners got no work, but the casting directors remembered Peggy Ann. They didn't know just why, but they remembered her because she was the only plain little girl they had looked upon in months. Mrs. Garner saw to that.

The very first night she and Peggy were in Hollywood they did the natural tourist thing. They went to the Chinese Theater and looked at the footprints of the famous in the forecourt there. It was, by the happenchance that rules their lives, the night of a Shirley Temple preview, "Heidi" actually, and as luck would have it, Shirley, flanked by her mother, exited from the theater just as they were standing there.

Peggy Ann dashed up to the dimpled Shirley; said, "I'm Peggy Ann Garner. I'm going to become a movie star, too. Will you send me an autographed picture?"

"Sure I will," said Shirley. "Tell me the address." So Peggy did, and Shirley did, and it was the beginning of a beautiful faith in human stars for Peggy and the beginning of a big idea for Mrs. Garner.

For, going around the casting offices, she saw that all the other child actresses were imitation Temples, making up with artifice for the beauty Shirley had naturally. Mrs. Garner went home and pasted down Peg-

gy's Indian-straight locks even straighter, washed her face till her nose shone, kept her in plain linen dresses. At the end of five weeks, Peggy captured her first role in "Little Miss Thoroughbred." She was all of six years old at the time and the Garners thought she was terrific.

Nobody else in Hollywood thought anything. Almost a year and a half went by before Peggy got another role, and this time she got two in quick succession, in "In Name Only," in which she played Carole Lombard's daughter, and in "Blondie Brings Up Baby." The Garners thought the second role, following right on the heels of the first, meant that Peggy was established. So another year went by before she got a bit in "Abe Lincoln In Illinois" and after that one two years—and two years is a lifetime in the career of a child actress—till "Eagle Squadron" came along wherein Peggy's part lasted just one day and paid \$25. Nor was that the end. She still had another year to live through before another little girl's having the measles let her get into "The Pied Piper" at Twentieth Century-Fox. It was after "Pied Piper" that Twentieth put Peggy under contract.

But it is these six years of grim, background struggle that makes Peggy the watchfully sensitive girl she is today. It is this background that makes her give the reply she did when asked what she thinks of when she has to cry for a scene.

"I think what will happen to me if I don't cry," she says quickly.

"Peggy knows she is just as good as her last picture," added her mother.

Her last filmed picture, says the grapevine, is swell. It is "Junior Miss" and it makes Peggy happy since, having proven her ability as a weeper in "Jane Eyre," she has practically been in tears ever since. But "Junior Miss" is comedy, and gives her



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a chance at being mildly grown up. She even has a boy friend in this one, Scotty Becket, whom she doesn't exactly look on with hate off-screen, either. Scotty, however, is not the main source of her wanting to look older. This is merely part and parcel of her actually growing more mature. She is a very good student and this fall will enter junior high and as she is also an excellent athlete, she is simultaneously attaining physical height along with mental depth

BUT she is not the dreamy child she portrayed in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn." She loves reading, though her taste runs to mysteries (her favorite picture of the moment is "Hangover Square"). The only school subject she isn't really good in is mathematics (it bores her). She infinitely prefers her portable typewriter to any doll ever made and her differentness to the usual child pattern even extends to her not caring for ice cream or chocolates, though she dotes on pineapple in any form. She is even so practical that when her parents asked her what she wanted for this past Christmas she calmly announced she'd like an emerald. (They are so practical, too, that she didn't get it.)

Instead, she got a cat's-eye ring, a beautifully carved gold affair with a really fine stone. Her two best friends are non-professionals her own age.

"Like all movie children," her mother says, "she's getting just a bit too well known now to run around freely. I want her to have friends, so it looks wisest to bring the kids to her, at our home, under our supervision."

Lieut. Garner, fortunately, has recently been transferred to the West Coast, still acting as a lawyer, being the counsel for the plaintiff—that is the Government, in cases involving infractions of military discipline. Peggy adores her dad, and Mrs. Garner says that he would spoil her except that she is too sensible a child to get spoiled. Peggy just grins when this remark is made. She's visibly very, very happy at the family circle being complete once more.

In fact, she is very happy about everything, and why not? She now has everything she desires, that is, all except the emerald. But she should worry about that. Come five years from now or so, she can buy it for herself if she likes, and she probably will.

Along about the time she gets her first Academy Award, most likely.

THE END



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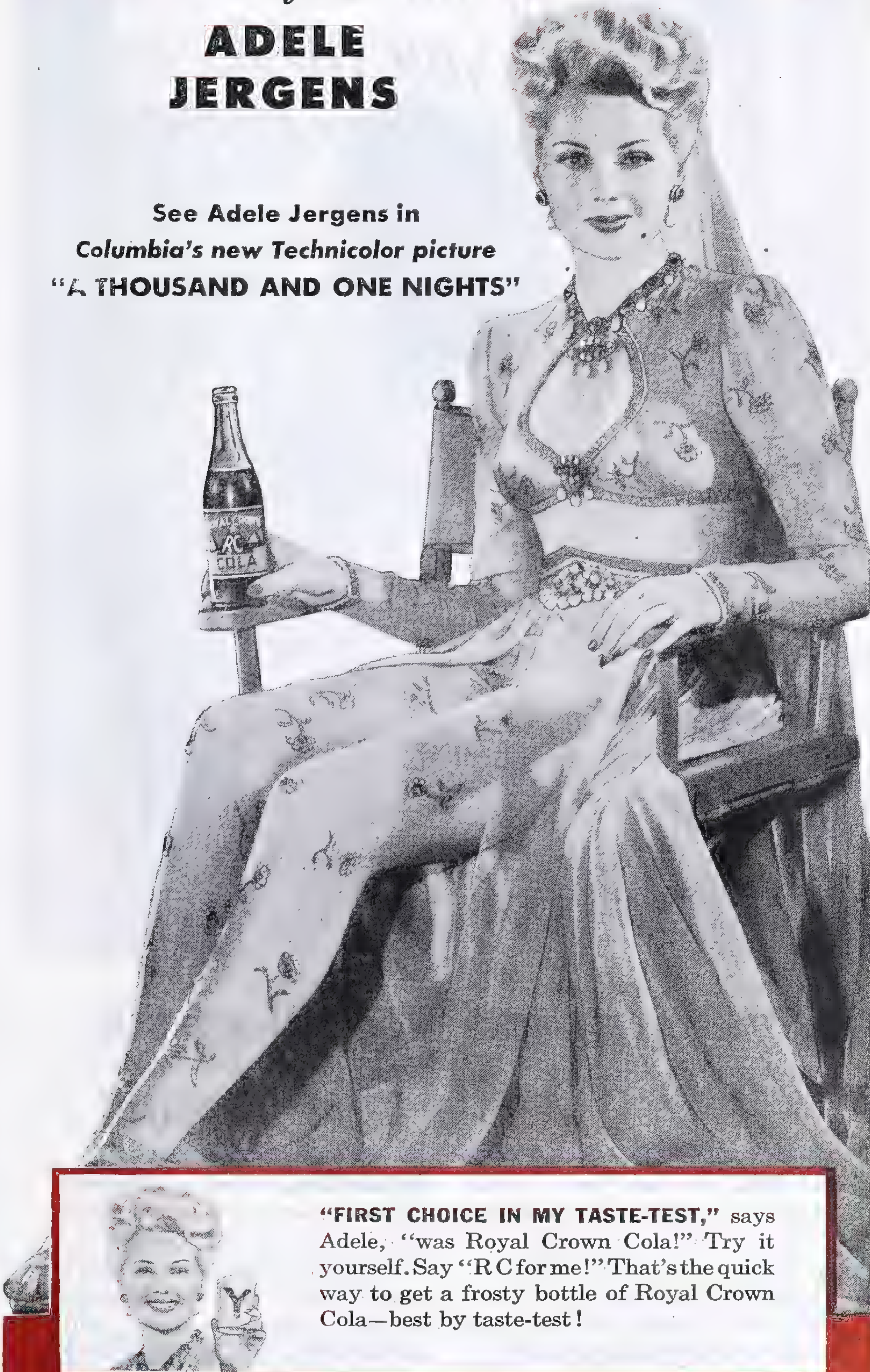
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Reunion

(Continued from page 27) same? Will it be, between us, after eighteen months, the same? Like wheels inside my head the thoughts go until I think I am crazy

"Then I get to the hotel. He is not, of course, here. Then I begin to worry whether he will love me as he did. I forget about whether I love him. Now I think only, will he love me? My looks how will they look to him? I am now so thin."

Pierre, who was still sitting cross-legged on the floor, said simply, "Maria is more beautiful than she was when I left. But I knew she was getting more and more beautiful from the photographs that came often. She wrote every day. *Every day*. Letters full of news and of tenderness, the kind men overseas so badly need. She was an angel!" he said almost reverently.

Maria's hand touched his hair in brief and fond acknowledgment before she continued. "So I am here at the hotel. For the first five days I just sit. Moving only when I go from telephone to telephone thinking, each time one rings, this may be Jean Pierre! Each day I dress in something I think he will like. Each day I do my hair low, in a chignon, the way he likes it. When friends ask me to lunch, to cocktails, to the theater, I will not go—Jean Pierre, I say, might get here this very noon, this very night."

"On the sixth day," Maria laughed, "I give up! I put my hair up the way he doesn't like. That night when I go to bed, I wash my hair but do not curl it. Instead of my best, I put on only a fairly nice nightgown. I think, maybe if I don't dress up so much, he will come."

"In the morning, I was waked by a phone call from Alexandre de Menziarly, the head of the French Military Mission here. He said, 'Your man has arrived. But he may be a couple of hours delayed.'

"So, with hands that tremble I get dressed, I put on my most elegant tweeds, for Jean Pierre likes me in the things that are elegant, but very simple. I put my hair again in the chignon. I put on the perfume he loves the most. I then sit by the door of our suite. One half hour later—and may Eternity," Maria said, devoutly, "be not so long—the phone rings. I answer it. A voice says, 'Hello, darling.' I say, 'Where are you?' 'Downstairs,' he says. Incredulous, I scream into the phone, 'For the love of heaven—why don't you come up?'"

"At this point," Jean Pierre interrupted the proceedings, laughing, "I feel called upon to explain that I was dazed. I had to punch myself to believe that I am here, that Maria is here. On the ship coming over, I was not sure that Maria would be in New York. When the people from the military mission came out to pick us up, the first question I asked was, 'Is my wife there?' When they said, 'She is there, waiting for you,' I felt so much, it went beyond feeling and was numbness."

"When I heard his voice, knew he was here," Maria resumed, "I could not, of course, delay the first sight of him by waiting inside the door. I rushed out into the corridor and there, eighteen months to the day since he left, we met again."

"... what happened after that is a story of those hours that make you know the kingdom of heaven is," Maria touched her heart, "here. I have now," she added, "wings on my feet, wings in my brain, wings in my heart."

"But since that first day there have been always people, telephones ringing, Jean Pierre working. When you are married to Jean Pierre Aumont you must realize, I have found, that you have to share him with the world. He is a cyclone, this Jean

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Pierre. I have never in my life seen such vitality. I thought," Maria laughed, "that I had a monopoly. I have not. He has—this one who can take both, the best and the worst, with such an air. . . ."

"I hate war," Jean Pierre said thoughtfully. "Yet it was thrilling to have been in North Africa, in Italy preparing for the French campaign. It was great luck for me to have made the first landing with the Third Infantry Division. Thrilling to have first entered Toulon and other cities. Thrilling, also, to find that men, at war, show themselves less selfish, less narrow-minded than in peacetime."

"The Americans, I want to say here, are doing a wonderful job, wonderful. Independent of their courage, which needs no comment from me, the fact that they are there, fighting so far from their country, is magnificent. We were fighting to put the Germans out of our country which they had ruined. The English were bombed out of their homes. But the American boy—his wife had not been raped in Nebraska nor his farm bombed in New Hampshire . . . he is fighting, objectively, shall I say, for the freedom of the world. I have more admiration for people who fight only for their ideals. The Americans," the young Frenchman said, with a moving sincerity, "are the Sir Galahads of the world."

"War," Jean Pierre concluded, "makes men awaken to the deep values of home. Far from being reluctant to raise a family in a world where there can be such turmoil, I am anxious to have children for I feel that what we are fighting for will bear fruit for them. And about making pictures, I am as keen as before, and even more so, since I have been two years now without making one. . . . So war, too, has its compensations."

Her eyes on the wound stripe sewn to his battle dress, on the ribbon bearing the twin Croix de Guerres, Maria said, "War without fear of death, war without wounds, yes, but . . ."

"War without fear of death, without wounds would not," Jean Pierre said, smiling at her, "be war. The fear of death," he added, "is, to me, in a way, similar to stage fright. I am, personally, covered with fear much more before entering the stage

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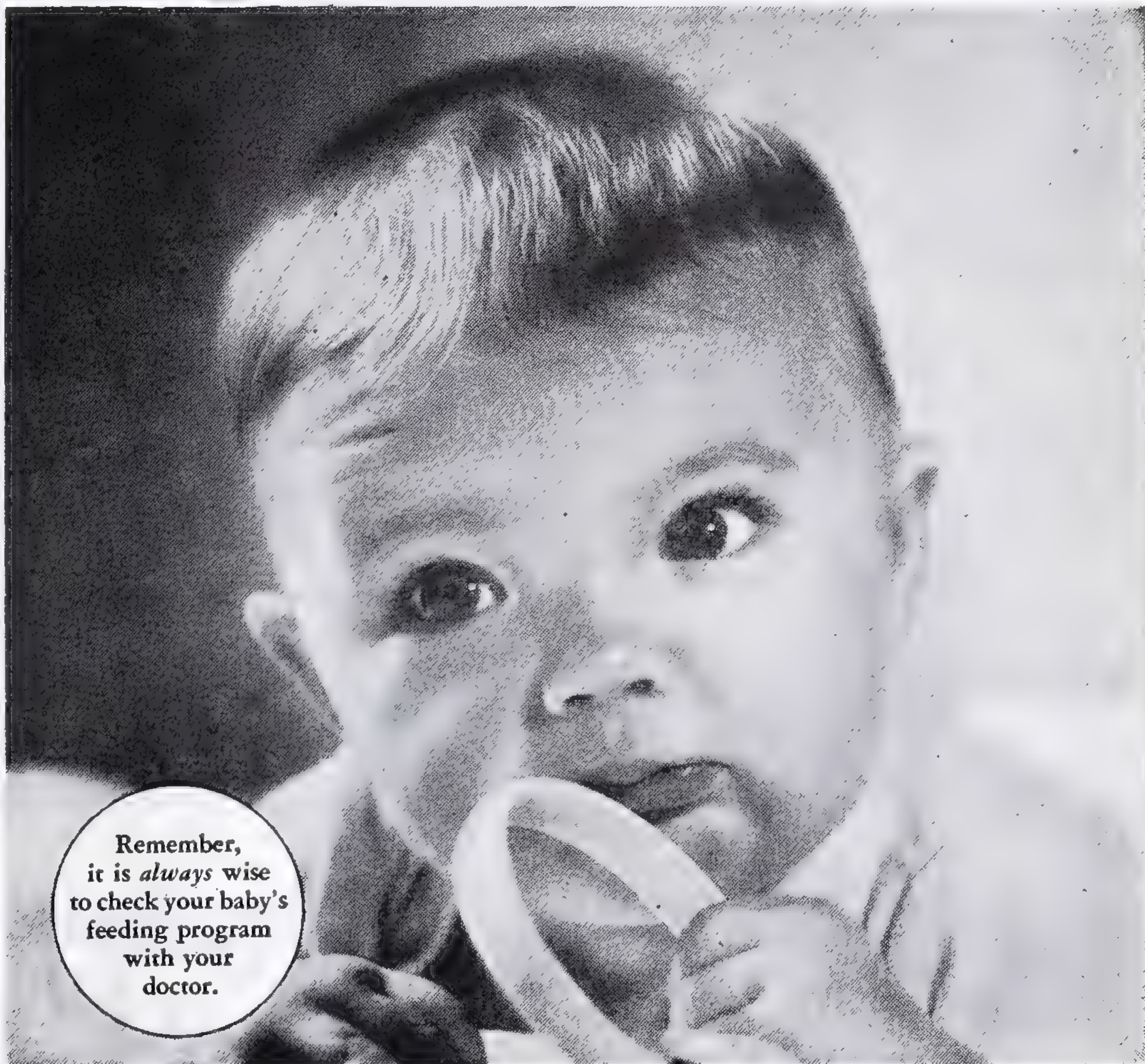
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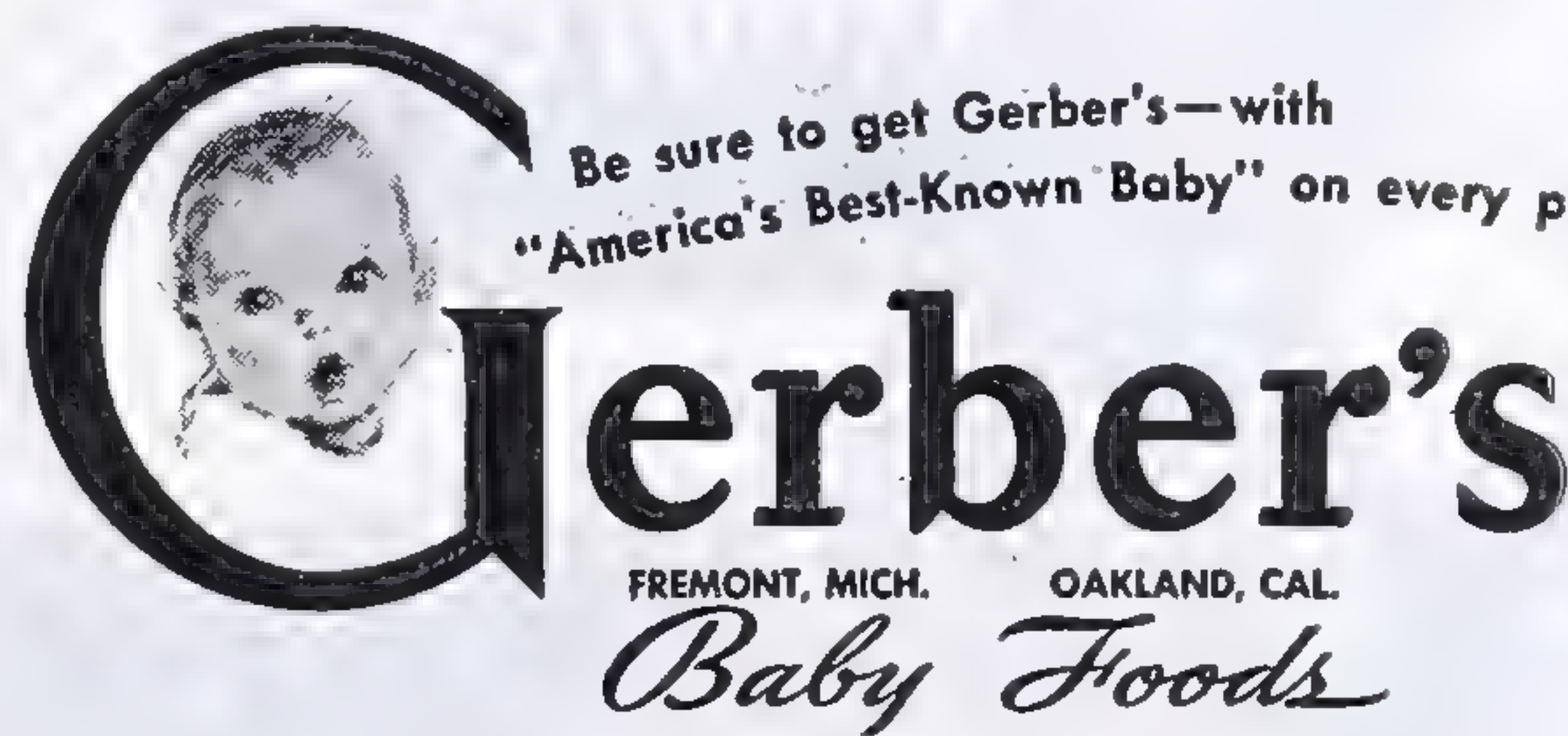
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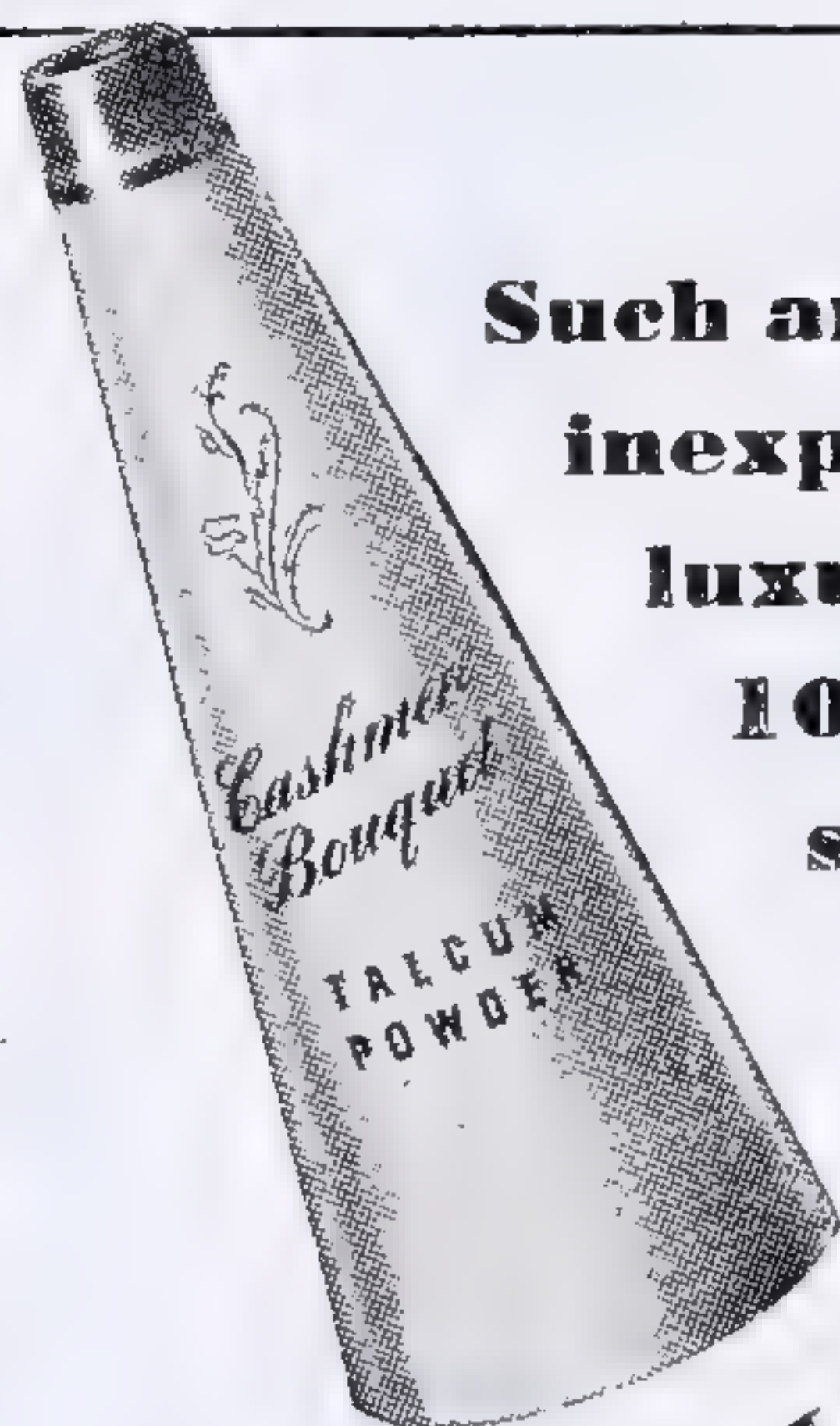
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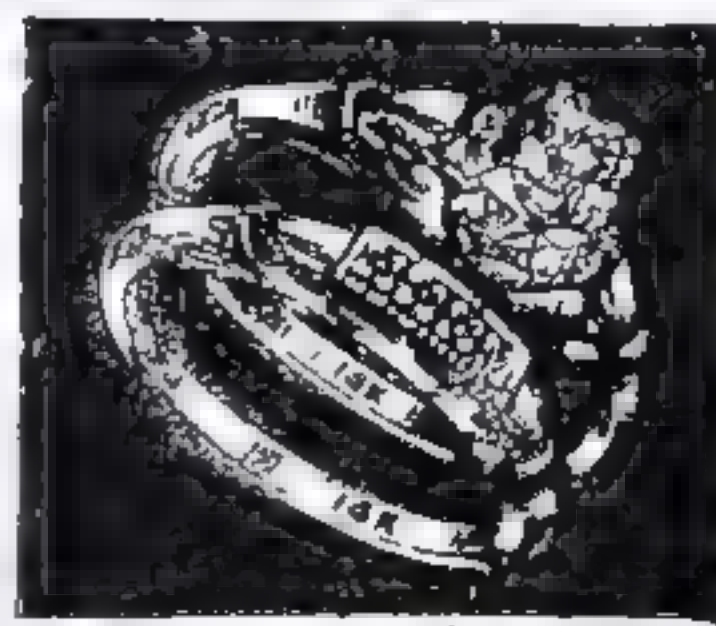
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than I am during the performance. And the wound was a slight one. A fragment of shell in the right knee during an engagement of street fighting in Marseilles."

"But you were operated," Maria reminded him. "You were in the hospital in Hyères, on the French Riviera."

"That was on account of the bridge accident."

A LOOK of excitement crossed Maria's face. "Tell about the letter you had from me that 21st of November. . . ."

"On the 20th of November," Jean Pierre said, "my General, Diego Brosset, and I had an awful accident. In the Vosges sector, crossing a bridge over a turbulent river we fell in our jeep ten feet into the river. We were caught under the water and under the jeep. My General was killed. His body was found two days later. It was by a miracle that the driver and I escaped with our lives. On the 21st, the next day, Maria wrote me asking me, please, to let her hear from me as quickly as possible because she had had a premonition of danger. . . ."

"I had felt it in my bones," Maria interrupted. "I could not eat, I could not sleep. I was like a hunted animal—until after the 20th. . . ."

"I have not," Maria continued, "talked to Jean Pierre about the war. I have not asked him a question, not one. He has had enough of war. I want him, while he is with me, to have only fun, only laughing. But there are things I know. I know that he is called," she teased him, "the favorite of the Generals and the idol of the G.I.'s. I know that he was awarded his first Croix de Guerre on May, 1940, for a delaying action during a retreat in the Ardennes Forest. I know he was awarded the second one in June, '44, for an action with an American tank battalion in Italy. But wait, please, a moment. . . ." Maria rose, went into the next room, came back with an official appearing paper in her hands. She said, "Here is the text of the second citation, an exact translation from the French, which I shall read to you:

"Jean Pierre Aumont, always cheerfully volunteering for dangerous mission. After the break-through of the Gustave line west of Pontecorvo, then during the pursuit of the enemy north of Rome, his missions have been an important help in the liaison between American tanks and one of our French infantry battalions.

"The 21st of June, 1944, at Radicofani, at the entrance to the province of Toscana, he volunteered to remain on duty for an additional twenty-four hours after the dismissal of his battalion. He took command of a platoon of American tanks whose commanding officer had just been wounded.

"He went on with the progression, manning the machine guns himself in which action he destroyed several nests of enemy resistance, and secured a number of prisoners."

There was, as Maria stopped reading, a moment of silence in that room which suddenly for all its gay trifles of hats, flowering plants, books, boxes of bon-bons, did not seem so far away from enemy nests and machine guns. The silence was broken by Jean Pierre saying, quietly, "Receiving the award is wonderful, of course. However, the greatest compensating factor is the sense of internal satisfaction and, yes, pride, of feeling I had been able to do something useful for my country. . . ."

And then Maria, her dark eyes still on his blue ones, "I don't know how I shall feel when—he leaves again. I don't know whether it will be easier, or more difficult. But I do know that I am grateful to God for allowing me to share with him a few more moments. . . ."

THE END

Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 16) And even her heart troubles (she was torching so—and for so long—or didn't you know—for Major Huston), that she can laughingly tell this experience which befell her when she was terribly ill on that Pacific island in the middle of her entertainment tour. It happened when she was stricken with pneumonia—in the Fijis. She was attended by a nurse who was very concerned for her welfare—very, very solicitous. The nurse then explained why she was being so careful. She said, "I wouldn't know what to do with your body if you died. There's nothing in the Army regulations to cover a situation like this. I've taken an inventory of your belongings, with a witness, of course. But it will take days to count all those fan photographs you brought along for the boys." (!)

Our Town: Cary Grant remaining absolutely mum as to his romantic feelings or intentions. But Barbara Hutton and Phillip Reed are all over the place, acting but mad about each other. Reed has been courting heiresses for years—maybe this time it will really take. People were loud in their criticism of Hutton and that party she tossed for her maid's engagement . . . Bob Walker has been taking Martha O'Driscoll places—but not when Diana Lynn will give him a date. He's nertz about her . . . Bing Crosby got seventy-five hundred for a special radio broadcast. Then he divided the entire sum between the two gals who accompanied him on his overseas tour last fall. That's nice dividing—by a nice guy . . . Phyllis Brooks, now living in the East, tells pals she has quit Hollywood for keeps . . . Rita Hayworth has her pre-baby figure back and Orson Welles was proudly showing her off to the Gary Coopers, Bill Powell, Sylvia Sidney and Gregory Scott at La Rue . . . Sheila Ryan and Charles Russell are having plenty of dates . . . Newcomer Bill Williams steals "Those Endearing Young Charms" right away from Laraine Day and Robert Young—and people are predicting he'll be a star before the year is out . . . One of the nicer newsnotes this time is to report that the Tailwaggers, in which Bette Davis has always been so active, is planning a big statue in Beverly Hills as soon as the war is over, to be a K-9 memorial honoring the dogs that are fighting and dying in this war.

Hollywood's Personality of the Month: Hurd Hatfield came to Cal's house for cocktails. Probably the most talked-of young man since "The Picture Of Dorian Gray," we found him gay, witty and amusing without being the least aware of his sudden popularity. "I awaken in the night and suddenly realize I'm in pictures and can't believe it," he says. "Seems incredible."

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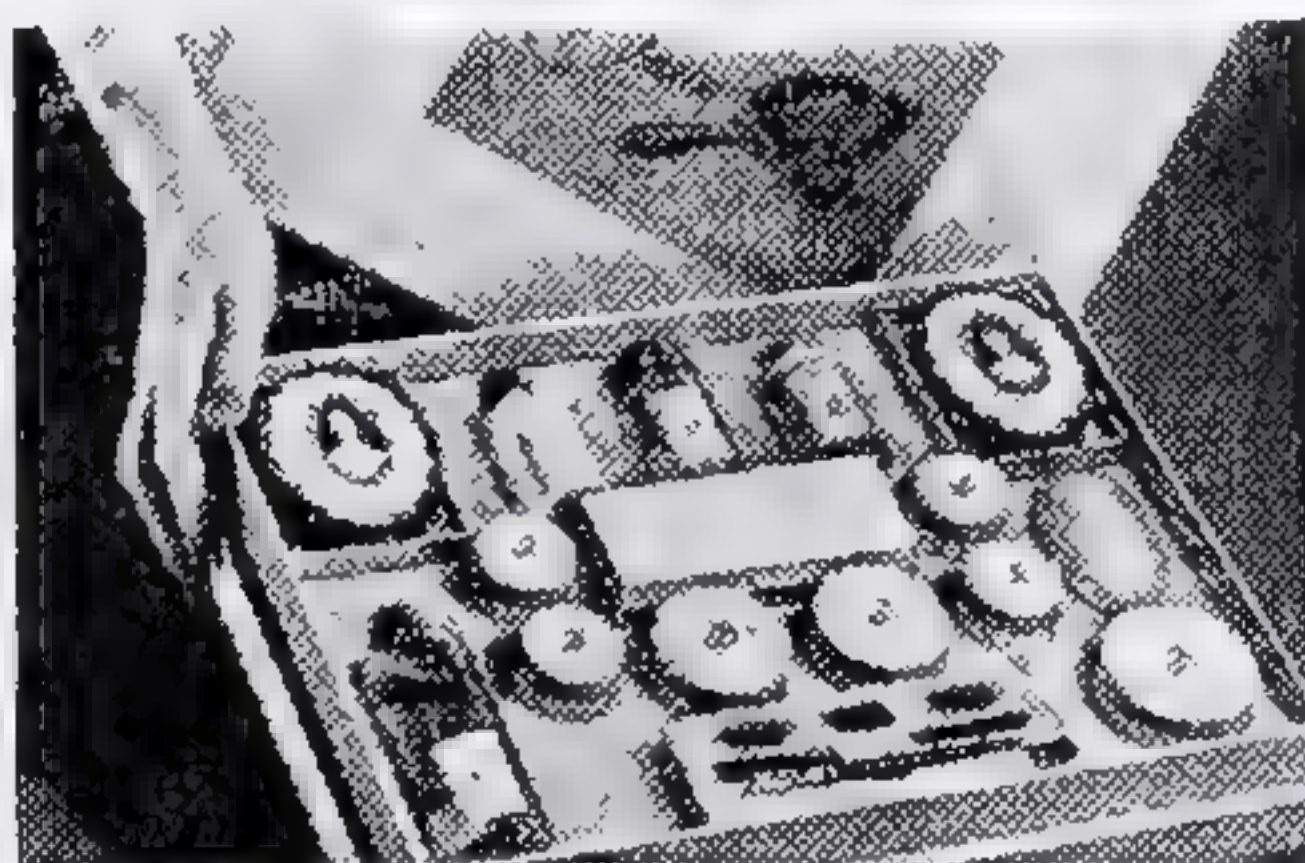
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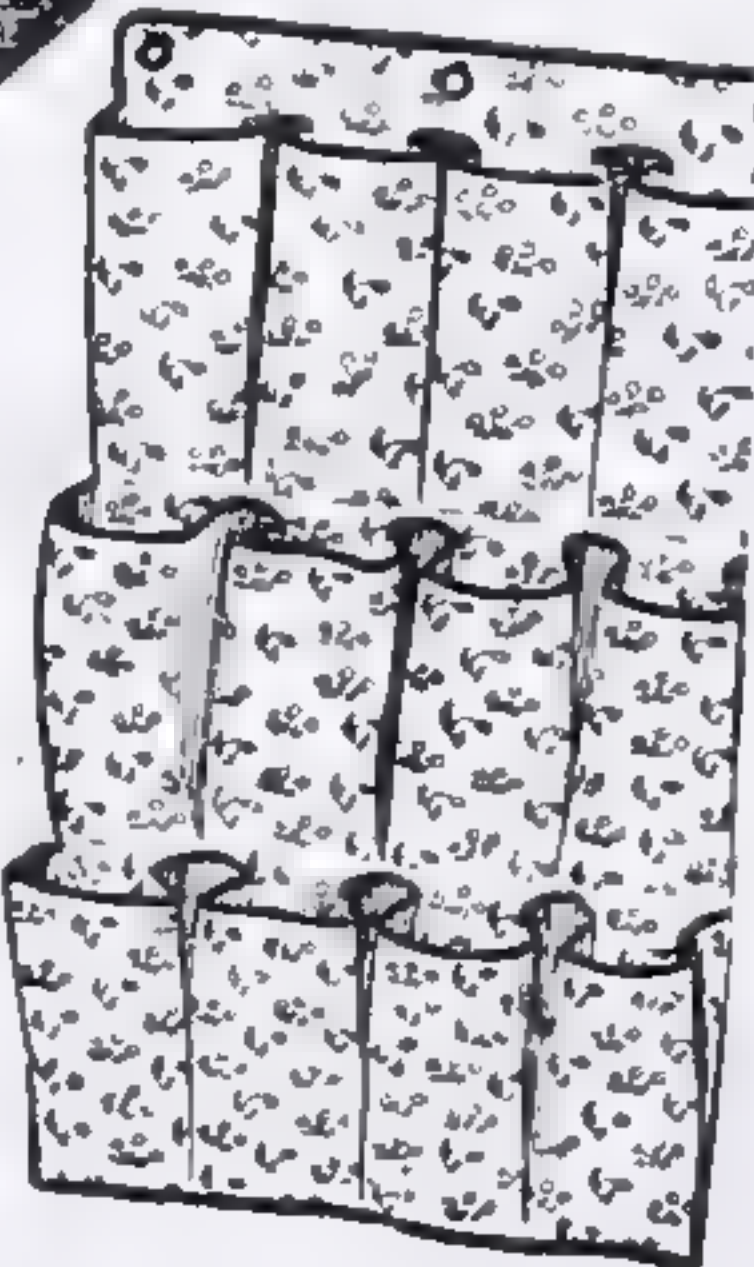


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HAIR REMOVING LOTION

the young man was just learning to drive. We made it on two wheels and a scraped fender. And if you think Hollywood isn't just as curious about "Dorian Hatfield" you should have seen the stares directed at our table. Even Louella Parsons came over to meet the fascinating newcomer.

He told us of his experiences in New York with his father, who is a judge, and his mother, an artist of growing renown. At the opening of "Dorian" the three (he's an only child) had their first contact with fans. They couldn't have loved it more. The way he spoke of his parents, their good looks and obvious good companionship, was refreshing—for Hollywood.

Next day we learned with regret that Hurd had been stricken with appendicitis and, remembering our fun at Mocambo the night before, we came down with a panic-stricken conscience.

To that one question asked of Hurd by fans everywhere: "What did you do when you went into that little room in that awful little place, in the picture?" he has one answer: "I went right on through to my dressing room and read a magazine."

Virginia Hunter is his favorite, but it's not true they're engaged.

Pinning Van Up: Van has been wearing the key to his dressing room pinned to his shirt with a safety pin. No fooling. Because he's always losing it—and one day Esther Williams took pity on him when he locked himself out. She just solved it the best and quickest way—and Van figures a safety pin on a shirt is better than no key!

Everybody in town went to the circus—and Esther went with Van. But her romance with Sgt. Ben Gage is still hot—and Van is still fancy-free. Even though he and Esther spend at least ten minutes a day together at some hamburger stand. They're mad about hamburgers.

Bathing Beauty: It was "Saturday night" every night for over a week for Lucille Bremer. She did a fabulous bubble-bath sequence in "Yolanda And The Thief" for days on end. Too bad she couldn't be making those scenes when the hot weather really sets in. But there was Lucille, settin' in the beautiful lavender marbleish tub, pressing buttons that made clouds of bubbles—and made everyone else around the set feel like jumping in!

Chit Chat: Ann Sheridan and her Warner bosses still on the outs—which means that Ann will have more weeks—maybe months to play around the eastern spots with her Steve Hannagan... Evelyn Keyes should have her divorce from director Charles Vidor by the time you read this... Maureen O'Hara caught at a soda fountain with her nose buried in "Forever Amber." No female decided upon yet for the lead in this one—though at least ten top dolls would like to play it. Natch... Cesar Romero still hoping to make his dates with Virginia Bruce a permanent engagement... Ginny Simms and the very young, very rich and very cute

at Nearney, expected to do some eloping very soon.

News and Views: Unfortunate that a week after he won the Academy Award for direction of "Going My Way," Leo McCarey was going another way—to the clink for driving on the wrong side of the street and bumping into the curb.

Hollywood is chuckling at what happened to writer Frank Nugent who had been trying for months to contact Clark Gable for a story, but all in vain. And then one Sunday morning at six o'clock Frank was aroused by a crash in his front yard. Deciding after a while to investigate, Frank discovered his favorite tree severed in half. He had no idea who the culprit was until an emissary from M-G-M called on the writer and paid for the tree. It was Gable who ran into it. P.S. Frank still hasn't got his story.

At Mocambo one night John Carroll had six Marines at his table and had them spellbound telling them a story. He was doing beautifully, when just as he reached the climax, Humphrey Bogart came over with six starlets. As he got to the table, he said to the service men, "I thought you fellows might like a dance." And you can bet they did! Which left John sitting there, mouth agape—with his unfinished yarn! Anyway, Bogie did his patriotic duty even if it did make him a point-killer.

Lynn Bari is sporting a heart-shaped diamond pin from her hubby Sid Luft. He said it was "for distinguished service." And that was even before they were able to announce that Sir Stork is going to pay them a visit before summer is over.

Romantically—We Hear: Richard Greene may be coming back to Hollywood for a role in "Cluny Brown" which should give his fans a thrill. In the meantime, he has acquired a very pretty wife who may accompany him.

Anne Baxter's family finally won out with their opposition to John Hodiak. Anne flew up to San Francisco where her family is living and there the decision was made. John says nothing, but close friends realize his deep hurt. John's loyalty to his Ukrainian family of good peasant stock is commendable and Hollywood admires him for it. But Anne, raised in a different environment and different family surroundings, may not fit into the Hodiak family atmosphere—hence the decision to go separate ways. But hearts may eventually win out—Hollywood is waiting to see.

Sheila Ryan is very much on the upset side over her romance with Stephen Crane. Seems Sheila just can't get over the handsome Stephen, who isn't marriage-minded these days.

Sorry to report still another unhappy romance, but Jeanne Crain's family is also protesting her romance with Paul Brook. Older by several years than Jeanne, Paul was an engineer at Lockheed when Warners signed him. His resemblance to Errol Flynn is remarkable but that, of course, is not the reason for the family's objection. Too bad that Jeanne is so unhappy about the whole thing.

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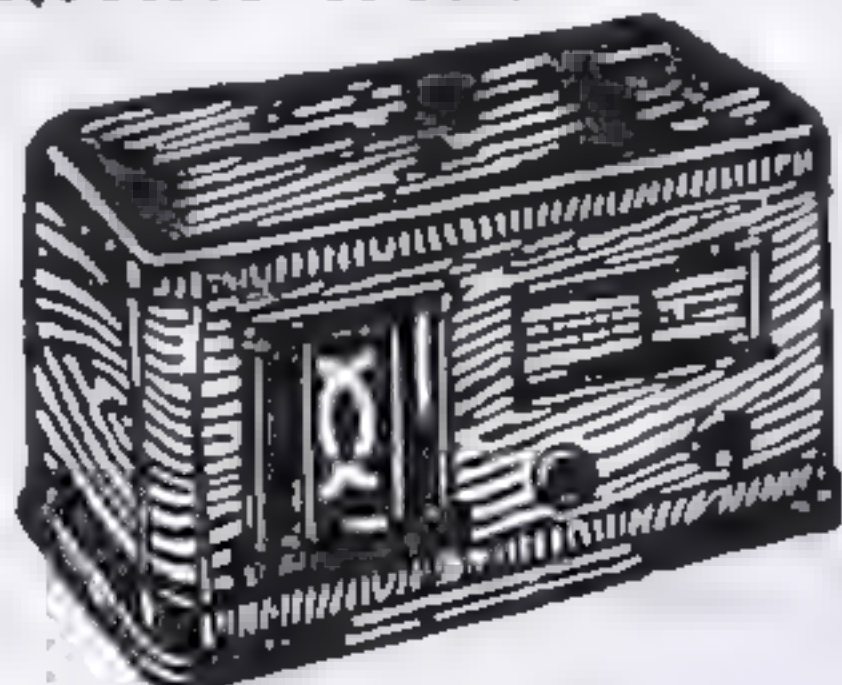
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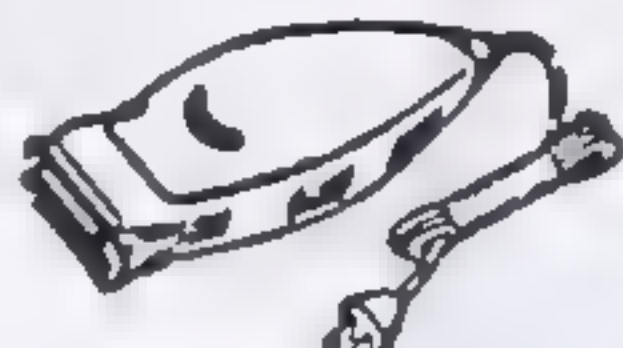
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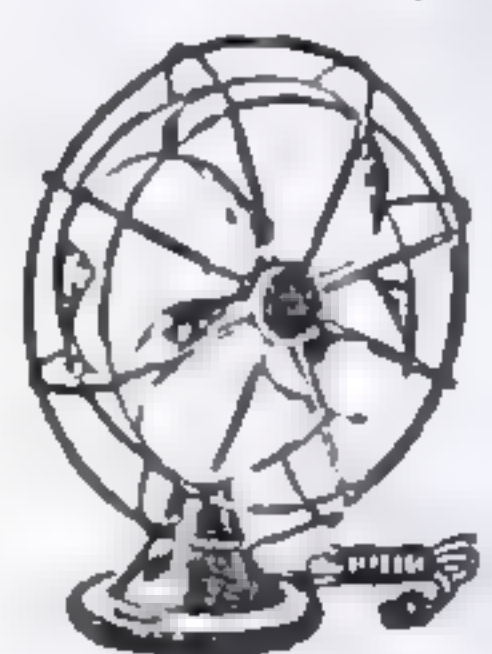


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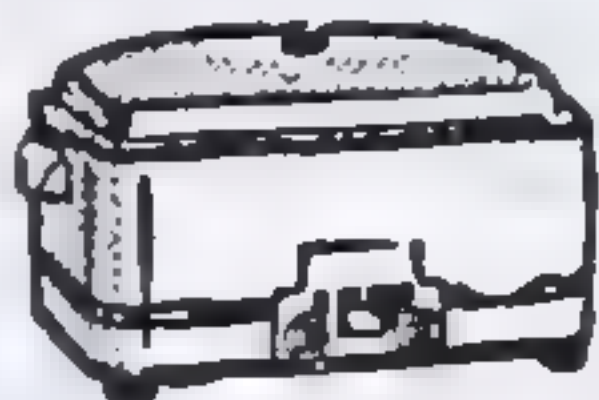
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The Love Story of Shirley Temple and Her Sergeant

(Continued from page 56) now I'm not going to have a birthday party. Maybe that's just as well. Not many of the girls have their dates, here, anyway, and Mom doesn't feel it's quite right to give wartime parties either."

SHE twinkled again. "Mom and Dad were so sweet when I came home and spilled what I'd done. We all knew the next thing we'd have to do was to tell the press. I had to have Jack present for that, naturally, so by evening, there was Mr. Selznick and the publicity people from the studio, plus thirty-five reporters and photographers, all popping questions and bulbs at us.

Right then and there I got very proud of Jack. He'd never had to go through that ordeal before, and it is an ordeal when you haven't grown up with it, as I have. Yet he did it so well. Oh, he blushed, of course, when they started asking him silly questions and he blinked in some of the flashes and didn't know any 'angles' but he looked the reporters right in the eye. That's one of the first things I noticed and admired about Jack, that habit of his of looking directly at everything and everyone. I like that and his being so tall and having such a firm jaw."

"What's that appeal of a firm jaw to you?" I asked that deliberately, trusting her to give me as quick a retort as she had at about half past three, during "Baby Take A Bow" when I asked her what her next picture would be called. "Probably Baby Take A Flop," was what she had said then.

Now she grinned and said immediately, "A firm jaw means a man gets his way. That I go for. It means, I think, that he'll be boss. That will be good, except when I get into one of my stubborn moods." She giggled suddenly. "Do you want to know what we did after we got finished with the press that evening? We sat here in the living room and read the National Geographic!"

The real point was why had she picked Jack out of the multitude. And multi-

tude was the proper word, judging from a certain dress Shirley was having made up not long ago with the names of all the boys she dated embroidered thereon. The difficulty was that there just wasn't room enough on one of her brief skirts for such a list, so she compromised by having the dress made up with all her own nicknames on it, all the way from Shirl through Butch to Baby.

"I GUESS Jack's stood the test of time with me. That's good, that and his being the type I'm used to. He is, if you can bear it, exactly a foot taller than I am, six-two to my five-two, but my brothers are that tall, so I'm used to that. And his name, or rather, his two names Jack George (she pronounced it Georrrrrrrge, in that way showing it was a name that had always amused her) are my brothers' names, too, Jack and George. I like his being older than I am—he's seven years older—because that means there's nothing silly or kiddy about him.

"I originally met Joyce Agar, Jack's sister, through my friend Ann Gallary. I've known Ann nine years, ever since we moved here to this house, which is next door to her mother's, who is Zasu Pitts. Ann who went to Westlake, too, took me to Beverly Hills to meet Joyce, who was out here on a winter vacation with her mother. Ann wanted Joyce to enroll at Westlake with us, and took me along to add my arguments regarding the school. Then mother met Mrs. Agar at a tea at Zasu Pitts's and through it all, eventually, I met Jack.

"Mother and Mrs. Agar became great friends. Now they are terrific gin rummy partners. Not too long after their meeting, and my meeting Jack, he went into the Army. He has been stationed all over the United States—until very recently, he was stationed at March Field—and is permitted sometimes to come home, that is, to Beverly Hills, for weekends."

"What did you do on your first date out alone together?"

"We did just what we still do on almost



Young favorite on a dinner date—Jane Withers and Ross Hunter take in Ciro's

all of them—went dancing. I love to rumba and samba. We don't go to Mocambo or Ciro's. I've been to both those places, after Award parties, twice, that is, at times when I had to go, professionally, but when I'm just out for fun, I don't like them because the dance floor is too crowded. I prefer the Grove and Freddie Martin's orchestra, but even space can go too far. By that I mean I don't like the Palladium, but then I don't like to jitterbug."

I said to Shirley, "Do you suppose, maybe, you don't like the big night clubs because they cater to the older movie crowd? You've never gone much with movie people."

"If you mean movie actors, you're right. I have never gone out with any."

CERTRUDE Temple has done a marvelous job of bringing up a prodigious child so that she isn't spoiled or prodigious at all. She had said, while we were alone, "We couldn't, Mr. Temple and I, be happier over the boy Shirley's chosen. He is so clean-cut, intelligent and trustworthy. We knew from the day of their meeting that we never had to worry about Shirley when she was out with Jack. He has a sense of responsibility and he is aware of the rather unusual demands that are made on Shirley because she is who she is. I think she's a little young to marry, but if she feels two years from now as she does today, we shall be most happy to consent to the union. The thing I always wanted for Shirley was a normal childhood. Naturally that means I want a normal womanhood for her, too, which means for her to become a wife and mother."

"We're not going to marry in any hurry," Shirley said. "I know lots of girls are thinking, when they are engaged to men in uniform, that they want to be married right now, regardless. But I'm thinking of a marriage for life, so we'll wait, to make sure that it won't be one for just a few hours."

"Meantime I'm going on with my career and perhaps after my marriage, too." She stood up, very slim and dainty in her custom-made gray linen dress, brightened by white hand embroidery, her net-bound page-boy bob, topped by a dignified, heavy braid across the crown of her fair head. "Let's go see my things and discuss this, shall we?"

I knew what she meant by that, so we put on our coats and went out across the gardens, to the small house that is Shirley's own, and a veritable museum.

Not too many people know of the existence of this playhouse, but all of Shirley's crowd of young friends do, for here she entertains them. Its main room is quite large, probably twenty by thirty feet "done in my favorite colors, chartreuse and scarlet," Shirley always points out.

This actually means that the walls and hangings are chartreuse and its big easy chairs are upholstered in scarlet. This main room has a stage, where plays can be put on, or movies shown, depending upon the desires of the guests, and there is an open fireplace and rugs that can be rolled up for dancing and, of course, a radio-phonograph with multitudinous records. All this adjoins an ice-cream soda bar—"Only now we can't get soda or ice cream or chocolate," Shirley chuckles. The house also has a kitchen and girls' and boys' dressing rooms, for swimming pool parties on the Temple estate, and downstairs are two very large rooms, one of which holds Shirley's doll collection, those precious dolls that were given to her by producers, critics, friends, fans, cities and even whole groups of islands, like Hawaii. The second room contains not only every costume Shirley has ever worn in every sequence of every picture, straight from

Ellen lives in HEARTBREAK house



Tragic scenes like this, now, in their once-happy home. Tearfully, Ellen seeks the reason. Why has her husband become so silent, *strange*? Little does Ellen realize

her own "one neglect"—carelessness about feminine hygiene—is to blame. How much heartache she would have spared herself if she had known about Lysol!

Ann lives in Honeymoon Cottage



How different the scenes between Ann and her husband, still as loving as newlyweds! Ann, like thousands of modern wives, uses Lysol disinfectant *regularly* and *often* for feminine hygiene. Her doctor advised Lysol solution as an effective

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"Baby Takes A Bow" to "I'll Be Seeing You" and her most recent one, "Kiss And Tell," but also the shoes, purses, hats and accessories that went with the dresses. You look at these dolls and dresses (Shirley still loves "Pinky" best. "Pinky" was her first really big doll and there she sits, enthroned in pink ruffles) and you begin to understand why, at seventeen, Shirley possesses such a sense of tradition and good form. She is, indeed, a little princess, as carefully brought up, almost, as young Elizabeth of England.

SHIRLEY reached into the first case and brought out of it the polka-dotted dress from "Baby Take A Bow." She held it up before her, laughing as she revealed that it wasn't long enough to make a blouse for her now. She is keen on clothes and very style conscious.

"Remember this?" she asked. For the first time she sighed. "I miss this little girl. If I have any—and I want a lot of children—I hope my daughter will like to dance."

"Suppose she wants to become an actress? Will you let her?"

"I don't quite know, but regardless, I'd have her learn dancing. It teaches a girl not to flop around."

"You asked me about going on with my career. I think I want to. Mr. Selznick has such wonderful things planned for me. Jack says he wouldn't mind it. But, on the other hand, such marriages don't work out too well, and I want my marriage to be a good one, so perhaps when the war is over, and Jack is back, we may just go wherever his work takes him, and forget all about mine. He may go back into the laboratory work in which he was engaged before he went into service, or he may return to the firm his father started, the Agar Packing Company which is in Chicago."

"Will you want to live in Chicago?" I said. "Give up all this?"

The Temple twinkle appeared again in Shirley's eyes. "I'm working on Jack, selling him California every minute," she said, "but if it turns out that Chicago is to be our home, well, we'll have plenty of meat, anyhow."

I decided then to trap her. Very

smoothly, I asked, "What did Jack say when he proposed?"

She turned away quickly. "Remember this pink dress?" she asked.

I knew enough at that point to drop the subject.

She's had so many interviews, she's met so many more people in her seventeen years than most people—or even whole families—meet in a lifetime that she knows how to duck the answers when she doesn't want to give them. Besides, Shirley's sense of decorum would not permit her to go into any lush avowals of love. She may even be a little inhibited on the subject at any time, since her earliest memories are of people gushing over her. Besides, in the last few years, from the safe shelter of her select school, she has watched too many marriages of Hollywood's younger set begin on a note of glamorous romance and almost as soon as they have started, end on a discord of bitter divorce. Shirley, an heiress by grace of her own talent and beauty, coupled with the guidance and expert management of her parents, wants no such hectic love story as these. The marriage toward which she aspires is in the best tradition of our best American families.

Personally I think the little Temple girl will achieve it.

I doubt that any professional glamour boy could ever come along and sweep her off her dainty feet. Personally, I am convinced that when her promised two years are up, the Temple fortune will unite with the Agar fortune. Not that the latter is of any importance to Shirley except that it forever removes Jack from the suspicion of being a fortune hunter—and that might haunt a poorer boy.

If all this happens, it will be merely the beginning of the marriages that are inevitably going to come out of Hollywood in the future, the tying together of the beauty and intelligence of Hollywood with the business talent and brains from the outside.

It should produce a wonderful crop of children, too.

Why, personally, I can barely wait to interview Miss Shirley T. Agar, or even Temple Agar, the first.

THE END

You should know—

since you sent your votes BOB HUTTON'S way.

He's Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll winner this month, as you'll see on page 37.

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Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 19)

### ✓ It Happened In Springfield (Warners)

FOR ITS moving experiment in what can be done to promote understanding among human beings, "It Happened In Springfield" is a white light on the dark road ahead. It deals with the Springfield Plan, which came into being in Springfield, Massachusetts, and is built upon the premise that children know no racial discrimination, no social boundaries unless they are so taught by their elders.

Warners has encased the first half of the film in a semi-fictional story. A venerated Scandinavian, sympathetically played by John Qualen, is branded "foreigner" and beaten up by hoodlums just as his son, who has been wounded in the Pacific, returns home with a buddy, Charles Drake. The embittered boys see nothing but futility in the war for freedom until a teacher in the Springfield schools, played by Andrea King, shows them what is being done to develop true democracy.

The film becomes particularly impressive as the camera moves to Springfield, and shows actual classes of children and their amazing grasp of such abstract ideas as democracy. Warners is to be commended for its effort in bringing to us this heartening proof of what can be done.

Your Reviewer Says: Food for action.

### ✓ A Medal For Benny (Paramount)

THERE is something about a John Steinbeck story, or maybe his characters, that misses on the screen, but in "A Medal For Benny" we have one that shines out like a jewel in the sun. We mean, of course, J. Carrol Naish as *Charley Martin*, father of *Benny*, town tough, who becomes a hero in the war. Naish, who is one of the best character actors on the screen, turns in an unforgettable performance as the simple, trusting Mexican of a little California coast town. In fact, his characterization somehow dwarfs the slow

## Best Pictures of the Month

*The Corn Is Green*

*Valley Of Decision*

*Wonder Man*

*Pillow To Post*

## Best Performances

*Bette Davis in  
"The Corn Is Green"*

*John Dall in  
"The Corn Is Green"*

*Danny Kaye in  
"Wonder Man"*

*Greer Garson in  
"Valley Of Decision"*

*Gregory Peck in  
"Valley Of Decision"*

*J. Carrol Naish in  
"A Medal For Benny"*

*Ida Lupino in  
"Pillow To Post"*

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TO HAVE AND TO HOLD—WAR BONDS

paced but touching story. Arturo de Cordova of "Frenchman's Creek" fame is more human in his role of *Joe Morales*, who loves Dorothy Lamour, betrothed to *Benny*.

As the pompous citizens ashamed of Naish and his abode when honor comes, Charles Dingle and Frank McHugh are outstanding. It was a relief to glimpse Mr. Dingle smile just once.

Mikhail Rasumny as Naish's friend takes over for one scene that's a honey. May we remark again that this Rasumny is a very good actor? We think you'll enjoy Miss Lamour without a sarong, too. Rosita Moreno, Fernanda-Ivarado, Grant Mitchell and Douglass Dumbrille each perform well in this appealingly simple story.

Your Reviewer Says: A heart warmer.

## ✓ Murder, He Says (Paramount)

LOOKIE what we have here—a 1945 movie with a 1920 chasis and a Keystone Comedy motor. Gags, corn, slapsick crowd the actors literally off the screen which, considering the types they are, isn't a bad idea. It's a mystery how a well-behaved young man like Fred MacMurray got mixed up with such weirdies as the *Fleagle* family. For instance, Marjorie Main is the rootin' tootin' old hillbilly mother, Peter Whitney a set of the nuttiest twins you ever saw, Porter Hall Marjorie's amazing husband—it was the contrast that made him amazing—and Jean Heather a droopy doop if you ever saw one.

Fred, who is a sort of Gallup Poll fellow, runs into the *Fleagle* group back in the hillbilly country while searching for a missing co-worker. That Fred almost winds up missing himself is no wonder.

For a while there we almost disappeared under the seat.

Murder is just everyday pork and beans to Fred's little group of friends, except of course Helen Walker with whom Fred falls in love while everyone is scrambling around for stolen and hidden money, and if all this sounds silly that's because it is silly, friends.

Mabel Paige and Barbara Pepper are in it too, heaven help them, but you know something—we liked Fred. He was kind of dumb but nice and why let the *Fleagles* come between him and us, we always say.

Your Reviewer Says: We wonder what the writer's I.Q. is.

## ✓ The Horn Blows At Midnight (Warners)

MUCH as we enjoy Jack Benny, we've got to admit this is a pretty sticky movie that just doesn't come off. The premise is engaging and so is the cast but too much emphasis was placed on the physical rather than the fantasy and the result is neither shortnin' bread nor cream puffs. And we might add this is no way to treat a comedian of Benny's talent.

For one thing, the actor is made up to look like a juvenile for some revolting reason, which detracts from the story. And the story has him a trumpeting angel sent to earth to blow his horn at midnight whereupon the earth will disappear. But once here he runs into two other celestial angels that got sidetracked, Angels Allyn Joslyn and John Alexander, and a finageling cigarette girl, played by Dolores Moran, and Benny never does toot that horn. Now if he'd brought a violin and played "The Bee" there might have been some sense to it all.

Alexis Smith, as Benny's angel girl friend, doesn't add a thing to the unhappy little affair that ends in one of those falling off high building things that's older than Benny himself.

Your Reviewer Says: We take a gloomy view of this one.

## China Sky (RKO)

HERE we are, customers, back in China with Randy Scott, a doctor in a Chinese hospital, bringing back from the States his bride Ellen Drew. This, of course, proves a mistake, for Ellen immediately throws a monkey wrench into the friendship between Scott and his medical aide, Ruth Warrick, who secretly loves him.

In her attempt to escape the horrors of the constant bombings Drew falls into a Nipponese scheme and dies leaving Scott and Warrick to continue on the next page.

Anthony Quinn as a guerrilla leader, Carol Thurston as a nurse and Philip Ahn, fine Korean actor, do the best they can with antiquated material.

Your Reviewer Says: But we saw all this before.

## Zombie On Broadway (RKO)

NOW it's Alan Carney and Wally Brown who tangle with the zombies for one of the silliest, most ridiculous pictures of the year.

The boys, press agents for a night club, advertise a real zombie will appear at the club's premiere. Afraid of adverse publicity if the boys fail to come through, Sheldon Leonard, owner of the club, dispatches the boys off to *Zombieland* to dig up a



real one.

Here they meet Bela Lugosi, a scientist (scientists the world over could sue, you know), and with the aid of a monkey and some serum, the boys return and turn Leonard into a zombie and here's where we wash our hands of the whole sticky business. If you want to stay around, okay, but we're leaving and taking Ann Jeffreys and Frank Jenks with us. They have no right to be left in a mess like this.

Your Reviewer Says: We've gone—so good-bye.

### ✓ Patrick The Great (Universal)

DONALD O'CONNOR, now in the service of Uncle Sam, left behind him one of his best pictures and one of his very best performances in "Patrick The Great." The story, the old show business one, has a cozy humorous reality about it that definitely lifts O'Connor and his team mate Peggy Ryan out of the jive kid group into a newer but never burdensome maturity in performance.

The cast may have more than a little to do with the enjoyableness of the story. Donald Cook as Don's father couldn't be better, and lovely Frances Dee as the girl who loves him is of course just right—and so beautiful besides. Eve Arden gives a needed crispness to the tale in her role as Miss Dee's secretary. Thomas Gomez who someday may get a role equal to his abilities almost achieves it in this one.

The idea of a son feigning indifference to a stage role he really wants because his dad too has set his heart on it, is good to begin with. The idea of the son hoping to win the woman who loves his dad is good too, and Don goes to town on both

scores. The music is frolicky and Peggy, still a paprika kid, along with Donald, makes the most of every single note of it.

Your Reviewer Says: Very nice for summer weather.

### ✓ Those Endearing Young Charms (RKO)

LET'S be frank, shall we, and admit this is a bit on the silly side. The dialogue hovers between funny and stuffy with the plot hanging somewhere in the middle. In fact, it begins more or less as a comedy and ends up somewhere on the serious side.

For one thing, we didn't believe Robert Young such an avaricious wolf as pictured. And the puritanical stuffiness imposed on Laraine Day by the story and direction left us bored and stunned in turn. Where does a girl get off imagining just because she falls in love with a guy after one date he should reciprocate? It doesn't always work that way, sister.

Anyway, Laraine gets all in a huff when Young admits he doesn't love her (you'd think the guy had committed a crime) and of course when he discovers he really does, Day refuses to have any part of him.

Ann Harding seems an antiquated mother for this day and age. Marc Cramer as Robert's pal registered pleasantly, but Bill Williams, as Laraine's other suitor, didn't quite measure up to expectations. Anne Jeffreys, Glenn Vernon and Norma Varden go round for a twirl on the strangest movie sojourn we ever took. We aren't sure whether to say nuts or hurrah—it's that kind of a picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Now don't get us wrong—you may love it.

### ✓ Flame Of Barbary Coast (Republic)

IF San Francisco never spoke to Hollywood again after all these Barbaric Barbary Coast epics, we wouldn't blame it. And while this isn't the worst of its kind we've seen (due to its good cast) we hope it's the last for a good long time.

John Wayne is the big two-fisted hero this time, and Ann Dvorak (long time no see) the girl. Joseph Schildkraut is a smoothie of a heavy but good old horrible Marc Lawrence, just as trigger gay as ever, hasn't enough to do. We do so love to see Marc go mad with a gun.

The great earthquake or "fire" shall we say, is very well done. Fact is, it well nigh steals the show.

William Frawley, Virginia Grey, Russell Hicks and Butterfly McQueen go back to the good old days with other members of the cast. And they can have them, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Brother, are we tired of the Barbary Coast.

### The Lady Confesses (PRC)


MARY BETH HUGHES finds herself in as neat a predicament as you can imagine. Deeply in love with Hugh Beaumont, she suffers a shock when, after seven years, his wife suddenly appears on the scene.

When the wife is murdered the night she tells Miss Hughes her marriage to Beaumont will never take place, the lovers are naturally suspected.

Mary takes a job as a photographer in a night club in order to help solve the mystery of who killed the woman. When still another murder, this time in the club,

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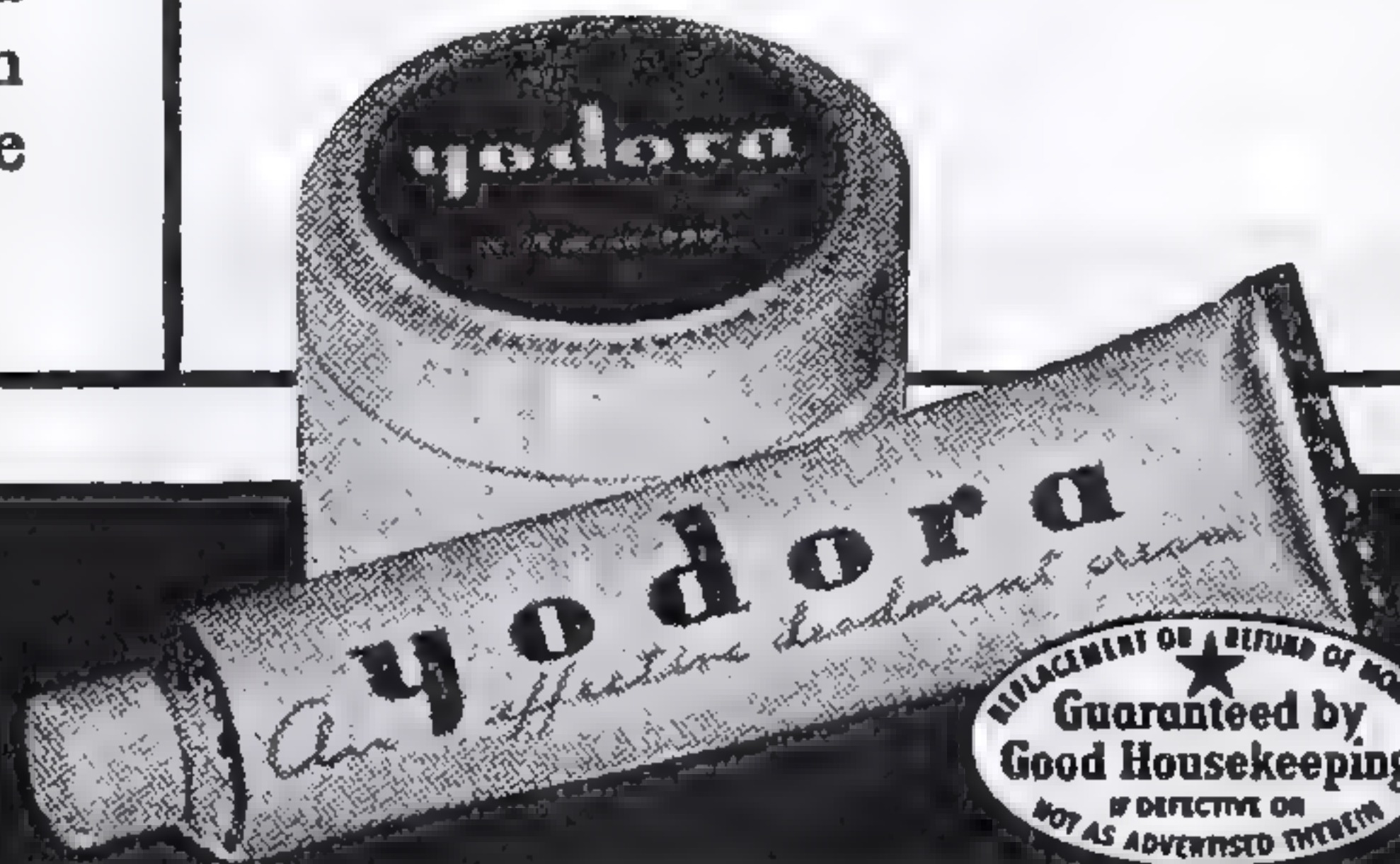
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takes place, the mystery deepens. The plot is worked out rather well with suspense neatly maintained until the denouement. Edmund MacDonald, Claudia Drake, Dewey Robinson and Carol Andrews roam in and out of the murder situation.

Your Reviewer Says: Another fair whodunit.  
**I'll Remember April  
(Universal)**

**H**ERE'S a combination salad with a super abundance of scallions to odorize the whole effect of part musical, mystery, drama, comedy and whatever happened to be lying about in Universal's icebox.

The story has Gloria Jean, daughter of a man of means, who must go to work when Dad loses his money. No sooner does Gloria get a job singing on the radio than her father finds himself accused of murder. So there she is—torn between two rival radio gossipers, Kirby Grant and Milburn Stone, a father in trouble and Edward S. Brophy running around as a female impersonator. He isn't bad at it either.

Gloria looks pretty and sings the same way, which is something to be happy over, at least.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, everybody makes mistakes.

**Two O'Clock Courage (RKO)**

**A**NN RUTHERFORD drives a taxi. She picks up (as a fare, dope) Tom Conway who has forgotten who he is, where he is or why. But first thing you know there are Ann and Tom knee-deep in Broadway murders that, like old man river, keep rolling right along from producers to playwrights to stars. Ann gives a swell performance, but looks much too purty for a woman taxi driver.

Richard Lane, Lester Matthews, Roland Drew mix up and get mixed up in it.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly for small time.

**The Great Flamarion  
(Republic)**

**O**H DEAR! What will dear old Aunt Emma think of these dreadful people who shoot husbands for the sake of two-timing wives? Shock the blessed soul to death if first it doesn't bore her into the same condition, we dare say.

Eric von Stroheim, who oozes menace, is the *Great Flamarion*, crack pistol shot who kills Dan Duryea for love of his wife

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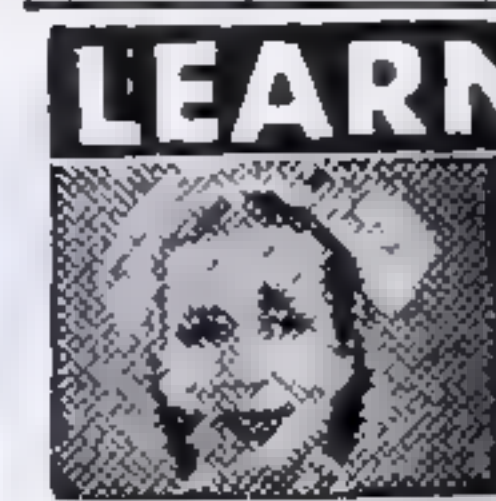


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Mary Beth Hughes. The murder is put down as an accident and Miss Hughes is free to marry Von Stroheim. Only she doesn't. She leaves for Central America with another man and guess who follows and guess what happens.

Stephen Barclay and Lester Allen slipped into this sticky little mess.

Your Reviewer Says: We take a gloomy view of this.

## Hitchhike To Happiness (Republic)

**S**TEP right up, folks, for another of those trek-behind-the-footlight things with Dale Evans, the radio star who appears in a New York show, just to put over the songs of her boy friend Brad Taylor.

Of course, when he discovers her identity he flounces out of the picture sore as a goat, thinking she's played him for a fool. But he comes back, don't worry, and there we all are in the finale, bowing like mad in every direction.

Gale sings well and Al Pearce clowns so-so. Jerome Cowan, Arlene Harris and Joyce Compton are in it too.

Your Reviewer Says: Ho hum!

## ✓✓ Son Of Lassie (M-G-M)

**H**AVE no fear. Here's a sequel to the beautiful and sentimental story "Lassie Come Home" that packs all the heartfelt wallop of the first film. It tells of the story of Laddie, son of Lassie, who for the story's purpose is not so bright as his mother.

And yet as the story unfolds, after a slow beginning, we find Laddie an intelligent and fearless animal who follows his master to war, parachutes with him when the plane is shot down, and eventually finds his way back to England.

Peter Lawford tramps the heels of the lads on the rungs above—Tom Drake and Van Johnson—as the personable, charming owner of Laddie. Judging from the manner in which the fans crowded and applauded young Lawford at the preview we'd say definitely he's here to stay.

Laddie as well as Lassie easily steal their every scene. Nigel Bruce and Donald Crisp are also in this sequel and both very good. June Lockhart, in love with Lawford, is a cute little actress.

Your Reviewer Says: A downright pleasure!

## Song Of The Sarong (Universal)

**H**OW can they have the nerve to tell us there are beautiful South Sea maidens such as Nancy Kelly running around the Pacific isles when our Marines know darn well there aren't. And then ask us to believe Bill Gargan, of all people, treks to Nancy's isle to filch the casket of "poils" that rests before the natives' god? And that falling in love with Nancy, he is willing to sacrifice his life for his naughty deed? Knowing Gargan as we do he'd more than likely grab the pearls and run like heck—oh well, no use to get our system in an uproar.

Fuzzy Knight and Eddie Quillan go along for the laughs. And where are they, by the way? The laughs, we mean?

Your Reviewer Says: We didn't know a sarong could sing.

## ✓ Identity Unknown (Republic)

**A** VERY good picture, this one, with a good strong premise, a certain amount

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of suspense and some mighty fine acting by Richard Arlen and Cheryl Walker.

Arlen plays a nerve-frayed G.I. who loses both his memory and his dog tag in a raid. He finds four such tags scattered about, and not knowing which is his, comes to America to find out. Escaping a hospital train, he follows the first dog tag to the home of Cheryl Walker and finds, not his home, but love. Later he travels to Virginia, to a Chicago gambling roost and finally a farm in Iowa—and eventually learns who he is and that he is free to marry.

Arlen gives a swell performance, one of his best in fact. Roger Pryor, Bobby Driscoll, Lola Lane and Ian Keith add to the punchy little story.

Your Reviewer Says: A good idea, well carried out.

## ✓ Escape In The Desert (Warners)

MY goodness gracious, Agnes, do these beautiful eyes deceive me or is this "The Petrified Forest" all over again with Nazis substituting for gangsters and Helmut Dantine for Humphrey Bogart? First thing you know Warners are going to use this same old story so often we'll all be petrified.

Jean Sullivan is the girl who runs a motel in the desert with her "Gramp" and yearns to get away from it all. And then, right in the middle of a big fat yearn, as it were, who should come along but Philip Dorn, a Dutch flyer on his way to the west coast. But Gramp, like all dumb old men, mistakes him for one of the escaped Nazis until Dorn proves his identity. In the midst of all this, who should come along (it's crowded in this desert) but Dantine, ringleader of the escaped Nazis, and his fellow Hitlerites, Kurt Kreuger, Rudolph Anders and Hans Schumm.

Practically everybody gets shot but Irene Manning and her husband Alan Hale who should have been. Samuel S. Hinds plays Gramp. Bill Kennedy and Blayne Lewis are petrified too.

Your Reviewer Says: If we see this picture again we'll scream, we're warning Warners.

## ✓✓ Pillow To Post (Warners)

WELL, it's just as cute as ever it can be and twice as funny. We laughed like a hyena in spots and bemoaned the fact a little cutting would have made it even funnier. Nevertheless, it's one swell performance that Ida Lupino turns in. It just doesn't seem possible that this is our mad, mad Ida of the psychological draymas. She's so pretty, so clever, so comical, playing her scenes with deftness and a terrific comedy sense.

And, of course the raveroo of the month will be William Prince, the lieutenant who picks up Lupino, agrees to register at a motel as her husband so she may find a place to sleep. Oooh yes, friends, it sounds naughty but it really isn't. It's only fun.

Prince has youth, boyish charm and also a wonderful quiet humor that gets across in a pleasant, appealing manner.

Sydney Greenstreet, his commanding officer, who happens to live at the motel and complicates the poor lieutenant's life almost beyond endurance, gives a surprising performance—light, humorous and human. Here is a really versatile actor.

Stuart Erwin as the new papa, Johnny Mitchell as Slim Clark the oil man, Ruth Donnelly as the motel manager and Willie Best as Lucille (yep, that's his name) the handyman, all contribute to a gay evening.

Your Reviewer Says: A love of a picture.

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## Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 20)

**CHICAGO KID, THE**—Republic: Red Barry believes Otto Kruger railroaded his father into prison, so in order to seek revenge he worms his way into Kruger's firm, joins some gangsters, wins the love of Lynne Roberts, Kruger's daughter, and finally gets Kruger into a pretty nasty fix. You can take it or leave it alone. (May)

✓**CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE** — 20th Century-Fox: Proving you can't always believe what you see, this has Michael O'Shea landing in prison when three witnesses testify they saw him wielding a lethal axe. Lloyd Nolan is excellent as always and Billy Cummings, Trudy Marshall and Ruth Ford bring warmth to the cold gray of the prison story. (May)

✓✓**CLOCK, THE**—M-G-M: Love comes suddenly, tenderly and compellingly into the hearts of Robert Walker, corporal on a short leave, and Judy Garland, New York secretary. Judy, with nary a song, comes into her own as a dramatic actress of depth and charm and Walker gives a performance of authoritative sincerity. Keenan Wynn shines in his brief scene as a drunk. (June)

✓**COUNTER ATTACK**—Columbia: Paul Muni and Marguerite Chapman, Russian guerrilla fighters, find themselves trapped with seven Germans in a cellar, and the psychological battle that is waged between the minds of the peasant Muni and the Prussian officer Harro Meller fastens and holds the interest. The story, however, comes too late in the march of current events to create more than average interest. (June)

**CRIME, INC.**—PRC: This is based on the experiences of Martin Mooney, a crime reporter, but it seems to us that gangsters are a bit old hat these days. Tom Neal plays the reporter whose book exposing a crime corporation eventually breaks up the gang and gets the girl in his arms. Martha Tilton sings right through this shooting epic. (May)

✓**DELIGHTFULLY DANGEROUS** — Rogers-UA: Neither too delightful nor too dangerous, but it's good in spots. It tells the story of youthful Jane Powell, who is kept in an exclusive boarding school by her burlesque performer sister, Constance Moore. When Jane discovers the truth, she turns to producer Ralph Bellamy for help. Arthur Treacher and Louise Beavers lead the supporting cast. (May)

**DILLINGER**—Monogram: Lawrence Tierney plays Dillinger in this whitewashed story of the killer, and baddies Eduardo Ciannelli, Marc Lawrence and Elisha Cook Jr. labor with the stereotyped material that lacks guts and force. Anne Jeffreys is good as the girl who betrays the killer to the FBI. With Edmund Lowe as a mob leader. (June)

**DOCKS OF NEW YORK**—Monogram: The *East Side Kids*, including Leo Gorcey and Huntz Hall, are here again in their usual type of picture. Gloria Pope and Carlyle Blackwell Jr. carry on whatever romance can leak into the ridiculous plot. Betty Blythe, Billy Benedict and Bud Gorman are also around. (May)

✓**EARL CARROLL VANITIES**—Republic: Otto Kruger plays Earl Carroll in this story of a princess, Constance Moore, who wants to sing and dance and marry a commoner as well. Dennis O'Keefe is a skit writer, Alan Mowbray the inebriated prince and Pinky Lee a supposedly funny man. The music is good and Constance is lovely to look at and listen to. (June)

✓✓**ENCHANTED COTTAGE, THE**—RKO: A beautiful story, beautifully told, with Robert Young as the disfigured flier who marries homely housemaid Dorothy McGuire, and they both find themselves healed of disfigurement and ugliness through love. Both Dorothy and Young are wonderful. Herbert Marshall as the blind friend carries conviction throughout, and Mildred Natwick as the housekeeper rates applause. (May)

**FOG ISLAND**—PRC: George Zucco is an ex-convict who broods about his ex-partners whom he suspects railroaded him to prison. So he invites the lot to visit him, and when they arrive panels slide, passages go secret, walls pop open and finally they all try to kill each other. No kidding. Lionel Atwill, Jerome Cowan and Veda Ann Borg are in it too. (May)

✓**FRISCO SAL**—Universal: Susanna Foster comes to San Francisco's Barbary Coast in the Nineties in search of a brother she believed killed in Turhan Bey's cafe. She finally gets a job as singer in the cafe, Turhan falls in love with her, his rival Alan Curtis sets out to get Turhan, and you can take it from there. The whole cast is better than the material provided for them. (May)

**G. I. HONEYMOON**—Monogram: Gale Storm is the pretty bride and Peter Cookson the frustrated groom who can't get together for the honeymoon, due to circumstances brought on when the groom has to report to camp immediately after the ceremony. Frank Jenks in the train sequences is very funny, but you've seen this story before. (May)

✓✓**GOD IS MY CO-PILOT**—Warners: Full of action and emotion, and giving you the feeling you're

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seeing the inside story of some strictly inside events, this war picture is an excellent one. Dennis Morgan at last has the chance he deserves, and Andrea King as his wife, Raymond Massey as General Chennault, and Alan Hale as the priest all give fine performances. (May)

**W/ HANGOVER SQUARE**—20th Century-Fox: An outstanding and gripping thriller, due to the expert job of picture craftsmanship, the logical reason that revolves the man Laird Cregar into a monster upon occasion, and the quiet authority of George Sanders as the Scotland Yard psychiatrist. Linda Darnell plays the girl who brings on her own undoing; and the late Cregar's last performance is a superb one. (Apr.)

**HAVING WONDERFUL CRIME**—RKO: George Murphy and Carole Landis are newlyweds who are so devoted to Pat O'Brien that they take him along on their honeymoon to a resort hotel. There they get all mixed up in murder and mystery and bodies disappearing and appearing all over the place. In fact, the mystery is so mysterious that we still can't figure it out. (Apr.)

**HER LUCKY NIGHT**—Universal: Martha O'Driscoll and Noah Beery Jr. get all involved in a story that deals with a fortune teller and George Barbier testing Noah's ability for a job. The Andrews Sisters shine in the singing and crooning departments, but it won't be the luckiest night you ever spent in front of the flicker screen. (Apr.)

**✓ HERE COME THE CO-EDS**—Universal: Abbott and Costello are caretakers at a girls school under the strict supervision of Lon Chaney and to complicate their lives even more, Martha O'Driscoll, a night-club show girl, wins a scholarship to the school and headmaster Donald Cook falls in love with her. The boys are back in their stride and it's a very funny film in lots of spots. (Apr.)

**HIGH POWERED**—Paramount: The same old story of the high-rigger hero, Robert Lowery, who develops fear of high places when his friend is killed in a fall. Phyllis Brooks, who runs a lunch wagon with Mary Treen, is the girl who loves Lowery; Roger Pryor is his boss and Ralph Sanford the sheriff. (June)

**✓ HOTEL BERLIN**—Warners: A suspenseful, timely tale, with Helmut Dantine as a member of the German underground, Raymond Massey one of the generals who plotted against Hitler's life, Andrea King the Nazi actress, Faye Emerson the hotel hostess who snitches to the Nazis, and Peter Lorre as a German professor. All the roles are well cast and the performances uniformly good. (June)

**HOUSE OF FEAR, THE**—Universal: Basil Rathbone as *Sherlock Holmes* and Nigel Bruce as *Watson* busy themselves this time over the gradual deaths of several elderly gentlemen who have clubbed together in a Scottish manse. Aubrey Mather, Paul Cavanagh and Dennis Hoey get mixed up in this mediocre film too. (June)

**✓ VIT'S A PLEASURE**—International: Nothing new has been added to the plot of the wife who clings to the husband who drinks too much, or to Sonja Henie's brilliant skating achievements, but the picture has charm and some of the loveliest Technicolor imaginable. Michael O'Shea is believable as the man Sonja loves, but Marie McDonald doesn't ring true as the heavy. (May)

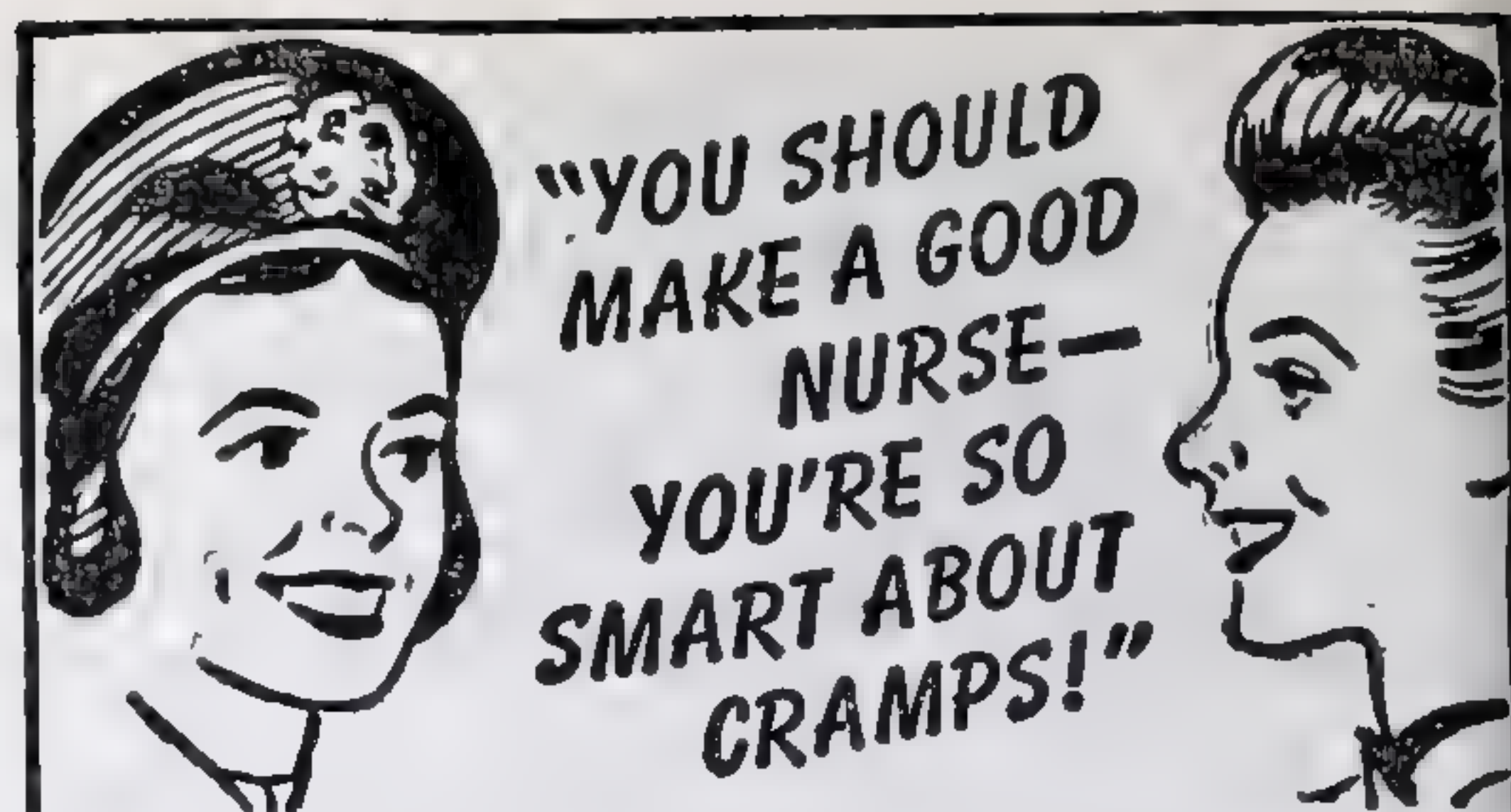
**✓ VIT'S IN THE BAG**—Jack Skirball—UA: An amusingly silly, wholly irresponsible picture. The plot, which concerns itself with Fred Allen's amazing legacy from a murdered uncle, gets in the way of the funny sequences and outlandish goings-on, and it's all strictly madhouse. Don Ameche, Rudy Vallee, Victor Moore, Bill Bendix, Bob Benchley, and Binnie Barnes are all mixed up in the fun. (May)

**✓ KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY**—M-G-M: Here's that WAC picture you've been waiting for, with Lana Turner, Susan Peters and Laraine Day a trio of beauties who enlist together, endure together and finally graduate together. Lana plays the wealthy playgirl, Laraine the all-knowing member of the group, and Susan the even-tempered one who tries to keep peace between Lana and Laraine. (May)

**MAN WHO WALKED ALONE, THE**—PRC: David O'Brien is a discharged overseas veteran who thumbs a ride into town with Kay Aldridge. The ride lands them in jail on a stolen car charge, and when they get out they break into a mansion and land back in the hoosegow. Guinn Williams, Ruth Lee and Isobel Randolph help cover the plot territory and it's a good-natured little picture. (May)

**✓ MOLLY AND ME**—20th Century-Fox: Gracie Fields, a former actress, becomes recluse Monty Woolley's housekeeper and reunites Woolley and his son, Roddy McDowall, scares his blackmailing wife into obscurity, and helps him to win back his political prestige. The cast, which also includes Reginald Gardiner, Edith Barrett and Natalie Schafer, is too good for the story. (June)

**MUSIC FOR MILLIONS**—M-G-M: June Allyson proves her right to stardom as the expectant mother and member of a symphonic orchestra; Margaret O'Brien is June's kid sister; and you'll love Jimmy Durante's clowning. Jose Iturbi is the orchestra leader and pianist and is not only a great musician but a splendid actor. Larry Adler, Marsha Hunt and Marie Wilson deserve bouquets of their own. (June)



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✓**OBJECTIVE BURMA**—Warners: Based on an actual event in the horror of jungle warfare in the South Pacific, this is an exciting story told with no false heroics. Errol Flynn has been considerably tamed in his war-winning antics, Jim Brown does his best job to date, and William Prince, Henry Hull, John Alvin, George Tobias and Dick Erdman all turn in meritorious performances. (Apr.)

✓**PAN AMERICANA**—RKO: Phillip Terry, magazine photographer, Audrey Long and Eve Arden go off on a tour of the South American Republics for the purpose of doing a magazine feature. Robert Benchley is the foreign editor of the magazine and as amusing as always. It's full of love and romance and there's a lot of laughs and color. (Apr.)

✓**PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY, THE**—MGM: Hurd Hatfield plays the beautiful young man whose portrait gradually takes on his complete degradation while he himself remains untouched by age and corruption in this picturization of the famous Oscar Wilde story. Hatfield gives his role a finished coldness, and Lowell Gilmore as the painter, George Sanders as the cynic and Angela Lansbury are excellent. (May)

✓**ROUGHLY SPEAKING**—Warners: Louise Randall Pierson's widely read autobiography takes on considerable life with Rosalind Russell a perfect Louise and Jack Carson a fabulous Harold. The picture is overlong, but there's charm galore in the episodic story of the often comic trials, tribulations and predicaments of Roz and her five children. Jack Carson is magnificent and Rosalind has never been better. (Apr.)

✓**ROYAL SCANDAL, A**—20th Century-Fox: An incident in the flavorful life of Catherine the Great has been blown up into a full-fledged movie with Tallulah Bankhead bringing all her skill to the role of Catherine. Bill Eythe plays the innocent victim of her charm, Charles Coburn is the chancellor and Anne Baxter, who loves Eythe, has too little to do but does it well. (June)

✓**SALOME—WHERE SHE DANCED**—Universal: Yvonne de Carlo dances, sings and looks beautiful in this Technicolor picture packed with romances galore, bravery and intrigue. The scenes shift from Berlin to a small Arizona town and then to San Francisco with never a let-up in pace. David Bruce is the stagecoach robber, Rod Cameron a newspaperman, Walter Slezak a millionaire, and they're all in love with Yvonne. (June)

✓**SALTY O'ROURKE**—Paramount: In order to repay a debt to Bruce Cabot, Alan Ladd buys a race horse that only Stanley Clements, jockey barred from all tracks, can manage. So Clements poses as his younger brother, which sends him into the school-room of Gail Russell, which is how Alan meets and falls in love with Gail. There's plenty of action and suspense and all the elements of a good movie. (June)

**SEE MY LAWYER**—Universal: Olsen and Johnson try to antagonize night club patrons so they can break their contract and go to Hollywood, but it's a long dry spell between laughs. Noah Beery Jr., Richard Benedict and Alan Curtis are swell as poor but ambitious lawyers mixed up in the deal, Grace McDonald and Franklin Pangborn got into the act, but it's still mediocre stuff. (May)

✓**SHE GETS HER MAN**—Universal: Even in this corny picture Joan Davis is so very funny that you'll find yourself laughing all over the place. She's hired to run down a murderer who has been plying his trade among the town's leading citizens, and you can just imagine Joan as a detective. William Gargan and Leon Errol add to the fun. (Apr.)

**SONG FOR MISS JULIE, A**—Republic: Two New York playwrights, Barton Hepburn and Roger Clark, invade an old Southern mansion in order to get material on its former occupant for a play, but what they don't know is the fact that the old occupant was quite a cut-up in his day. Shirley Ross, Cheryl Walker and Elizabeth Risdon have good roles, but the picture could have been better. (May)

✓**STRANGE ILLUSION**—PRC: While Jimmy Lydon's on vacation, he has a nightmare that warns him something was wrong with his father's death.

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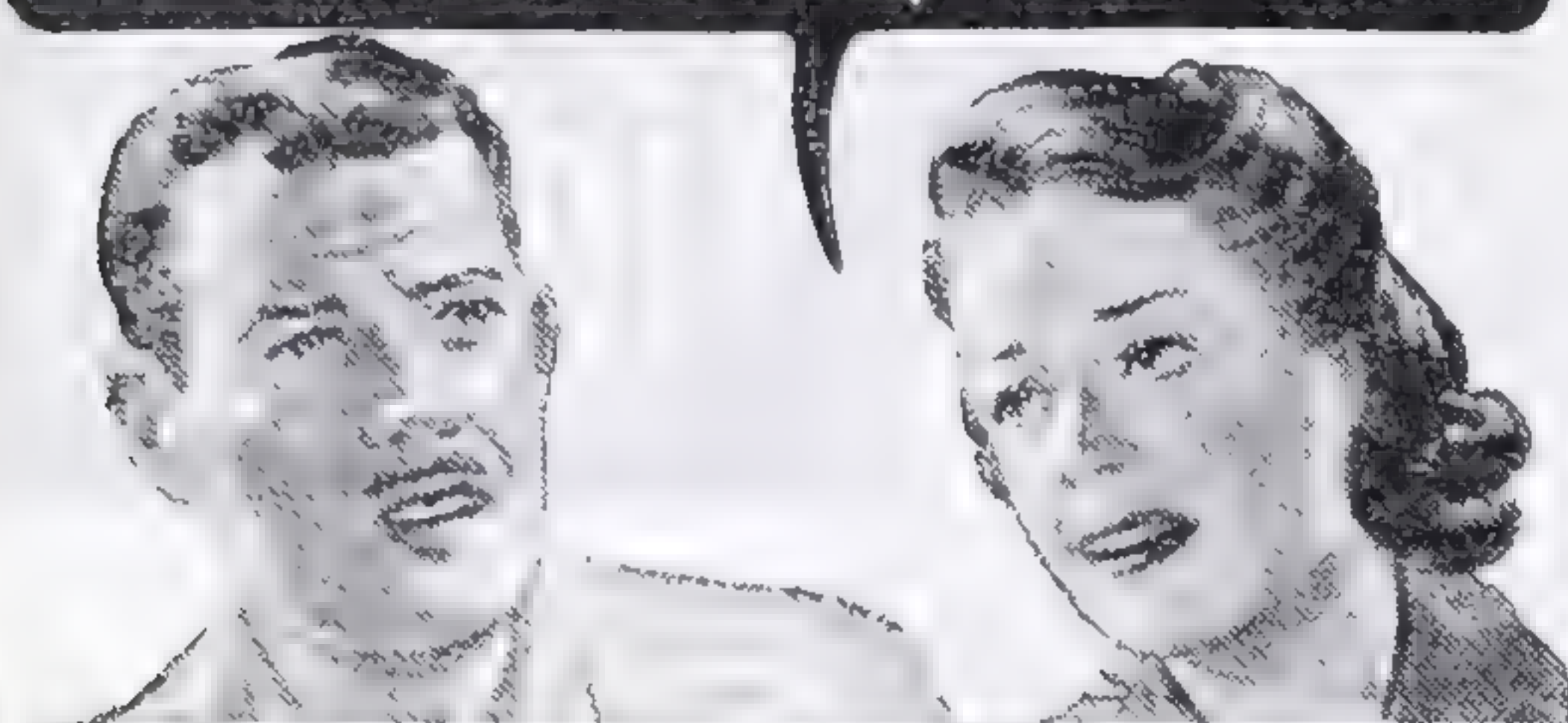
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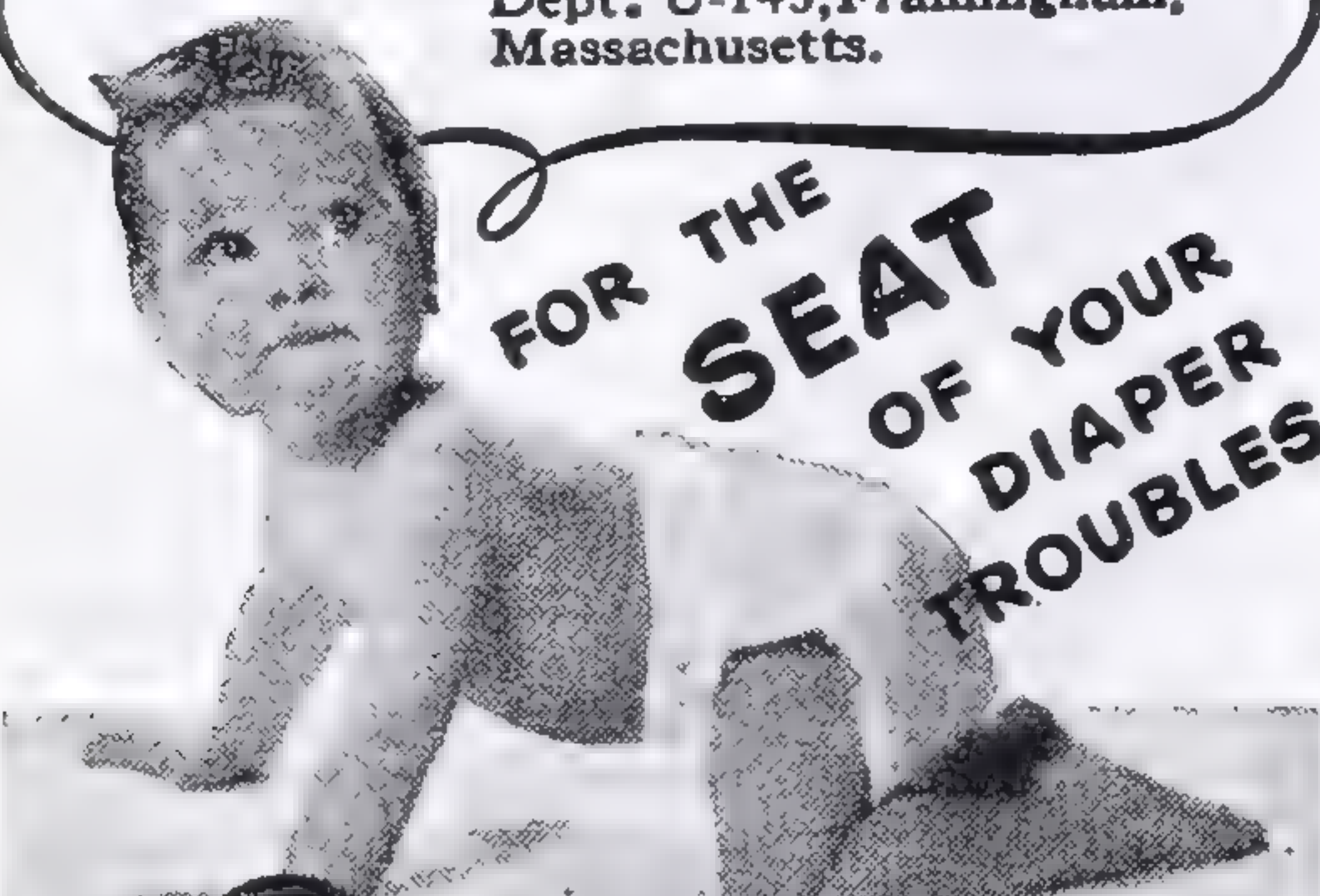
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✓**SUDAN**—Universal: Another Technicolor fancy with Maria Montez as the queen who ascends the throne when her father is killed, Jon Hall as a light-hearted thief who rescues her from George Zucco, and Turhan Bey as a dashing Egyptian bandit chief. Andy Devine's comedy is so constrained it's hardly noticeable. (June)

✓**THIS MAN'S NAVY**—M-G-M: The story that surrounds the activities of the blimps in sinking submarines, rescuing wrecked planes and crews, and other vital duties, tells of the experiences of Wallace Beery, assigned to training young recruits. Tom Drake is his protege who joins the service, Jan Clayton is the girl, and James Gleason is Beery's skeptical pal. (Apr.)

✓**THUNDERHEAD, SON OF FLICKA**—20th Century-Fox: The white horse *Thunderhead*, a magnificent and amazingly well-trained animal, all but steals the show from the human actors. Roddy McDowall, who owns and loves *Thunderhead*, and Preston Foster and Rita Johnson as his parents are swell, but honors go to the equine performers who give us a truly entertaining show. (May)

✓✓**TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT**—Columbia: A musical which tells the story of a London theater that stayed open during the bombing raids, this is different, appealing and warming, adorned with Rita Hayworth's beauty and enhanced with the amazing dancing of Marc Platt. Lee Bowman is very handsome as Rita's pilot beau, and Janet Blair is fair as Rita's best friend. (Apr.)

✓✓**TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN, A**—20th Century-Fox: Here is everything—tenderness, pathos, reality, humor. Dorothy McGuire is *Mama*, growing cold and bitter under the strain of poverty; Peggy Ann Garner seems to feel every ache and sorrow of *Francie*; Jimmy Dunn is a magnificent *Johnny*, a man of weakness and charm; and Joan Blondell as

*Aunt Cissy*, Ted Donaldson, Lloyd Nolan and James Gleason offer gems of performances. (Apr.)

**UNSEEN, THE**—Paramount: Joel McCrea hires Gail Russell to take care of his two young children, but strange, mysterious goings-on occur in the neighborhood and right in his own home. The story's so garbled and the mystery so mysterious that you'll never quite figure it out. Herbert Marshall is McCrea's doctor friend. (Apr.)

✓**UTAH**—Republic: Dale Evans, actress, wants to sell the family ranch she's never seen in order to back a show, but Roy Rogers, who manages the ranch and doesn't want it sold, steers Dale onto the scrubby ranch owned by Gabby Hayes in the hope she'll be discouraged and give up the idea. The tunes and singing are fair and it's sure to please the Rogers fans. (June)

✓**WHAT A BLONDE**—RKO: Leon Errol as a harassed man with five chorus girls, living in his house is very funny at times as the share-your-car driver who suddenly finds himself a share-your-home husband whose wife returns unexpectedly. It's a silly story but it grows fairly comical as it progresses along. (Apr.)

✓**WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?**—20th Century-Fox: This silly fantasy with songs and music ends up by being very funny in spots. Fred MacMurray's a 4F in love with June Haver, so when a genie appears after he's rubbed an old lamp he wishes himself in the Army, and lands first with Washington at Valley Forge, then in Columbus's navy, and it goes on from there. Throughout the story he constantly meets up with both June and Joan Leslie who really loves him. (June)

✓✓**WITHOUT LOVE**—MGM: Katharine Hepburn, who hides from the world because a past love was too perfect, and scientist Spencer Tracy, a refugee from love, marry without love and find it developing along the way. Carl Esmond is Katie's amorous suitor, Keenan Wynn a delight as her cousin, and Lucille Ball and Felix Bressart are very amusing. It's light, airy, and gay. (June)

## Casts of Current Pictures

**CHINA SKY**—RKO: Dr. Grey Thompson, Randolph Scott; Dr. Sara Durand, Ruth Warrick; Louise Thompson, Ellen Drew; Chen Ta, Anthony Quinn; Siu Mei, Carol Thurston; Little Goat, Ducky Louie; Col. Yasuda, Richard Loo; Dr. Kim, Philip Ahn.

**CORN IS GREEN, THE**—Warners: Miss Moffat, Bette Davis; Morgan Evans, John Dall; *The Squire*, Nigel Bruce; *Bessie Watty*, Joan Lorrington; Mr. Jones, Rhys Williams; Mrs. Watty, Rosalind Ivan; Miss Ronberry, Mildred Dunnock; *Will Davis*, Arthur Shields; Sarah Pugh, Gwennyth Hughes; *Old Tom*, Thomas Loudon; *Idwal*, Billy Boy; *Llewellyn Powell*, Brandon Hurst; *Will Hughes*, Tony Elis; Glyn Thomas, Elliott Dare; John Owen, Leslie Vincent; Dai Evans, Robert Cherry; Eddie, Ralph Cathey; *The Groom*, Jock Watt; *Gailym Jones*, Gene Ross; Rhys Norman, Robert Regent; Tudor, Jack Owen.

**ESCAPE IN THE DESERT**—Warners: Jane, Jean Sullivan; Philip Artveld, Philip Dorn; Mrs. Lora Tedder, Irene Manning; Captain Becker, Helmut Dantine; Dr. Orville Tedder, Alan Hale; Gramp, Samuel S. Hinds; Hank Albright, Bill Kennedy; Lieut. Von Kleist, Kurt Kreuger; Hoffman, Rudolph Anders; Klaus, Hans Schumm; Danny (10 years old), Blayne Lewis.

**FLAME OF BARBARY COAST**—Republic: Duke Fergus, John Wayne; *Flaxen Tarry*, Ann Dvorak; Tito Morell, Joseph Schildkraut; *Smooth Wylie*, William Frawley; Rita Dane, Virginia Grey; Cyrus Danver, Russell Hicks; *Byline Connors*, Jack Norton; *Calico Jim*, Paul Fix; Dr. Gorman, Manart Kippen; Martha, Eve Lynne; Disko, Marc Lawrence; Beulah, Butterfly McQueen; Headwaiter, Rex Lease; Cabby, Hank Bell; *Horseshoe Brown*, Al Murphy.

**GREAT FLAMARION, THE**—Republic: *Flamarion*, Erich Von Stroheim; *Connie Wallace*, Mary Beth Hughes; Al Wallace, Dan Duryea; Eddie, Stephen Barclay; Tony, Lester Allen; Cleo, Esther Howard; *Night Watchman*, Michael Mark; *Detective*, Joseph Granby; *Coroner*, John R. Hamilton; *Mexican Dancers*, Fred Velasco, Carmen Lopez; *Mexican Singer*, Tony Ferrell.

**HITCHHIKE TO HAPPINESS**—Republic: Kipling "Kippy" Ellis, Al Pearce; Alice Chase, Dale Evans; Joe Mitchell, Brad Taylor; Sandy Hill, William Frawley; Tony Riggs, Jerome Cowan; *Ladislav Prenska*, Willy Trenk; Dolly Ward, Arlene Harris; Joan Randall, Joyce Compton; Mrs. Randall, Maude Eburne; Dennis Colby, Irving Bacon; *Romer Twins*, Lynn and Jeanne Romer.

**HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT, THE**—Warners: Athanael, Jack Benny; Elizabeth, Alexis Smith; Fran, Dolores Moran; Osidro, Allyn Joslyn; Archie Dexter, Reginald Gardiner; *The Chief*, Guy Kibbee; *Doremus*, John Alexander; Sloan, Franklin Pangborn; Miss Rodholder, Margaret Dumont; Junior, Bobby Blake; Cop, James Burke; Lady Stover, Ethel Griffies; Thompson, Paul Harvey; *Radio Announcer*, Truman Bradley; *Humphrey Rafferty*, Mike Mazurki; Lew, John Brown; Tony, Murray Alper; Clerk, Pat O'Moore.

**IDENTITY UNKNOWN**—Republic: Johnny March, Richard Arlen; Sally MacGregor, Cheryl Walker; Rocks Donnelly, Roger Pryor; Toddy Loring, Bobby Driscoll; Joe Granowski, John Forrest; Wanda, Lalo Lane; Maj. Williams, Ian Keith; Mrs. Anderson, Sara Padden; Mr. Anderson, Forrest Taylor; Frankie, Frank Marlowe; Harry, Harry Tyler; Col. Marlin, Nelson Leigh; Auctioneer, Charles Williams; Needles, Charles Jordan; Spike, Dick Scott; Nurse, Marjorie Manners; Cop, Eddie Baker.

**IT HAPPENED IN SPRINGFIELD**—Warners: Ann Carter, Andrea King; Bill Knudson, Warren Douglas; Cliff Stewart, Charles Drake; John Knudson, John Qualen; Jim Brower, William Forrest; Garret Jones, Arthur Hohl.

**I'LL REMEMBER APRIL**—Universal: April Garfield, Gloria Jean; David Ball, Kirby Grant; Bill Winchester, Milburn Stone; Garrett Garfield, Samuel S. Hinds; Girl Sunday, Jacqueline De Witt; Shadow, Edward Brophy.

**LADY CONFESSES, THE**—PRC: Vicki McGuire, Mary Beth Hughes; Larry Craig, Hugh Beaumont; Lucky Brandon, Edmund MacDonald; Lucille Compton, Claudia Drake; Capt. Brown, Emmett Vogan; Harmon, Edward Howard; Steve, Dewey Robinson; Marge, Carol Andrews; Gladys, Ruth Brande; Norma Craig, Barbara Slater; Manager, Jack George; Bill, Jerome Root; Stand-in, Edwina Patterson.

**MEDAL FOR BENNY, A**—Paramount: Lolita Sierrra, Dorothy Lamour; Joe Morales, Arturo de Cordova; Charley Martin, J. Carrol Naish; Raphael Catalina, Mikhail Rasumny; Chito Sierra, Fernando Alvarado; Zack Mibbs, Charles Dingle; Edgar Lovekin, Frank McHugh; Toodles Castro, Rosito Moreno; Mayor of Pantera, Grant Mitchell; The General, Douglass Dumbrille.

**MURDER, HE SAYS**—Paramount: Pete Marshall, Fred MacMurray; Claire Mathews, Helen Walker; Mamie Johnson, Marjorie Main; Elany Fleagle, Jean Heather; Mert Fleagle and Bert Fleagle, Peter Whitney; Mr. Johnson, Porter Hall; Grandma Fleagle, Mabel Paige; Bonnie Fleagle, Barbara Pepper.

**PATRICK THE GREAT**—Universal: Pat Donahue Jr., Donald O'Connor; Judy Watkins, Peggy Ryan; Pat Donahue, Donald Cook; Lynn Andrews, Frances Dee; Jean Mathews, Eve Arden; Max Wilson, Thomas Gomez; Prentiss Johns, Gavin Muir; Merney, Irving Bacon; Sam Bassett, Andrew Tombes; Alsop, Emmett Vogan.

**PILLOW TO POST**—Warners: Jean Howard, Ida Lupino; Col. Otley, Sydney Greenstreet; Don Malory, William Prince; Capt. Jack Ross, Stuart Edwin; Slim Clark, Johnny Mitchell; Mrs. Wingate, Ruth Donnelly; Mrs. Kate Otley, Barbara Brown; Taxi Driver, Frank Orth; Mrs. Mallory, Regina Wallace; Lucille, Willie Best; Mr. Howard, Paul Harvey; Loolie, Carol Hughes; Wilbur, Bobby Blake; Mrs. Bromley, Ann O'Neil; Wilbur's Mother, Marie Blake; Charlotte Mills, Victoria Horn; Jerry Martin, Lelah Tyler; Doris Wilson, Sue Moore; Archie, Don Mc-





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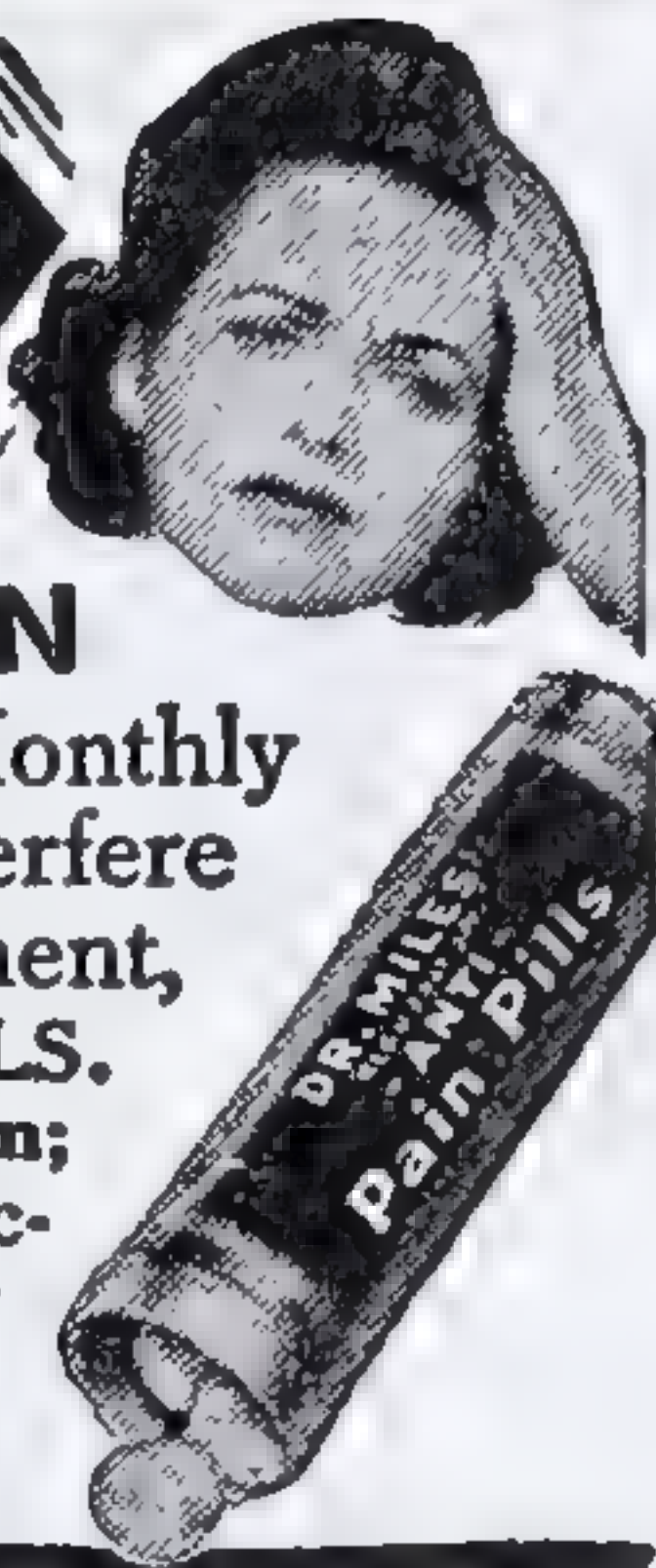
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**SONG OF THE SARONG**—Universal: Sharon, Nancy Kelly; Drow, William Gargan; Kalo, George Dolenz; Tony, Eddie Quillan; Pete, Fuzzy Knight; Beamis, George Cleveland; Jolo, Robert Barron; Mahu, Maritza Aldridge.

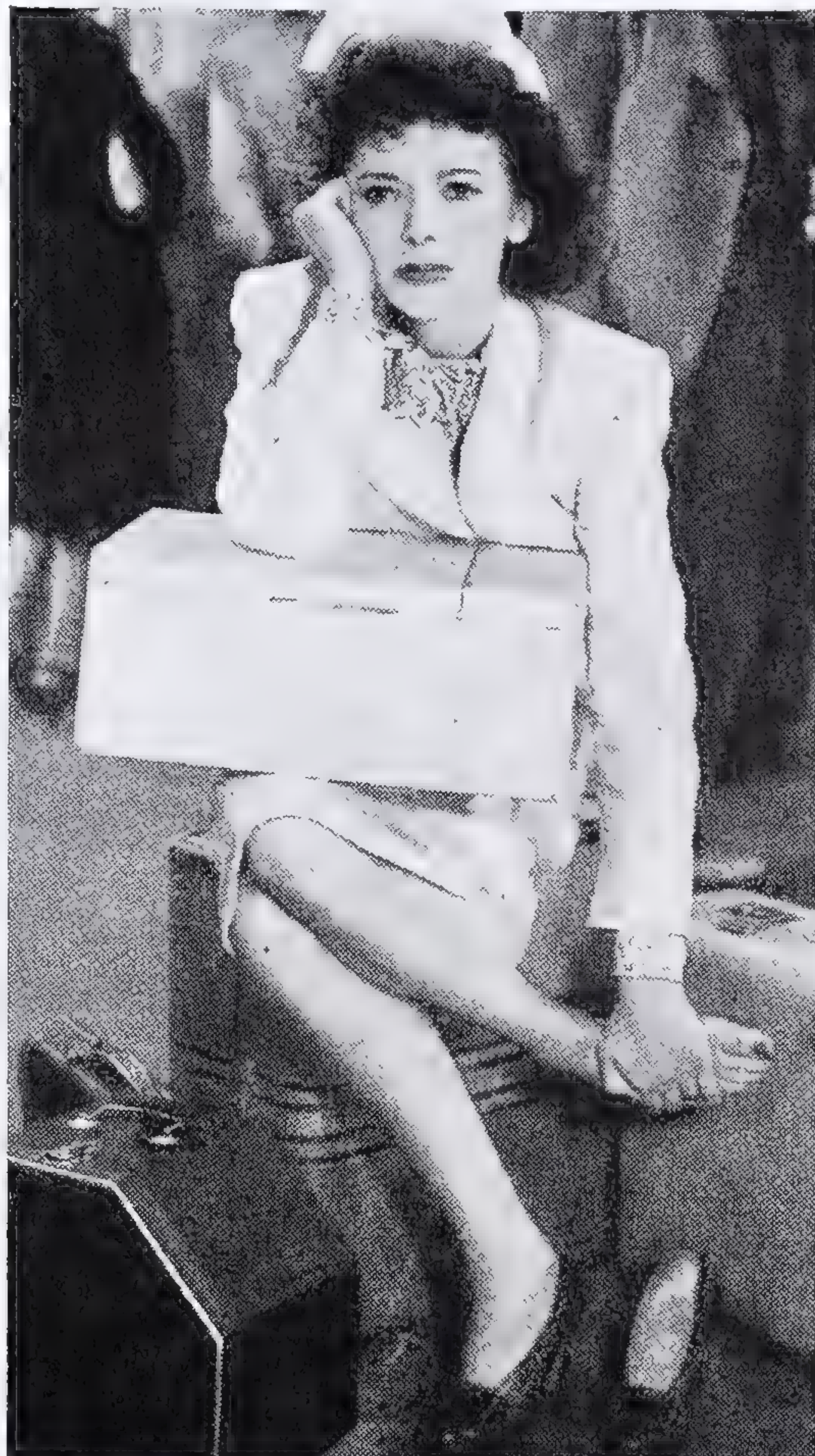
**THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS**—RKO: Hank, Robert Young; Helen, Laraine Day; Jerry, Bill Williams; Mrs. Brandt, Ann Harding; Captain Larry Stowe, Marc Cramer; Suzanne, Anne Jeffreys; Young Sailor, Glenn Vernon; Haughty Floor Lady, Norma Varden; Ted, Lawrence Tierney; Dot, Vera Marshe.

**TWO O'CLOCK COURAGE**—RKO: Theodore Allison, Tom Conway; Patty Mitchell, Ann Rutherford; Haley, Richard Lane; Brenner, Emory Parnell; Barbara Borden, Jean Brooks; Helen Carter, Bette Jane Greer; Dave Rennick, Carl Kent; Maitland, Roland Drew; Mark Evans, Lester Matthews; Dilling, Bryant Washburn.

**VALLEY OF DECISION, THE**—M-G-M: Mary Rafferty, Greer Garson; Paul Scott, Gregory Peck; William Scott, Donald Crisp; Pat Rafferty, Lionel Barrymore; Jim Brennan, Preston Foster; Constance Scott, Marsha Hunt; Clarissa Scott, Gladys Cooper; McCready, Reginald Owen; William Scott Jr., Dan Duryea; Louis Kane, Jessica Tandy; Delia, Barbara Everest; Ted Scott, Marshall Thompson; Kate Shannon, Geraldine Wall; Mrs. Callahan, Evelyn Dockson; Giles, John Warburton; Mr. Lawrence Gaylord, Russell Hicks; Julia Gaylord, Mary Lord; Callahan, Arthur Shields; Paulie, Dean Stockwell; Mrs. Lawrence Gaylord, Mary Currier.

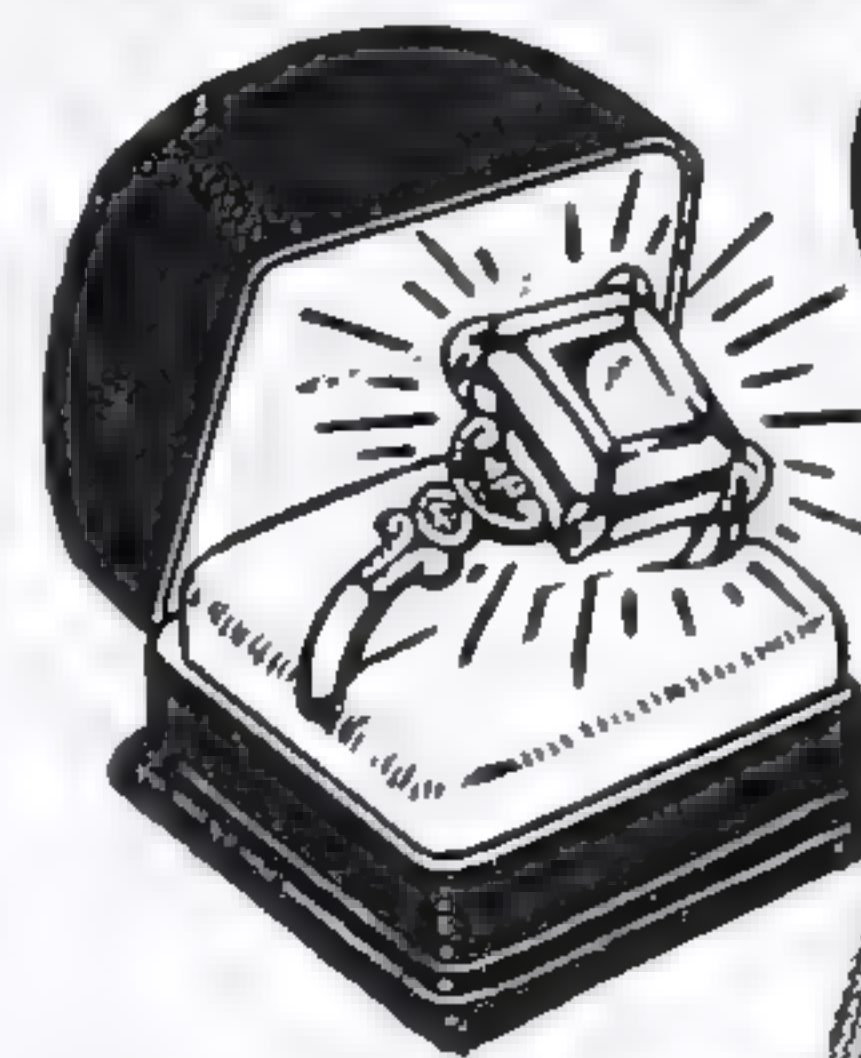
**WONDER MAN**—Goldwyn: Edwin Dingle and Buzzy Bellew, Danny Kaye; Ellen Shanley, Virginia Mayo; Midge Shanley, Vera-Ellen; Monte Rossen, Donald Woods; Schmidt, S. Z. Sakall; Chimp, Allen Jenkins; Torso, Edward Brophy; Ten Grand Jackson, Steve Cochran; District Attorney, Otto Kruger; Asst. District Attorney, Richard Lane; Mrs. Hume, Natalie Schafer; Sailor, Huntz Hall; Sailor's Girl Friend, Virginia Gilmore; Policeman in Park, Ed Gargan; Prima Donna, Alice Mock; Mrs. Schmidt, Gisela Werbiseck.

**ZOMBIE ON BROADWAY**—RKO: Jerry Miles, Wally Brown; Mike Strager; Alan Carney; Jean La Danse, Anne Jeffreys; Ace Miller, Sheldon Leonard; Gus, Frank Jenks; Benny, Russ Hopton; Prof. Renault, Bela Lugosi; Prof. Hopkins, Ian Wolf; Joe, Joseph Vitale; Kolaga, Darby Jones; Stenga, Elias English; Worthington, Nicodemus; Sam, Martin Wilkens; Cafe Boss, Nestor Paiva; Calypso Singer, Sir Launcelot; Douglas Walker, Louis Jean Heydt.



Ida Lupino takes a turn from drama to high comedy in Warner's "Pillow To Post"

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# Eye-style

The very eye-dea! Don't ask why they did it then—just take a hint from Hollywood on how it's done now



The gorgeous eyes of Hedy Lamarr—today's idea of beauty

**C**AN you remember the silent days of the movies? The almond-eyed sirens whose smoldering glances nearly burned holes in their victims?

Those were the days when the eyes of the stars worked overtime and so did the make-up man. Eyelashes were beaded with thick gummy mascara. Brows plucked to a hard thin line. Dead black pencil rimmed every eye. Shadow, like soot, was applied with a heavy, heavy hand.

But with the depression, says Bill Madsen, make-up man at Selznick, there was a return to reality and naturalness. Hollywood learned to be subtle and make-up, like fine acting, became the art it is today.

In the following, Hollywood passes along its simple rules for natural lovely eye make-up, which the stars so effectively use today. Though you never come closer to the movies than a seat in the loge, these are easy tricks for you, too.

**Lashes**—They're lighter at the tips so mascara is needed. Hedy Lamarr applies hers with a clean brush, moistened sparingly in hot water. To make lashes appear thicker, Gail Russell lightly dusts hers with face powder and applies another light coat of mascara. Never bead lashes or apply mascara to lower lashes. It makes eyes seem smaller. For close-



Clara Bow, "It" girl of twenty years ago. Everyone loved her but the beaded eyelashes, heavy dark shadow, cupid's-bow mouth, exaggerated pencilled brows are as passé today as the short-skirted flapper she portrayed on the screen

set eyes, concentrate mascara on outer lashes or blend in eyebrow pencil carefully. Girls who wear glasses especially need the life and sparkle mascara lends. In fact, every woman needs it as she gets older and eyes seem to fade.

**Circles**—Hide them by blending your cake make-up, liquid or cream powder base up close to your lower lashes. Then powder and fade your rouge ever so lightly upwards.

**Eyelids**—Face powder doesn't belong on eyelids except in the movies when a crepey withered old look is

needed. Instead, leave a film of face cream, eye cream or vaseline on lids for daytime wear. This gives a glossy, young look. Use eyeshadow sparingly, blended softly upwards from the lashes, for big evening occasions.

**Exercise**—Bright-eyed girls like June Allyson and Kathryn Grayson use a simple exercise to rest their eyes. First look up, then roll eyes to the left, down and around several times. Good for anyone's eyes.

**Brows**—Hollywood stands firm against over-plucked eyebrows. Only wayward hairs are plucked and eyebrows follow the line that Nature laid down. Pale ones are darkened slightly with a light stroke of mascara or eyebrow pencil applied on the hairs, not drawn on the skin. With vaseline, brush every trace of powder from lashes and brows if you never do another thing in your life to make your eyes appealing.



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Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles, in 20th Century-Fox "Jane Eyre."



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**THE STRANGE WOMAN**, by Ben Ames Williams. To the New England world, Jenny Hager was a charming, righteous woman. But to eight men who really knew her—father, husbands, sons, lovers—this Maine Cleopatra was a shameless, passionate she-devil who

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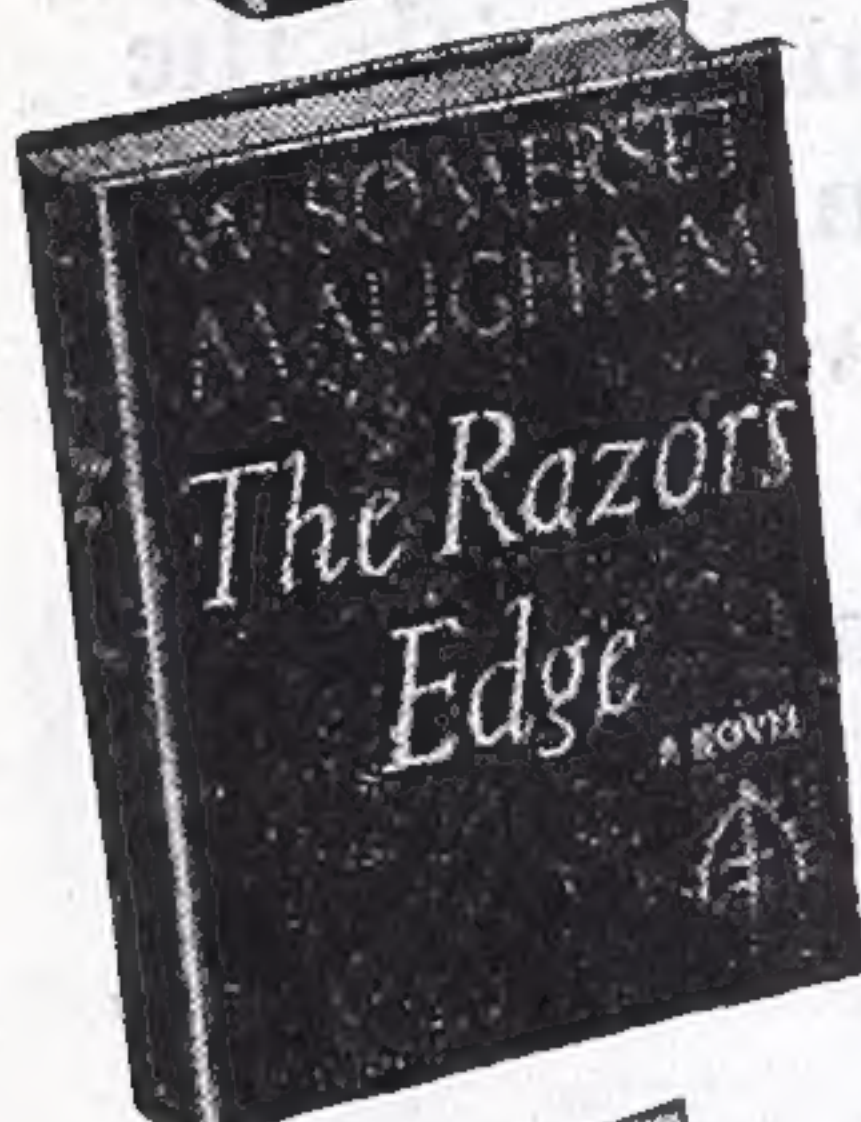
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Each kit contains a 3-ounce bottle of salon-type **COLD WAVE** solution, 60 curlers, 60 end tissues, cotton applicator, neutralizer and easy-to-follow instructions.

The new Charm-Kurl **SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit** is for sale at Department Stores, Drug Stores and 5c and 10c Stores. Get one today—thrill to new-found glamorous hair beauty by tonight.





YES - TRIED AND TRUE

*Always*

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